SHE MADE HER BED A NOVEL OF MARRIAGE IN 1935 **by WALLACE IRWIN**

MAR 9, 1935

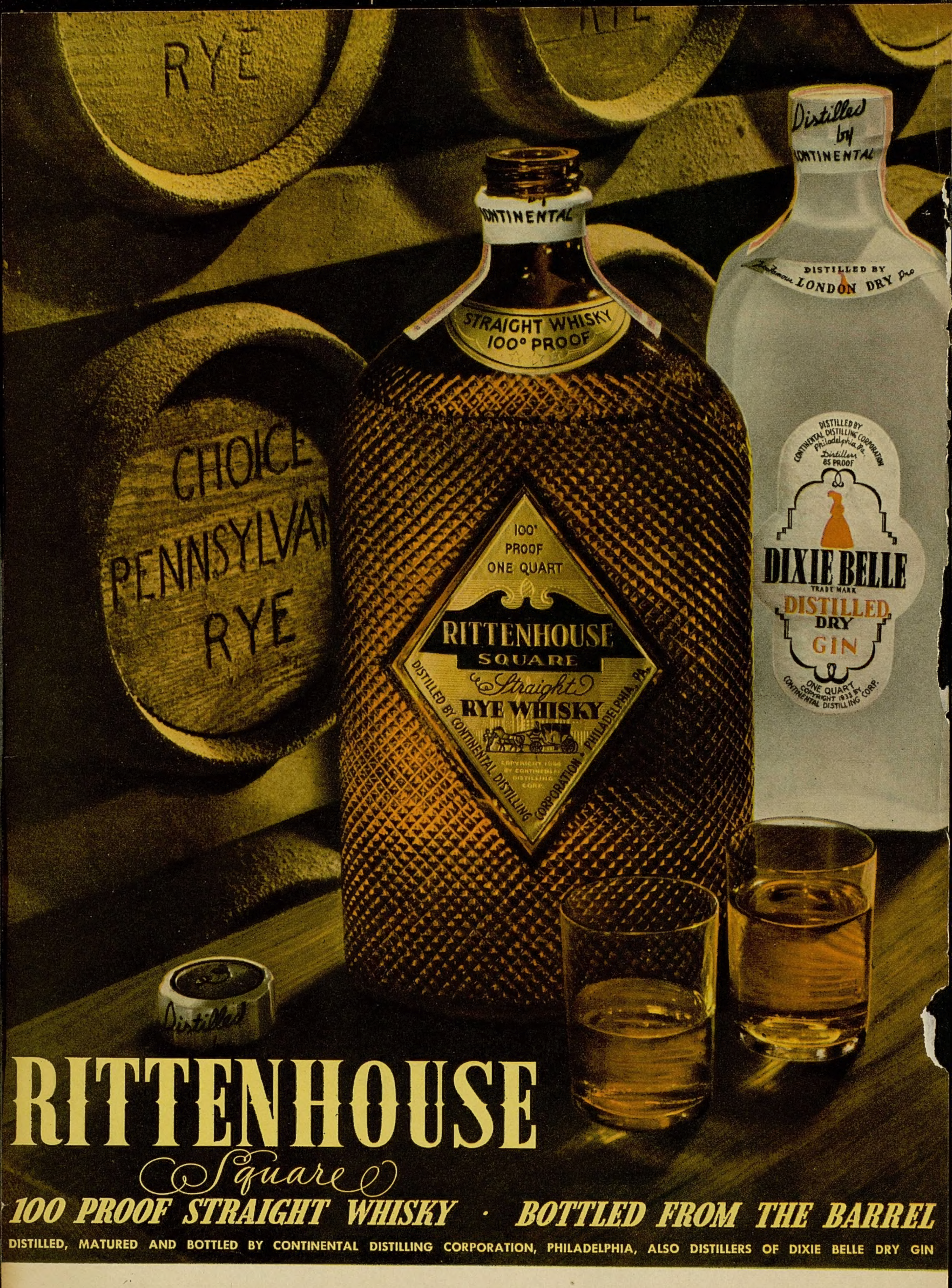
NRA CODE

Liberty

5¢

A. MOLAR
DENTIST
DENTIST IS OUT

OUR CRIME SCHOOL—THE COUNTY JAIL, by WILL IRWIN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All His . . .

yet he uses a 25¢ toothpaste

Mr. Percy Rivington Pyne, 2nd, of Princeton, N. J., Roslyn, L. I., and New York City, tycoon, philanthropist, art collector, and sportsman finds Listerine Tooth Paste superior.

It is no accident that men such as Mr. Pyne, with wealth and tradition behind them, are constant users of Listerine Tooth Paste.

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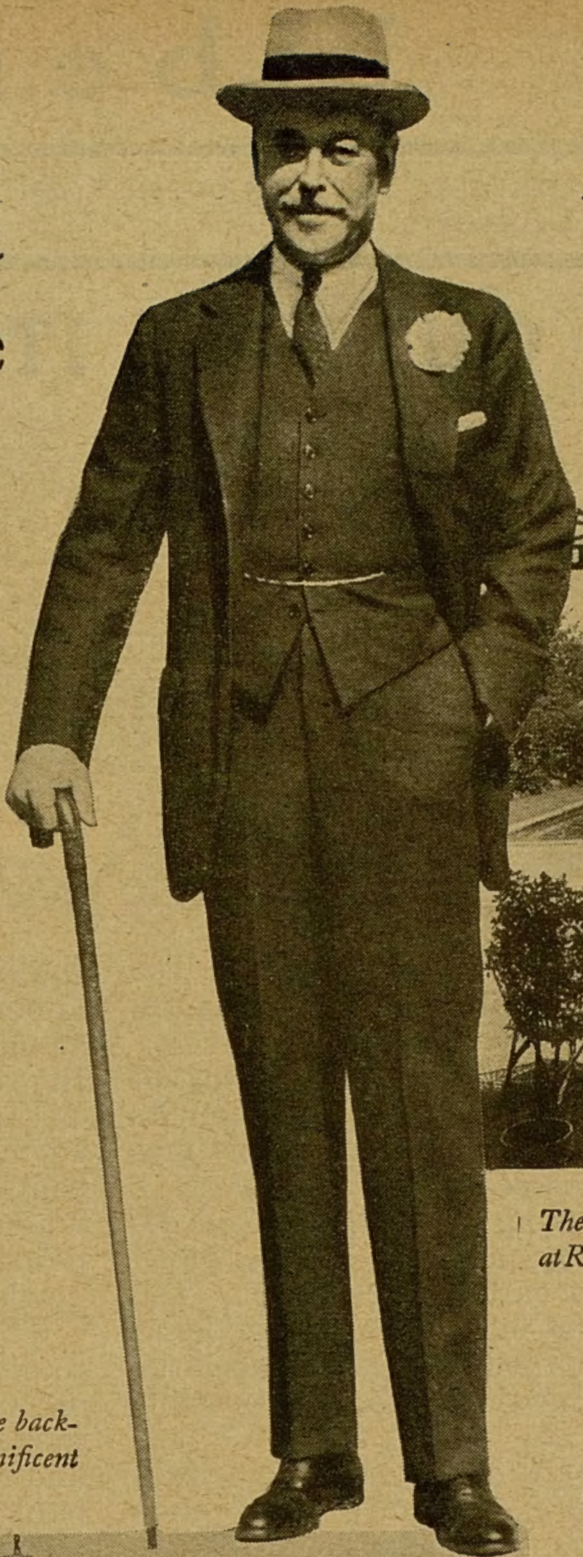
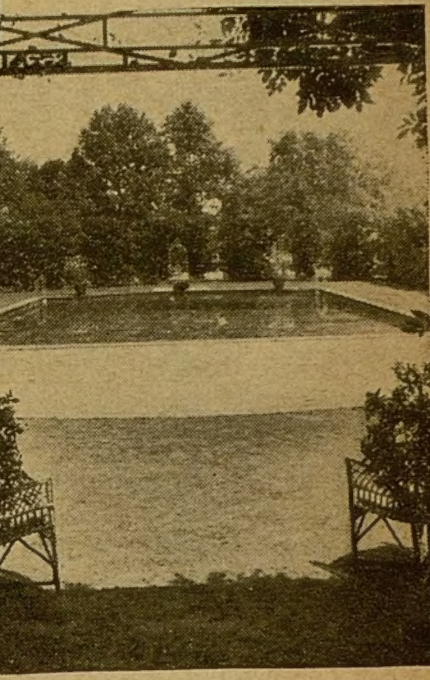
Listerine Tooth Paste seems to meet all the necessary requirements—and that is why I like it.

If you have not tried this remarkable tooth paste by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Note how quickly it attacks stains, discolorations, and tartar. How ably it removes film. See how thoroughly it cleans. See also how teeth gleam and sparkle after its use. And don't forget to look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself.

Listerine Tooth Paste comes in two economical sizes: Regular, large, 25¢ size, and Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

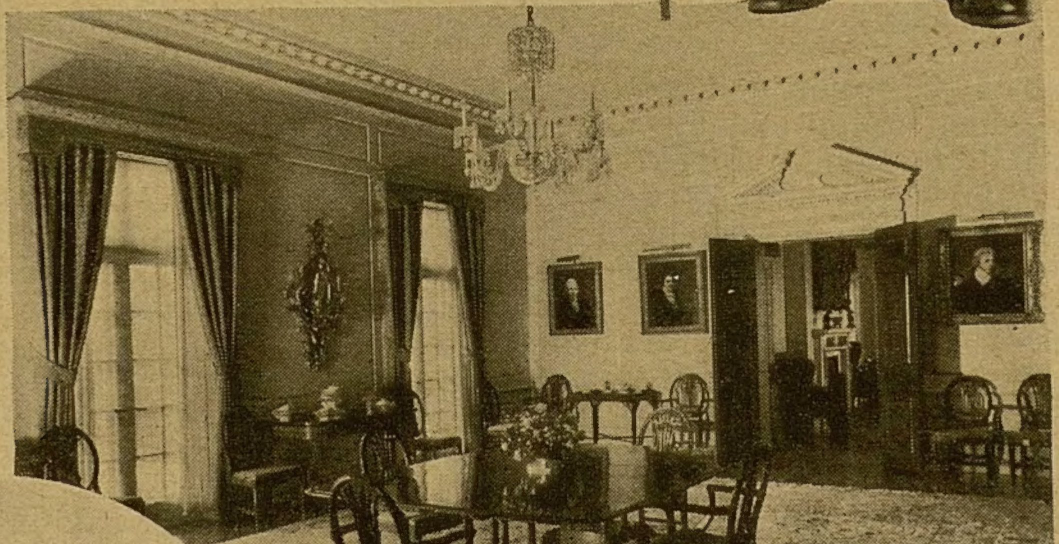


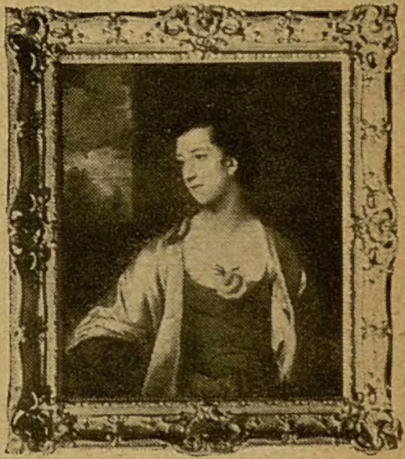
Mr. Pyne is a member of the famous Pyne family of Princeton tradition. Globe-trotter, golf enthusiast, international host, one of his hobbies is the collection of rare paintings and porcelains. Mr. Pyne is the recipient of numerous decorations from the Courts of Europe.



The spacious pool in Mr. Pyne's garden at Rivington House, Roslyn, Long Island.

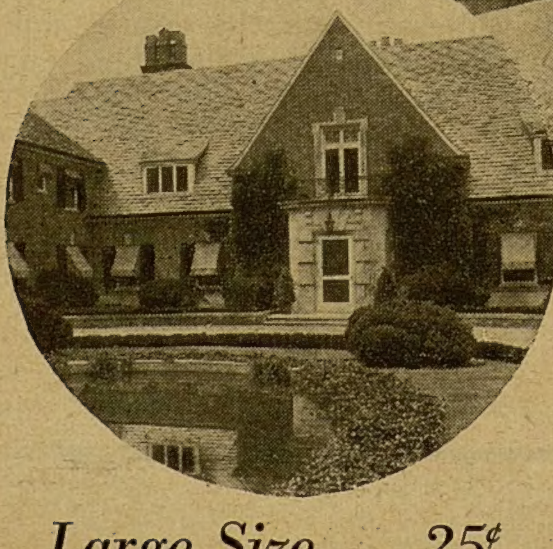
(below) *The dining room in Mr. Pyne's Roslyn home. In the background the priceless Raeburns, a part of Mr. Pyne's magnificent collection of art treasures.*





The notable picture of Miss Arabella Reynolds by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

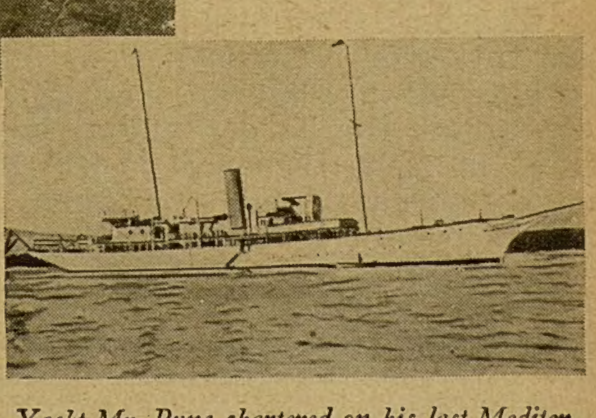
The entrance to magnificent Rivington House.



LISTERINE

TOOTH

PASTE



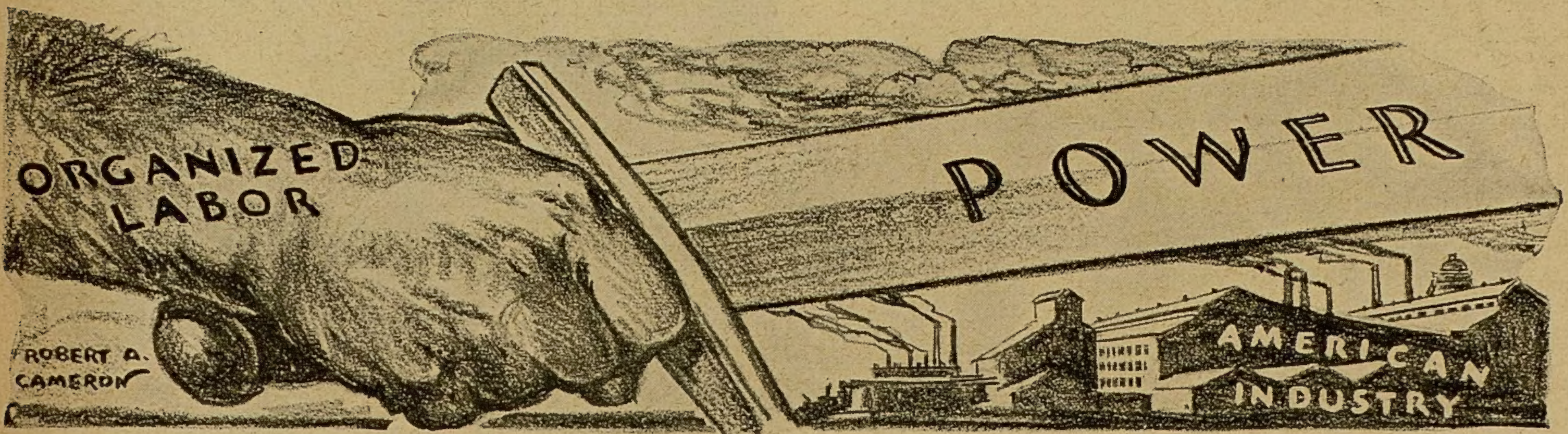
Yacht Mr. Pyne chartered on his last Mediterranean trip.

Large Size . . . 25¢ — New Double Size . . . 40¢

MARCH 9, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 10

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

IS LABOR CUTTING ITS OWN THROAT ?



WE can never escape from human greed. Too much power breeds contempt for and arrogance toward the other fellow.

Capital in bygone years followed the policy of "the public be damned" and ground labor under its heel. It often paid starvation wages. It sometimes built wealth at the expense of human misery.

And the capitalistic system is paying a well deserved penalty. Its mighty power is on the wane. It is said, "If you give a calf enough rope it will hang itself." And now that labor is in the saddle at Washington, now that unionism has experienced the taste of power, it is moving slowly toward possible disaster.

No matter how much power you may give capital, it will always want more. No matter how much power you may give labor, its leaders will always want more.

The penalty labor has paid in the recent depression for the war it waged against capital amounts to figures which are colossal. Its leaders rarely look beyond the present. It is wages and more wages, with absolutely nothing else in mind—entirely oblivious to the future. The demands of unionism, which caused thousands of bankruptcies, added millions upon millions of workers to the unemployment list.

Union workers are supposed to be reasonably sure of a job, or at least to be recompensed while idle by their unions. Yet many union men during the depression had to walk the streets for years, and hunger and cold were not unknown to them before the governmental dole came into being.

A long-continued fight between labor and capital means disaster for both, and there are but few exceptions. In a war between nations one may be the victor but both are losers. And in trying to hamstring capital, the harder union labor fights with that end in view, the more it will have to suffer ultimately through reduced incomes. Although a few of its members may have their wages raised, the increased wage adds to the cost of production, lessens the demand, and brings unemployment for so many—as was indicated in this depression—that the total wage income for all is materially reduced.

Unionism, when it is conducted fairly and squarely, when it is intelligent and humane, is beneficent in character. When it is greedy and arrogant, when it is built on resentment and hate, goaded by paid agitators, the result is not unlike loosening the hordes of hell. It cuts its own throat.

The fight that labor is making at the present time to control business will put all superexecutives out of business. It may create a chaotic situation that will bring disaster to many workers and employers, and if continued may bring national chaos and bankruptcy.

You cannot cut the throat of capital and expect it to function. The owners of business are entitled to their constitutional rights, although the want of action by some law-enforcement officials has indicated otherwise.

The laboring man should be protected in his every right. If he owns a home it should not be violated. The owner of a factory has just as much right to protection as the home owner. Both should be equal before the law.

Capital must pay workers out of the proceeds of their business. Wages cannot possibly be paid out of capital for more than a brief period. It is stated that more than two billion dollars—*two thousand millions*—were paid from capital to avoid a still greater reduction in wages during the depression.

What is needed at this time is a fair field for capital and an equally fair field for labor, with a definite understanding from governmental headquarters that both will be protected in their constitutional rights.

Capital must be made to recognize the necessity for fair dealing, and exactly the same requirement should be made of labor.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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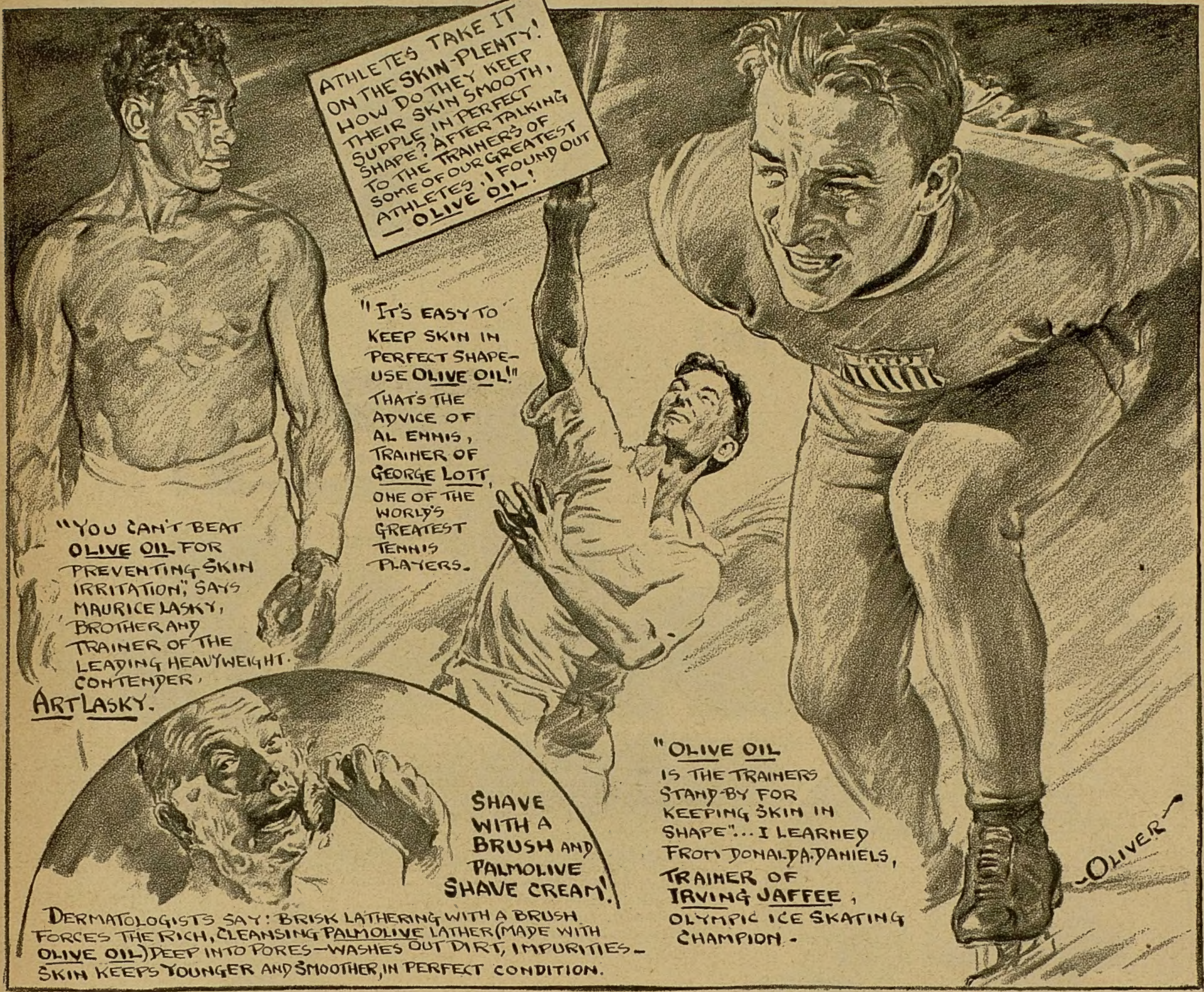
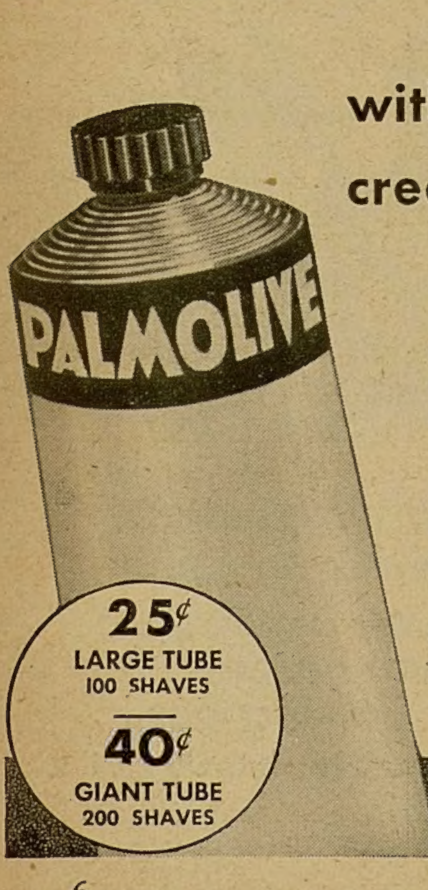
"TAKING IT ON THE SKIN" BY -OLIVER-


ATHLETES TAKE IT ON THE SKIN-PLENTY! HOW DO THEY KEEP THEIR SKIN SMOOTH, SUPPLE, IN PERFECT SHAPE? AFTER TALKING TO THE TRAINERS OF SOME OF OUR GREATEST ATHLETES, I FOUND OUT — OLIVE OIL!
"IT'S EASY TO KEEP SKIN IN PERFECT SHAPE- USE OLIVE OIL!" THAT'S THE ADVICE OF AL EMMIS, TRAINER OF GEORGE LOTT, ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TENNIS PLAYERS.
"YOU CAN'T BEAT OLIVE OIL FOR PREVENTING SKIN IRRITATION," SAYS MAURICE LASKY, BROTHER AND TRAINER OF THE LEADING HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER, ART LASKY.
"OLIVE OIL IS THE TRAINERS STAND-BY FOR KEEPING SKIN IN SHAPE"... I LEARNED FROM DONALD A. DANIELS, TRAINER OF IRVING JAFFEE, OLYMPIC ICE SKATING CHAMPION.-
SHAVE WITH A BRUSH AND PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM!
DERMATOLOGISTS SAY: BRISK LATHERING WITH A BRUSH FORCES THE RICH, CLEANSING PALMOLIVE LATHER (MADE WITH OLIVE OIL) DEEP INTO PORES—WASHES OUT DIRT, IMPURITIES— SKIN KEEPS YOUNGER AND SMOOTHER, IN PERFECT CONDITION.
-OLIVER-

BANISH AFTER-SHAVE IRRITATION!



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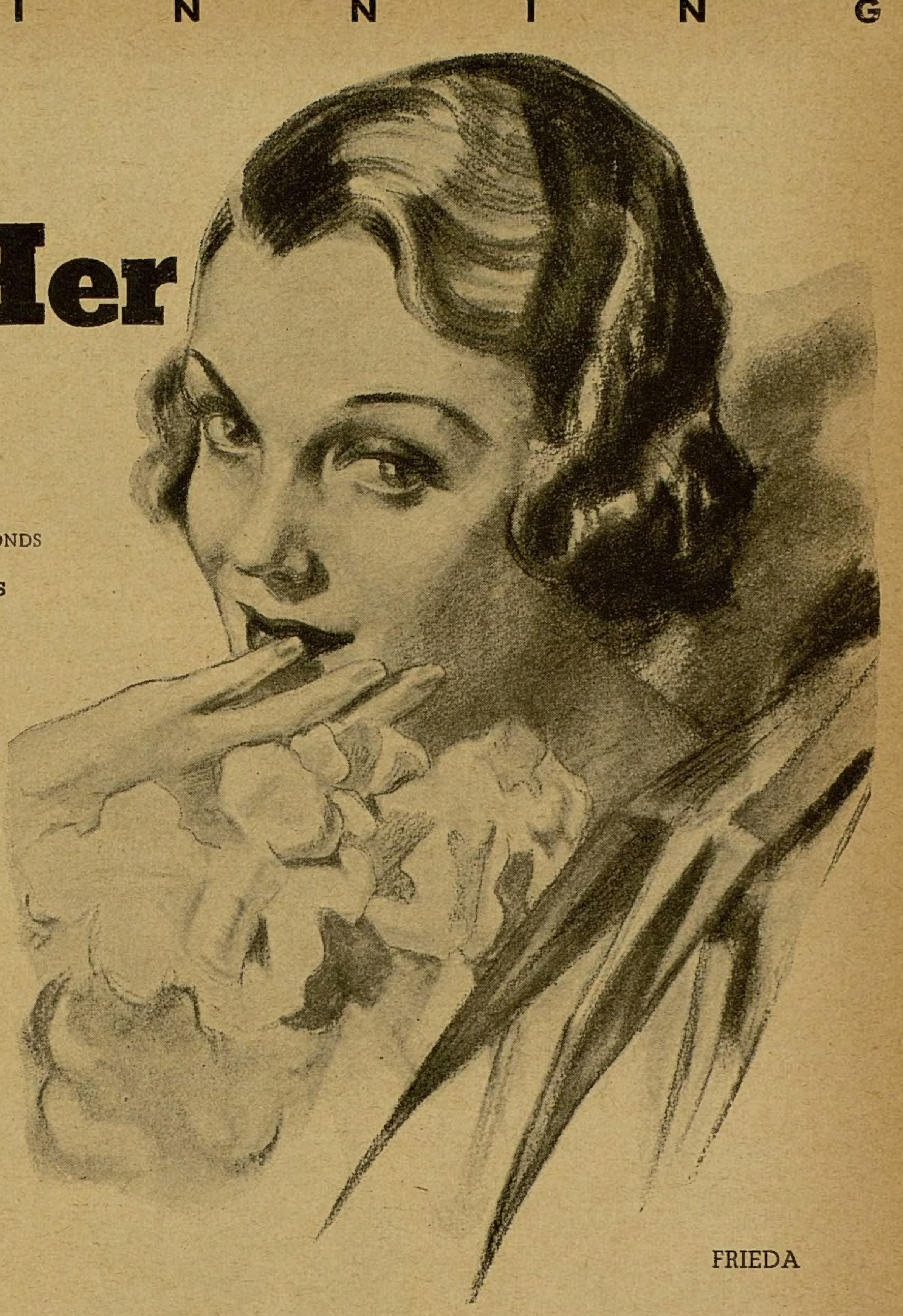
PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

BEGINNING

She Made Her Bed



FRIEDA

A Novel of Marriage in 1935—The Vividly Revealing Story of a Bride and Her Dangerous Destiny

by WALLACE IRWIN

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—YOUTH VS. GENIUS

WHY not?" he asked again.

Frieda Leslie gave him a stingy smile and inched away. Kirk had asked the same question, the same way, a hundred times. Each time she had moved slightly but enough. Too near, he almost melted her defenses; and she liked her defenses. Under an edge of the wide umbrella she was conscious of the barelegged women of Waikiki Beach turning their heads to stare.

She knew that the big young Californian crouching beside her, red and leonine in his bathing trunks, should have been the important part of her two-weeks stopover in Hawaii, the grand finale of a world cruise. Kirk Bailey was the male half of an interlude, an hour of hot moonlight over Pago Pago Harbor. Then he had been a part of the night, tender and secret. Now in high public noon he was demanding, possessive.

"What's matter, Freed? You wouldn't ride with me this morning. You haven't swum more than a yard since you got here. You were game for anything in Tahiti."

Brilliantly dark, black-eyed, Frieda Leslie sat with sandaled feet folded, her smooth neck in a streamline with her back. Outlined in slim, reaching curves, she might have been from some lost court that didn't want to be modern.

Now, in a mental effort to inch away again, she was laughing.

"Kirk, don't you ever get any real pleasure out of sitting down?"

"Say, you've seen me at a bridge table. I can sit all night if there's any point to it."

"There isn't any point unless you see it." She spoke experimentally, watching his face.

Kirk bellowed, caught her hand. "The climate's got you, kid. Don't you like me any more?"

"Of course I do."

"Then why--"

"Because." But this was babyish. "Kirk," she relented to explain, "even if I can't say what it is, it wouldn't be fair to you. To me. To life." She inched away again.

"To hell with life. Why, Frieda"—his color deepened under the tan—"you don't know what life is. I don't. I never will know, unless—" His fingers found her ankle, closed over it. "You drive me crazy!" His voice was guttural. Suddenly he sprang away, sat up on his haunches.

"Hello!" A high birdlike voice with a mocking catch in it. A tight little figure in plaided green plumped into the next chair.

"Hello, Doris!" Frieda was immensely relieved. She had met Doris Pierson here a week ago. She liked her, and she didn't.

"Hope I'm not interrupting you old people." Doris was around twenty, and divorced. There was a gay light in her long amber eyes, a laugh to flutter her overripe lips and her tight pinkish curls. "Frieda, you sly little snatcher. Here you've gone and kidnaped the big shot."

"Oh, help yourself," invited Frieda, her eyes on the teasing mite.

Why didn't Kirk fall in love with her? And what could her family be like, letting her run so wild? Her father was the very famous San Francisco architect, Edmund Pierson, here to build that palace on the slope of Diamond Head.

Kirk's eyes were on Frieda, persisting. " Going with me to the tennis? "

" Oh, Kirk, you ought to put your clothes on," Frieda stalled.

" But are you—"

" Now, there you go," cut in the baby dynamo. " Me, I'd give five years of my life—and I'm five years younger than you, too—just to appear in public with Kirk for twenty minutes. I never had any luck with men. The kind I catch are the kind you have to throw back."

" The breaks were with you when you picked your father," said Frieda.

" Oh, that man! " Doris moaned, giving her father up. " He's all papered inside with blueprints. Frieda, don't you ever have an architect for a father."

Frieda thought of her own father, dead six years, an architect like Pierson. She had a quick loving picture of Jack Leslie among his blueprints.

" Your father's a genius," said Frieda, speaking her thoughts. From a distance Frieda had seen Edmund Pierson's work—seen it with the worship she felt in the sight of beautiful things.

" Dad has his points," Doris explained cheerfully. " But when he's working he makes a clam sound like Senator Borah. That's the trouble with work. It hardens the arteries. How d'you like it, now it's finished? "

The enormous glassy bracelets on Doris's arm clicked like castanets as she pointed under the umbrella toward the rolling foot of Diamond Head. In the faint lavender of misty palms and swinging vines a rambling pinkish structure lay against the cliffside. Contractors, people said, had brought the stones in shiploads from a wrecked Gencese palace. Ned Pierson had molded them into Diamond Head.

" It belongs there," said Frieda softly.

" It belongs there now or there'll be an awful lawsuit," said Doris. " There almost was when Ma Fawcett wanted a bay window for her damn canaries. Dad's arrogant, you know. He insists that his houses are his, no matter who pays for 'em."

" They are," said Frieda.

" How 'bout the tennis and the—" Kirk began, appealing eyes on Frieda.

Frieda gripped his fingers gently, then reached to touch his nose.

" Kirk, you're cold. You stayed in the water too long. Run along, oaf. Go dress yourself."

" Not until you tell me." His wistful eyes said, Tell me to go to your mother and say that we're going to be married right away, here in Honolulu. You've given me a right to ask that.

" Shall I turn my back on this scene of pash? " chirped Doris.

" Oh, please get dressed," Frieda was begging. She couldn't be cross. He was so like a small boy cheated out of his party.

" All right. Then we'll go over to the tennis, what? "—brightening.

" Kirk, I've a headache. The sun. I don't feel up to the tennis. Doris loves it. Take her."

"And make me the happiest woman in the world." Doris swung herself on his arm. Over her sputter Kirk asked woefully of Frieda, " Then you'll join us for cocktails? "

" If I can," Frieda said; and Doris, like a plaided pinwheel, whirled him away.

HE'S mad as fire, thought Frieda, watching them. Kirk's long, lively muscles carried him with quick, sure grace. Frieda saw that his neck was thick and strong, that his head was high and narrow; its redness did not fade with distance, but went out suddenly like a spark when he passed behind a wall. Of course she'd marry him in the end. She was twenty-five and it was time for her to marry. Then why didn't she?

She stared across the shallow line of surf.

Frieda hadn't intended to kiss Kirk that night at Pago Pago when the moon was snow on the boat deck and the shadows velvet. But kissing needn't mean a thing, unless you want it to. Not nowadays.

Kirk was rich, mother said; his people owned something important in Los Angeles. Any girl on the boat would have given her eyeteeth to marry him. He had rowed on the U. C. crew and held a track record. He had every qualification for a hero, a girl's hero. And yet—

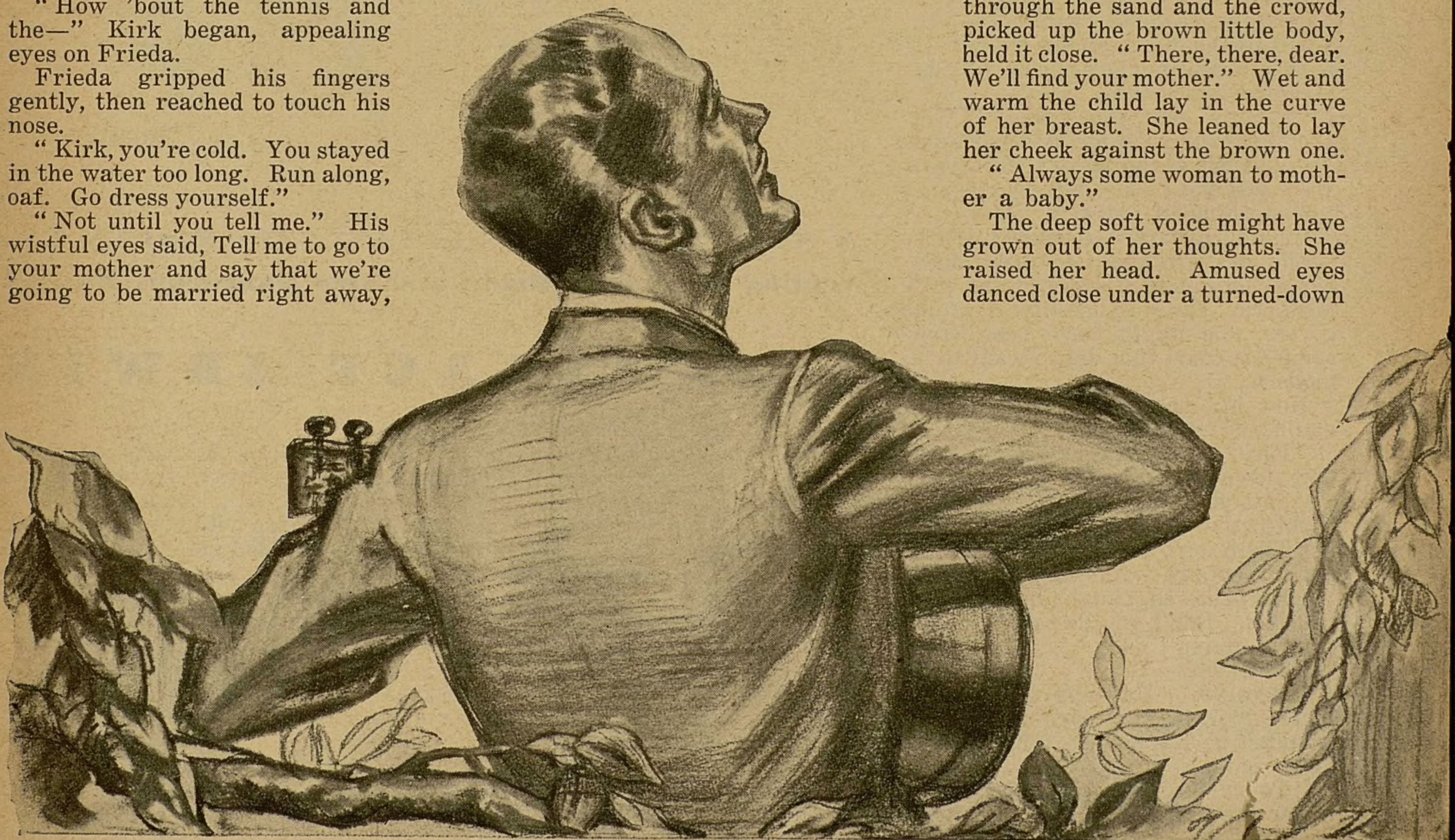
How much do you have to love a man to want to marry him? Certainly she had liked it when he kissed her. Was that proof?

Her head turned suddenly to a sound—a baby's crying. It brought her to her feet, opened her eyes, searching. A Kanaka child, naked as Cain, sprawled on the hard beach; waves lapped over him. His mother, laden with baskets, waddled obliviously down the shore. Bathers laughed. The midge wasn't hurt, and he was funny, not even trying to get up.

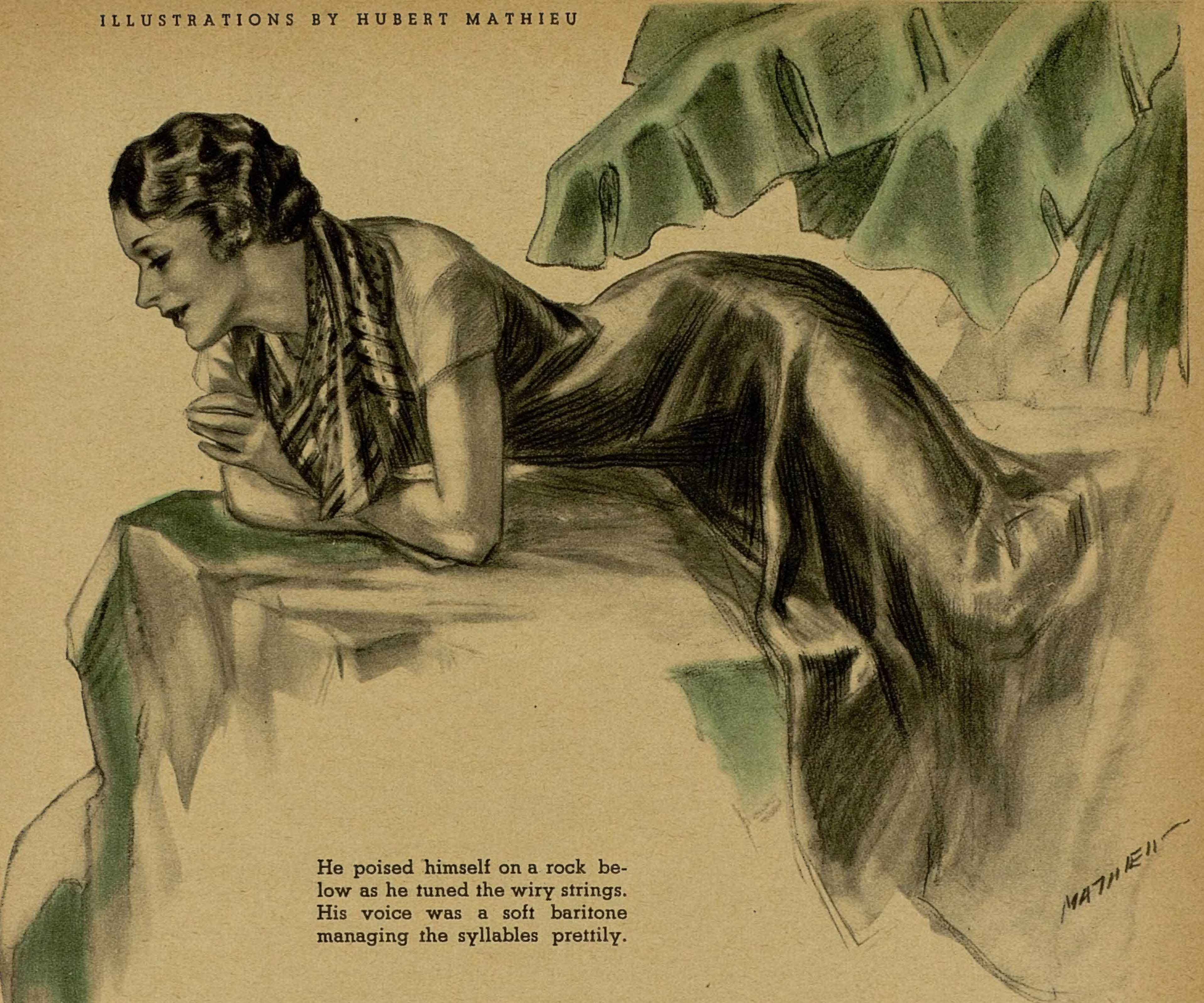
But Frieda ran impetuously through the sand and the crowd, picked up the brown little body, held it close. " There, there, dear. We'll find your mother." Wet and warm the child lay in the curve of her breast. She leaned to lay her cheek against the brown one.

" Always some woman to mother a baby."

The deep soft voice might have grown out of her thoughts. She raised her head. Amused eyes danced close under a turned-down



ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHIEU



He poised himself on a rock below as he tuned the wiry strings. His voice was a soft baritone managing the syllables prettily.

leghorn brim. The lean face was quick with intelligence; the mouth smiled below a clipped line of black.

Frieda heard a voice answering through her mouth: "That's what we're here for." She stroked the baby's head and wondered why she had said a thing like that—and to whom. He was tall, slight, not young, not old. He wore checked tweeds and an air. She liked him.

"Probably it is," he said gravely. His smile uncovered fine white teeth. "I'm Ned Pierson. Aren't you Miss Leslie? I've seen you with Doris."

Doris's father. Frieda knew now why she had lingered here, why she wouldn't play with Kirk. This man could tell her things she needed to know. She stood silent, patting the baby's back.

"And here comes the real mother," he said. Her eyes followed his down the beach to a fat returning figure.

Frieda stood the little fellow on his feet. He ran like a puppy, in tumbling whirls.

She turned back to the chairs. Ned Pierson followed her. . . .

Ned Pierson opened a book for her, a book she had always reached out for intuitively. Her glimpses of beauty around the world, her almost humble admiration for the builders, she never had spoken of, because there had been no ears to listen. Not since her father's death. She hoped he wouldn't go; she invented questions to keep him, forgot the lunch hour.

He wasn't pompous or opinionated; he was like her father, or her father's true son, making a loving companion of his work.

He coaxed her out of her shyness. She was telling him how, away up in Akabah's immense brown fortress, she had come on the remote alabaster lotus fountain where Queen Momtez used to bathe; Frieda had thought she saw the little ivory body curled there under a spray of rose water. She had never told that to any one before.

Ned's eyes kindled. Once, he said, he had stood on one of the lacy balconies over the old dry moat. An ancient fig tree grew up to it, seventy feet tall. A flight of green parakeets were "like leaves falling out of heaven." They lit in the branches; the tree was snowed over with emerald jade. "Then," he said, shrugging, "a dear little boy off some tourist ship barged in and threw a chocolate bar at them. They flew away. They were very beautiful flying away. But they were gone."

"You don't like children," Frieda said.

Guarded eyes flashed at her. "What makes you think so?"

"The way you speak of them."

He looked away, toward his signature on Diamond Head. He seemed to turn something over in his mind, then lay back and smoked. His hair was vigorous and brown, his lean cheeks smooth as a boy's. How old was he, really? "I'm forty-two," he said, and she felt crude to be so transparent. He must have felt her look. "But I'm not a grandfather yet."

"I can't believe you're Doris's father." No thought of flattery.

"I can't believe it myself most of the time. A cigarette?" He lit it for her. "It's queer, your playing with Doris. You can talk."

"Doris can talk."

"No, she can't. And none of her friends can. They make noises; they play games. You're not good form, Miss Leslie. You remember things you've seen. I suspect you even of thinking about them."

"My father tried to teach me to see," she said, "and to remember."

"Good Lord!" He sat up. "Are you Jack Leslie's daughter?" She nodded. He wished that he'd known Jack Leslie. "Fifty years ahead of his time. If he had lived—" He broke off, feeling perhaps that he might hurt her.

"He did his work," she said.

He looked at his watch. "We've talked through lunch time. Come find a sandwich with me, won't you? It's my first day off, and I've a party coming to see me. Will you?" He seemed suddenly shy; rose awkwardly. "And afterward, if you have time, maybe you'll take a look at my house up there," gesturing toward Diamond Head, "and tell me what you think." Frieda laughed happily; it couldn't be that he cared what she might think.

"Your dress is quite dry," he said. "I'm glad that black baby didn't spoil it. Nice baby, wasn't he?" She let him help her up, and was thinking, Perhaps he likes children more than he seems to. . . .

They had white wine with their lunch, and the clawless lobster that swims around the island, coloring himself from the volcanoes in vermilion, violet, and orange stripes—a barbarian gaudy as the mosaics on this veranda arch.

A Japanese page boy flashed by, his sky-blue livery something to catch the eye. Somewhere excited women laughed, ukuleles whined. That would be the cocktail luncheon which had swallowed up Kirk and Doris. It irked Frieda to be followed by it, her broken promise nagging. She kept her eyes on Ned's until she became aware of Kirk Bailey standing in the center of the court, white clothes, red head turning, peering under every arch, a focus for the wild color around him.

Frieda hoped faintly that he might not see her. Kirk mad, with cocktails to sting him on, was capable of an ugly scene. But when he saw her, she waved, "Oh, Kirk! Oooooo-oo!" She watched long steps bring an angry face nearer.

Ned was on his feet, smiling, holding out his hand. "How are you, Mr. Bailey? Won't you join us?"

Kirk, ignoring Ned's cordiality, spoke directly, exclusively to Frieda: "We've been looking for you all over."

"Why? Is something the matter?" Ned gave her poise.

"The Littells were expecting you for lunch, that's all. Waited an hour for you. Everybody's been asking for you." He hammered the words disagreeably. Frieda's lids dropped. She heard Ned's pleasant, well controlled:

"I'm afraid it's my fault. I've been boring Miss Leslie with my houses. Are you interested in houses, Mr. Bailey?"

"Not much."

"Too bad." Ned smiled. "I hoped you might come with us. I've persuaded Miss Leslie to drive over to Diamond Head."

BUT Kirk looked straight at Frieda. "We're going to Waialua Bay. Supper on the beach. They're counting on you."

"Nobody said a word," Frieda defended herself.

"I promised you would come." Flatly, finally.

A thread of silence, hot and mean. Ned snapped the tension with a smooth "Don't let me upset your plans." He seemed to be bowing himself out, leaving her to mend this break in her own way.

"I'm not really up to a racket, Kirk. Thank Molly for me, will you?"

He didn't see the hand she held out to him. "Excuse me for butting in," he said formally, very loud. "Good-by." He stood rooted, congealed inside his beautiful body.

"Sit down and have a liqueur." Ned laid a tolerant hand lightly, amenably on Kirk's shoulder. Kirk wrenched from under it, turned and stalked away. Pierson watched him for an instant.

Pierson's smile was painful; bright color showed in his cheeks. "He's pretty terrible," he said sharply. "Why in the world do you put up with him?"

Frieda straightened, pushed back her chair, her eyes on the new Ned Pierson. So that was it. What right had he to be jealous? He hadn't known her much more than an hour. He didn't own a hair of her head. She felt her temper sizzling against his own.

"Frieda—Miss Leslie!" Suddenly his hand went out to her.

"I think I'd better go with his party," she said, cold as snow. "They're expecting me, and perhaps—"

Maybe it was the beseeching look in his eyes, or maybe returning self-criticism told her that she was making a fool of herself. She laughed. Ned Pierson was laughing too.

"I don't want to rob your young man."

"Kirk's spoiled," she said. "He's really sweet but he's young." Just my age, something reminded her chidingly. "He's too young. He takes too much for granted."

"And he *is* your young man," said Ned Pierson.

She looked straight into his beautiful eyes and said softly, "No, he isn't."

SUNSET nearing. They leaned on the scalloped wall, rusty pink marble edged with rusty white, running down steep acres.

Their elbows touched as he insisted, "But you seem older than that." He wanted to think of her as nearer his age.

"December 4, 1909," she laughed. "See the family Bible. What makes you think I'm older?"

"You reason better, I think."

"Better than what?"

"My daughter, for instance."

"Oh, well. Doris is just a kid."

"Doris has gone the cycle." His eyes were on the sea. High tide was dimming the reefs. Then—"No; not the cycle."

What he meant was plain. Doris had hurried into marriage, hurried out of it, going nowhere. Nothing to show for it except a hardening of the arteries—the ones around the heart.

"Marrying before twenty—that's not so good," said Frieda.

"I tried it when I was a student," he said. "Doris was born in Paris, before I had anything like a job. Then you should have seen me hustle! It didn't turn out so badly, after all. Not so badly."

And not so well, either, she read in his seaward gaze.

Was he thinking of himself in terms of Frieda? A pleasant glow went under her skin. But that was silly. He had been a widower six years; every woman he'd met must have made a fuss over him, and he was what mother would call "eligible." This was just one of his afternoons.

"I adore your house," she said, standing very straight.

"It's not mine any more"—regretfully.

"Anything you've been so close to for a long time—"

"It will always be mine?" he caught her up. "Yes, that lasts." He thought it over, then laughed. "But the Fawcetts own this house. Why not? They've paid for it. I've built one for myself in San Francisco—on the cliffs by North Beach. Like Amalfi, you know. I hope you'll see it."

"I'd like to."

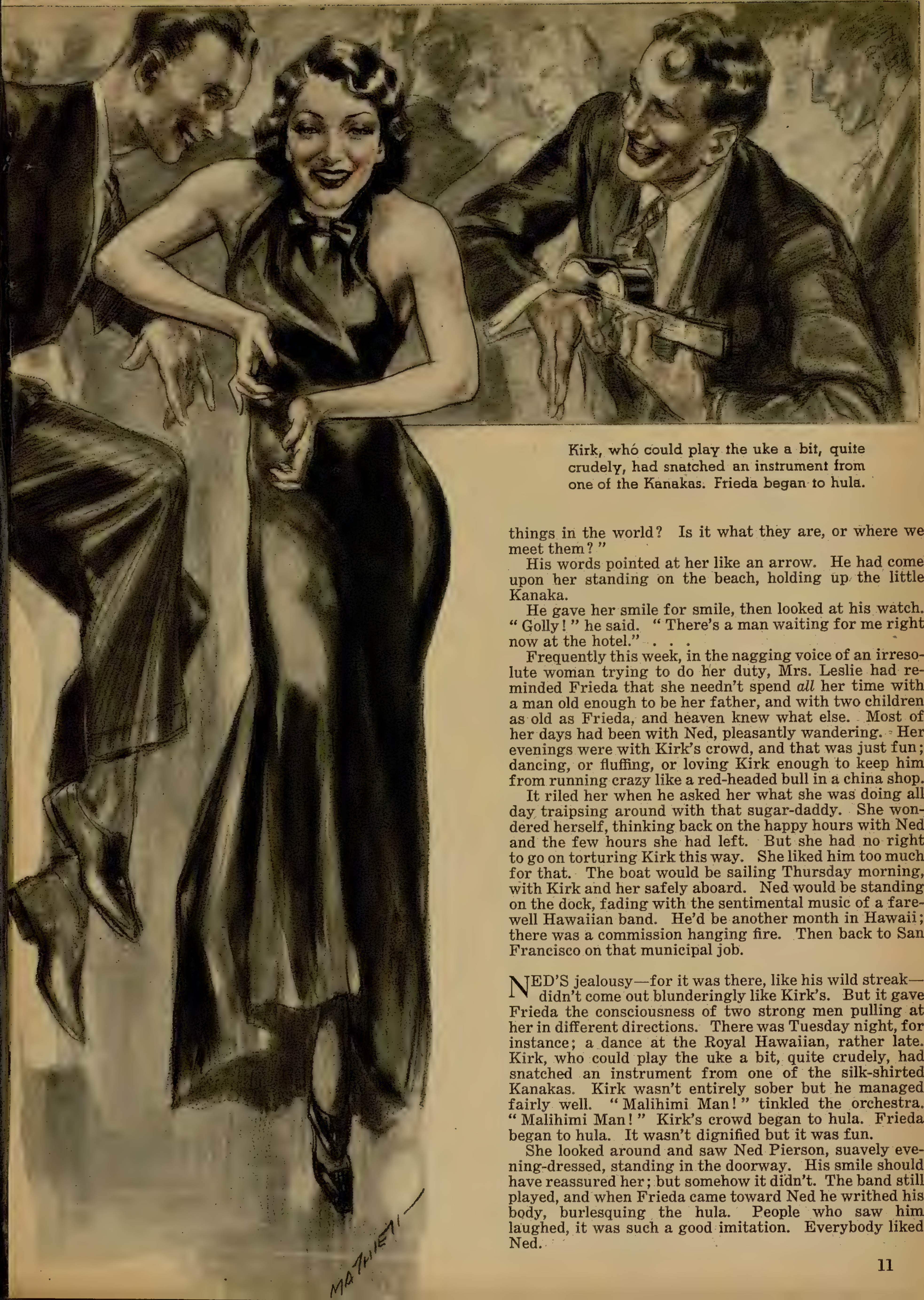
"I built it for my two children, but they're not home much. Artie's a freshman at Stanford." Then, whimsically, "That dates me, doesn't it?"

"Only stupid people are dated."

"I'm not that." Not a boast, only a reflection. But as she half turned her head she saw a question in his eyes. "You must have thought me a cheeky old party this morning, the way I spoke to you."

"I wanted you to. I wanted you to talk to me. You know, I could have—could have burned you down if I'd wanted to."

"Yes, you could. You nearly did at lunch." Then, changing swiftly, "What is it draws us to the lovely



Kirk, who could play the uke a bit, quite crudely, had snatched an instrument from one of the Kanakas. Frieda began to hula.

things in the world? Is it what they are, or where we meet them?"

His words pointed at her like an arrow. He had come upon her standing on the beach, holding up the little Kanaka.

He gave her smile for smile, then looked at his watch. "Golly!" he said. "There's a man waiting for me right now at the hotel." . . .

Frequently this week, in the nagging voice of an irresolute woman trying to do her duty, Mrs. Leslie had reminded Frieda that she needn't spend *all* her time with a man old enough to be her father, and with two children as old as Frieda, and heaven knew what else. Most of her days had been with Ned, pleasantly wandering. Her evenings were with Kirk's crowd, and that was just fun; dancing, or fluffing, or loving Kirk enough to keep him from running crazy like a red-headed bull in a china shop.

It riled her when he asked her what she was doing all day traipsing around with that sugar-daddy. She wondered herself, thinking back on the happy hours with Ned and the few hours she had left. But she had no right to go on torturing Kirk this way. She liked him too much for that. The boat would be sailing Thursday morning, with Kirk and her safely aboard. Ned would be standing on the dock, fading with the sentimental music of a farewell Hawaiian band. He'd be another month in Hawaii; there was a commission hanging fire. Then back to San Francisco on that municipal job.

NED'S jealousy—for it was there, like his wild streak—didn't come out blunderingly like Kirk's. But it gave Frieda the consciousness of two strong men pulling at her in different directions. There was Tuesday night, for instance; a dance at the Royal Hawaiian, rather late. Kirk, who could play the uke a bit, quite crudely, had snatched an instrument from one of the silk-shirted Kanakas. Kirk wasn't entirely sober but he managed fairly well. "Malihimi Man!" tinkled the orchestra. "Malihimi Man!" Kirk's crowd began to hula. Frieda began to hula. It wasn't dignified but it was fun.

She looked around and saw Ned Pierson, suavely evening-dressed, standing in the doorway. His smile should have reassured her; but somehow it didn't. The band still played, and when Frieda came toward Ned he writhed his body, burlesquing the hula. People who saw him laughed, it was such a good imitation. Everybody liked Ned.

“So you've decided to be a dancing man,” said Frieda.

“Oh, no.” His laugh had an edge on it. “I've come to take Doris to bed.”

Now this is how Ned reacted to a hula and a uke and a late dance. Next morning he drove her out to a spot unknown to tourists. They played and laughed like children. When Ned had laid their picnic lunch on the cliff-edge he said mysteriously, “Just a minute!” and ran back to the carriage down the glen, fished under the back seat, and came back with a mandolin!

He poised himself on a rock below her and looked up as he tuned the wiry strings. He was rather beautiful, standing like that, his face all afire. Rapid chords, then suddenly, “Malihimi Man!” His voice was a soft baritone, managing the swift syllables prettily. It was something more than just a savage jig, the way Kirk played it. . . .

She looked at him across the lunchcloth. “Why didn't you tell me you could do that?”

He laughed. But his hand trembled as he poured bouillon out of a vacuum bottle.

They ate lunch almost in silence. Then he said, “I don't think I've learned anything but Malihimi Man since the Taft administration, when they used to sing Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me.”

Then lazily—his very laziness, she saw, masking his hot ambition—he talked to her about his work. How he'd like to stay here a long time, experimenting with tropic houses that sank into the landscape, became a part of it. He was already flirting with a plan and a rich widow who liked the plan. “I'll give myself a few more weeks here, playing with the idea.”

Then he told her about Sylvia.

“She's just a ghost now,” he said with one of his fine half smiles. “Her father's sentimental, the way so many go-getters are; and when she died he named an insurance company after her.”

“It's a pretty name.”

“Yes. The Sylvia Life Insurance Company, a wicked octopus all over the country. Now Sylvia's father wants to build a memorial to her in San Francisco. The Sylvia Center. A sort of cultural meeting place for the people. Old Mr. Carstrom—he's Sylvia's father—has come down here with a lot of business men to see me. They've given me about a month to think it over. I don't know what to say. It makes everything I've done look small. I've never gone in for the colossal. But Sylvia—”

“You've got to do it, Ned,” she said softly. “You can do anything.”

“Thank you, my dear.” He flushed slightly, and she wondered if the tenderness in his eyes was for her or for the ghost whose memory called for that high marble tower.

Tomorrow would be her last full day in Hawaii, and she wouldn't see him again, except perhaps for a minute. She didn't tell him that. Kirk had been getting up a picnic party on Waialua Bay for Wednesday. She had tried, not too hard, to wriggle out of it. But the party, he insisted, was practically for her. Anyway the gang wanted to get together for a final binge.

BUT next morning, when Kirk's crowd was getting together on the hotel veranda, Ned came toward her down the arcade. He had on brown Harris tweeds and the loud pattern became him. He wore a look of anticipation.

“Hello,” he said cheerfully. “Don't you think it would be fun to drive over to Waialua Bay? Lunch up there—then we could sneak back to town for supper. I know a Chinese restaurant where a little girl sings hymns and waves an American flag. She charges a quarter but it's—”

She let him go this far, then she said, “I'm awfully sorry, Ned. But I've got myself all dated up. Funny, it's for Waialua too”—giggling nervously—“with Kirk's crowd.”

“Hurry up, Frieda!” Kirk's bawl at the foot of the steps.

“Well, have a good time,” invited Ned, and went back stiffly into the hotel.

You bet I'll have a good time! she told herself rebelliously. He doesn't own me.

Riding with Kirk, as they rolled past Pearl Harbor, she snuggled nearer to his rough coat. Doris, in the rumble seat with a naval officer, was very quiet. Petting publicly, no doubt. It was so easy to go Polynesian in this climate. Frieda was glad that she and Kirk were getting away.

“I hate to leave Honolulu,” said Kirk. “Don't you?”

“Sort of. But it's always fun on the ship.”

Kirk with his free hand gave her a piece of gum and took one himself. He loved to chew gum when he was driving. It kept him from getting sleepy, he said, and, chewing, added, “I hope Doris holds fast to that loot in the rumble. She gives me a pain in the neck. Anyhow, I'm glad you dumped the Professor.”

“Professor?”

“That's what we all call Doris's old man. Gee, Freed, I'm glad you're back with the mob. Aren't you glad to be back?”

“Sure.”

“Just like old times.”

IT was after two when they found a picnic place on a rocky spot along the shore. There were several rounds of cocktails while the native men made a fire and began to fry things. Frieda was being very calm and amiable, assuring herself that she didn't care whether Ned was mad or not.

Lunch at about three—the chicken burned, the beer rather warm. Kirk, always princely when he gave a party, told the Hawaiian servants what he thought of them and called loudly for bridge tables. Bridge in paradise. Oh, well. Frieda won four dollars, then laid down her cards and went up the shore to watch the sunset. It seemed smaller and tamer than usual. Yes, she'd be glad to get back to Detroit and a normally mean climate. And what did Ned think of her really, walking out on him like that? He hadn't given her time to say anything.

Kirk dropped his game and came up on the rock.

“Say, Freed—when we get on the Lurline there'll be all the sports in the world—luxury ship, huh? And the minute we touch the Coast a lot of the mob's going down to Pasadena—be my guests. There'll be some polo and—”

“Mother's going on to Detroit, I think,” said Frieda—and how often did she have to say no to Kirk? “My sister's just had a baby.”

“I'll fix mother. Here's the program for tonight. Go back to the hotel, shake a little damp out of your clothes, then go down to Chinatown. There's a place called Dirty Dan's—”

“Where a little girl sings hymns and waves an American flag?”

“Where'd you hear about it?”

“It's famous”—faintly smiling.

“Well, we'll shoot a party there—good-by Honolulu, hello California. How 'bout it?”

“Kirk, I've got to get packed and I've a headache.”

“Oh, another one of those.” Kirk, not always keen, had his flashes. “I know very well,” his tone said, “that you're going back to see Ned Pierson.”

For that was exactly what was in her mind.

She and Kirk sat in the rumble on the way home; it wasn't what she wanted, but Kirk arranged it. The young ensign drove, Doris hanging on to him and squealing, he skidded so around the curves. It was getting dark, a little cold, and when Kirk's arm slipped around her Frieda didn't resist it.

At the hotel, before the others came, he squeezed her hand furtively. “Changed your mind, honey?”

“No. I've really got to finish packing.”

The crowd dispersed in the lobby. Frieda, pretending to look for her mother, wove her way among the lounges and writing rooms. Ned was often downstairs, killing time, just before dinner. She grew self-conscious; people might wonder if she was looking for him.

Something touched her arm. There he stood, steady eyes regarding her.

“Hope you had a good time.” He was terrifically offhand.

“I wish you'd been along”—trying to smile his mood away.

“I hate crowds.”

"I'm sorry it was such a mess this morning. And now"—with a silly laugh—"they're all going to Chinatown. I thought maybe I wouldn't go. I'm not mad about crowds, either."

"Oh, go by all means. You might miss something." His voice almost crackled. Jealous, she thought. No better than the rest of them. Acting like a fool. And she said it aloud:

"You're acting like a fool."

He stood a moment, calming himself. That was something Kirk couldn't do when he flew into a rage.

"I've got a lot of old buzzards on my hands," he said, "and I'm awfully sorry. That Sylvia job. They'll be at it all night. You see how it is, don't you?"

WALLACE IRWIN *was a successful writer of burlesque scripts, topical verse, and feature articles before he tackled the short-story field. Stanford University claims all credit for his scholastic training. He is a native of Oneida, New York.*

Frieda, who might have waited for him all night, said coldly, "Yes, I see how it is." Her temper was whirling now like a crazy pinwheel. "Don't let me keep you." She hurried away, anywhere.

She thought of going upstairs, going to bed. But at the foot of the elevator she met Kirk and the Littells coming down. She told them excitedly that she'd been looking for them. "Going to take me to Chinatown?"

"I knew you'd get over that headache!" Kirk looped his arm in hers and rushed her out to the drive.

A speeding parade, five cars, they whiffled through town and unloaded among the waggly streets down back of the wharves. WING LOO, over a gilt dragon, was outlined in electric lights. Inside it wasn't very different from the chop-suey places in Detroit.

The party was what Kirk called "shingles off." Ordering Mr. Wing about with a wealthy hand, Kirk reassured him, "I'll cover the breakage, Wing." "Yes, Mr. Bailey," said the little host, his hands out in a gesture that consigned his worldly goods to the flames. "Enjoy yourselves, folks. That's what you're here for."

Between dancing and quarreling and love-making and acrobatic crashes, Mr. Wing brought in a sleepy dish-faced child aged eight. She wore emerald-green trousers and in her hand she held a stiff American flag. Good heavens, thought Frieda, so this is the quiet place where Ned thought we could be alone!

"This is my little Emma." Mr. Wing stood her like a doll among the dishes. "Emma, sing your song about Columbia to the ladies and gentlemen."

The flag went up; the baby mouth opened feebly:

"O Kol-um-ba the jam of thee o-shun,
The home of thee brave ann thee free—"

"Here's a dollar for another," said Kirk, and everybody yelled.

"Baby," suggested Mr. Wing, "sing Jesus Lover of My Soul."

BUT Frieda put her arms around the green-silk legs and lifted Emma down from the table. "Don't make her," she begged.

"But, lady," protested Mr. Wing, "she was raised Christian."

In the spreading laughter Frieda carried the child to a far corner. The slits of Emma's eyes were nearly closed now.

"Darling," said Frieda, "don't you ever go to bed?"

"Oh, I been to bed," said Emma, "with my clothes on. Because there's a party."

"Well, you go to your mother, honey, and have her undress you this time. There isn't any party any more."

A back door opened. A Chinese woman in a pink kimono came through it. She didn't look at Frieda as she led the child away. Kirk emerged from a clutter of people—they were beginning to dance again—and laid a loving hand on Frieda's shoulder.

"That's right, Frieda. Make 'em take the kid out of this. That Chink ought to be slapped down." His wide gray eyes, now rather red around the edges, were admiring her heavily. "You're a sweet girl, Freed. I mean, the way you are with little kids."

"Always some woman to mother a baby," Ned had put it the other day. Frieda shrugged away from Kirk and mentioned baloney. She didn't like him when he was tight. She told him it was daybreak and they'd better get back.

"If you didn't treat me like a poisoned pup," he said, "I'd lay off this stuff."

She felt that she had been too hard with him. Kirk, after all, wasn't dissipated. Parties were parties. She'd straighten out his kinks when they were married. For tonight, as though the very jumble and noise had settled something, she had made up her mind.

Kirk drove her home through the dawn. Doris and her ensign were quiet in the rumble, asleep probably. Drunk or sober, Kirk drove accurately, instinctively, with the eye of a marksman. Red hibiscus glowed among the hedges; bright morning wind fluffed the feathery algarobas along the streets. Distantly a white glory showed over Diamond Head and Ned Pierson's beautiful signature, marked in stone across the verdure.

ONCE they were up the gangplank, Frieda very positively sighed with relief. The luxurious boat was like a sanctuary, an escape from something.

The final whistle. The creak of the rising gangplanks. The cough of tugs straining the big steel hull out in the open stream. On the dock a Hawaiian band, of course, wailing Aloha. This morning was like a whiff from the sugar factories.

Frieda leaned against the rail on an upper deck, and Kirk leaned beside her. He was amused by the lively farewell, as he always was with any scene of action.

But her eyes were on the dock, studying the upturned faces, a multitude of pinkish disks. Ned Pierson was nowhere on the crowded pier. Squeezed against Kirk, her side pressing into his, she let her eyes play slowly, carefully over all the faces. Ned hadn't come down to see her off. Well, why should he?

The Lurline, her twin screws working noiselessly from the turbines, swung into the channel.

"Diamond Head," said Kirk. "They say the government's got enough big guns up top there to blow the Japs to hell. It makes you proud to be an American."

"Yes, doesn't it?" said Frieda. "I think I ought to go down and see how mother's getting along."

Frieda withdrew tactfully, quietly, and went out into the corridor. She was starting up the stairway reaching toward B deck when she saw them on the landing above. The girl, haggard under her make-up, faced the tall man in white. She spit out, "Well, you've done the deciding, haven't you?" and whisked away from him. Certainly she was Doris Pierson, and the man in white watching her go was her father.

"Ned!" Frieda leaned against the balustrade, needing support.

The worried lines seemed to leave his face. He was beaming, radiant as he came down the steps.

"Well, here I am," he began; but embarrassment seemed to hold his tongue.

She straightened up, calmed herself. "What in the world made you decide to come, all of a sudden?"

His eyes dwelt on her slowly and his voice was low. "I'll let you guess, Frieda. You can. If you want to."

Her heart thumped wildly. He had dropped everything in Honolulu to follow her!

Now that Ned has proved his good intentions by following her back to the States, it looks as if Frieda might be forced to alter her plans again. What part will the likable but irresponsible Kirk play in the developments? And just how will the selfish little Doris fit into this interesting love puzzle? A big surprise topped with more complications will be found in next week's installment.

When Tanna Jack Let Go

South Sea Pirates, a Captive Girl . . . Here Is a Colorful, Glamorous Story of the Strange Ways of Love

by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

IN those days in the South Sea Islands, in the little group that was called the Adelines, life went sweet and slow.

News from the outer world came seldom. There was no cable; there were almost no mails; ships came rarely, and strangers almost never.

It was the day of the blackbirder, when at any time piratical schooners manned by scoundrels might sweep down upon an unprotected beach, carry away the men for slavery in the Chincha guano pits, and the girls for sale—when the pirates had done with them—to South American brothels. But the Adelines, and the Adeline port of Tarua, were safe.

Once, a couple of years before, a blackbird schooner had called at Tarua. Harding, the British Resident, had acted with swift decision: he had mustered the white men, twenty-two of them, and, helped by a band of native chiefs, had scuttled the ship at her moorings, and made prisoner of her master, the notorious Captain Bill. One of Her Majesty's gunboats, calling later, had tried him for half a dozen murders, found him guilty, and hanged him at the yardarm. And that, as Harding exultingly declared, had put the fear of God into them.

It was said—but the rumor had never been proved—that Bill's brother, Tanna Jack, a criminal hardly less notorious than himself, had been aboard the schooner and, when she was sunk, escaped under cover of dark in a native canoe. Harding, however, didn't believe it. He hadn't been at Tarua in the first place, Harding maintained, and if he had, he was certainly dead. So that was that. And peace, that had hardly been broken, settled down again upon the happy Adelines.

When the Resident's daughter Damaris, lately home from her Australian school, became engaged to the customs officer, Matthew Bloomfield, the whole island accepted it as a family affair, and white and brown together united in making holiday for the wedding.

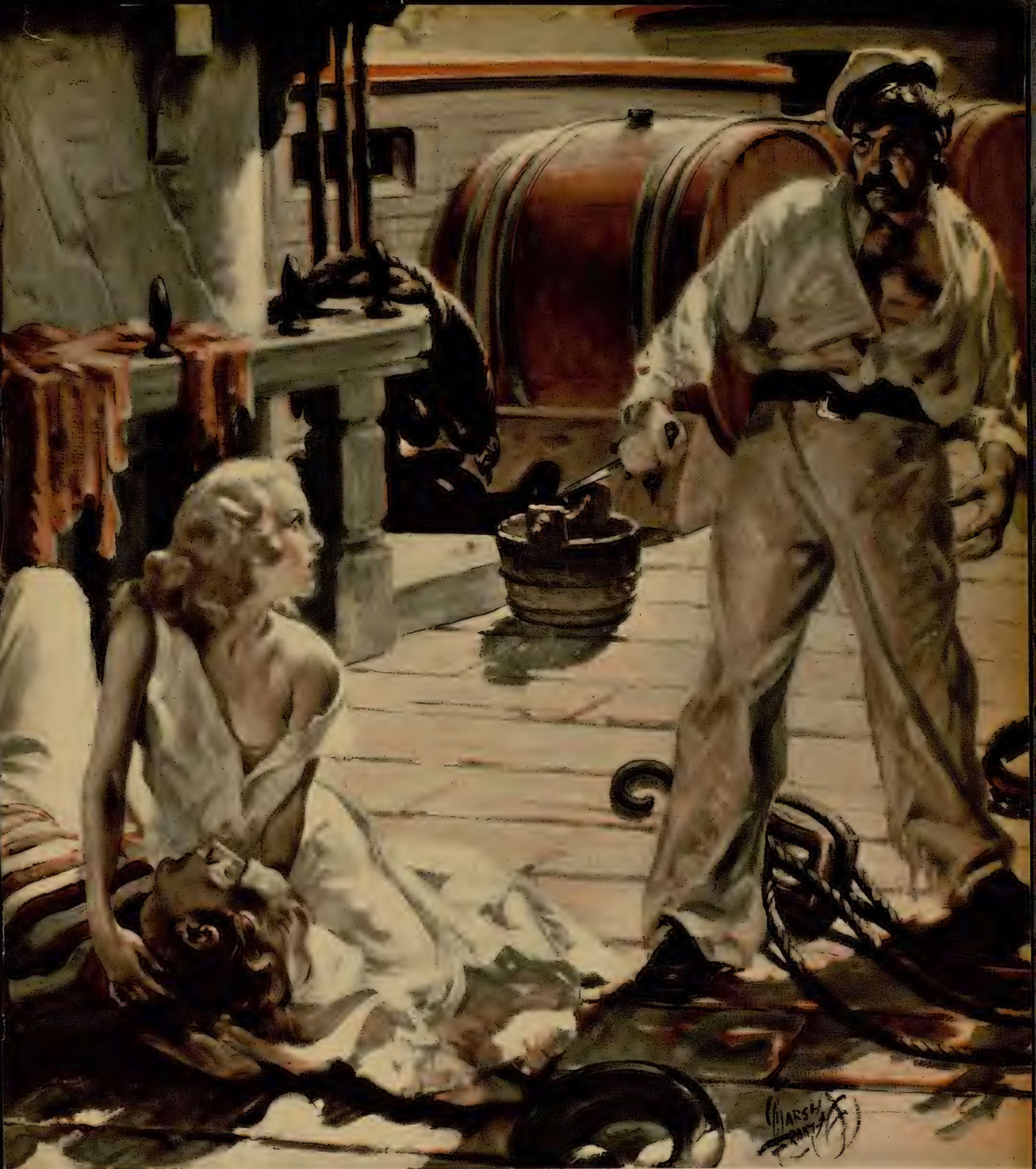
On the last night, Mat Bloomfield and his future father-in-law—stanch friends, and nearer to each other in age than Matthew was to his little schoolgirl bride—were tramping together up and down the beach below the Residency. The moon was near the full; the snow-bright coral sand and the still sea reflected it like mirrors, so that Matthew and Harding, in their white clothes, were indistinct as ghosts.

Only their heads showed plain: Bloomfield's, large and hairy, brown curls falling on his collar, brown whiskers and mustache, brown eyes, big and round and shining, like the bull's-eyes in shops; the Resident's, small, gray, blue-eyed, set on lean shoulders inches lower than the sturdy height of Bloomfield. Bloomfield was considered handsome, in the heavy fashion of the day; Harding was dried up and plain, yet, by some trick of heredity, not at all unlike his daughter, the prettiest girl in the islands.

A snowdrop maid was Damaris, blue-eyed, light-haired, and tiny-waisted; a silent, gentle creature, civil and demure, as were the girls of her day; keeping her thoughts to herself, as all girls kept them; a mystery unread.

There was nothing mysterious or incomprehensible about Bloomfield. Young enough, good-looking, well behaved, with good prospects in the colonial service, a nice bungalow of his own, and a passion for Damaris that was quite as it should be, Bloomfield satisfied in every way the Resident, who considered his motherless daughter lucky in marrying so early and so well.

Daughters resemble fathers, in character, as often as not; Damaris, the snowdrop maid, was at heart extremely like Davy Harding, wild young lieutenant of



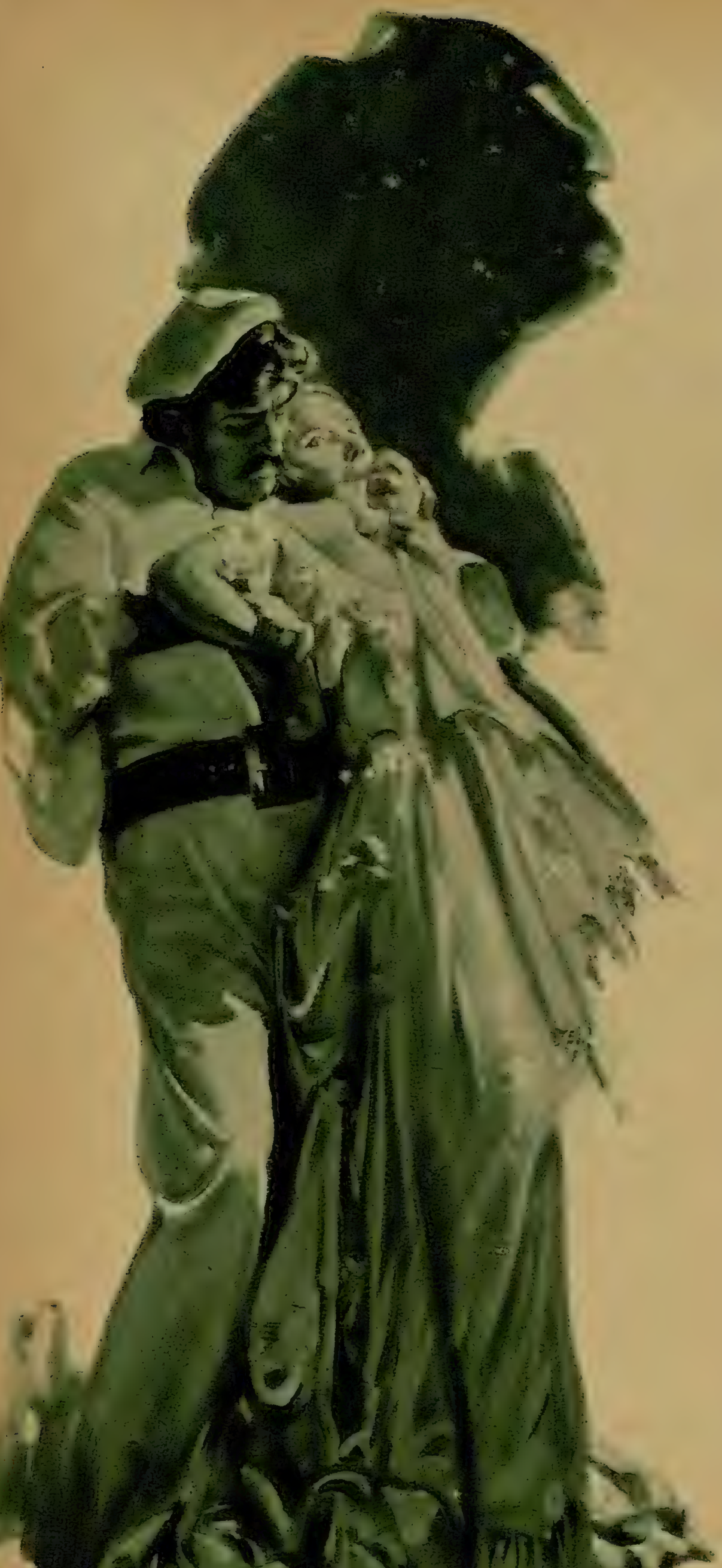
Chick fell to the deck, the planks turned red. Damaris seized him in her arms.

Her Majesty's senior service thirty years ago, mad for romance, for adventure, just as Davy had been, but without Davy's chances of self-expression.

Bloomfield was smoking like a chimney. "Got the jumps," he confided, sucking at his pipe. The Resident, delicately fingering a cigar (he didn't like pipes), said, "Natural, my boy, especially after that stag dinner last night. I recollect when I married her mother I was more or less disguised in liquor for the two days before the wedding; but I turned up at the altar as cool as a—"

Bloomfield interrupted, "Did you see that?" His hand was shaking on the stem of his pipe; he stared blankly down the beach.

"I don't see anything. Nerves, nerves!"



Tanna Jack, stealing along the beach, saw her before she saw him, and seized her before she could cry out.

"I thought I saw a—a ghost—something white floating in the air away among those palms. It's gone. Yes, nerves, I suppose. On an island like Tarua you couldn't expect ghosts. There's other islands, though, farther west, where you might see ghosts if anywhere in the world. Places where Captain Jack and his infernal brother did things they ought to have been boiled in oil for."

"Boiling in oil," the Resident pointed out, "is not a punishment recognized by the penal code."

"Yes." Bloomfield sucked at his pipe like a baby at its bottle. "I sometimes wonder, sir," he said, zigzagging off the subject, "whether you were wise in taking such strong measures as you did, considering that we're practically at the world's end out here; no communication; no ships calling except once in a blue moon—"

"My dear boy, I'm perfectly certain I acted justly and wisely—and wisely! As for ships, we get more than we used to; why, there was a trader, one of Philip's, I think, sighted this afternoon."

"Well, she's not in yet; wind's been offshore all day. She's been standing off and on; might give us a look-in in the morning if the wind falls toward midnight, as it mostly does. Talking of Tanna Jack, that fellow did things that—things that—"

"Aren't the sort of things to think about when you've got the jumps," the Resident wisely said, "and when you're going to be married tomorrow. Anyhow he's dead. What do you think's maybe won the Derby at home?"

"I thought I saw that thing again," Bloomfield said, staring.

The Resident said, "You come along with me and take a stiff b.-and-s.—two of 'em—and then go home to your bungalow and sleep. We'll drink to tomorrow, and to the bride, God bless her."

"God bless her," the big man said with a break in his voice. Together they went in. "Quiet," the Resident warned him. "Damaris'll be sleeping."

ON the coral beach, not a hundred yards from where the Resident and Matthew had been walking, Damaris stood breathless in her hiding place among the palms. "That was a near one," she said, with a grimace watching the men disappear. She drew about her the white cloud of her veil; she pulled her flounced and panniered skirts together. In very truth she made a ghostly figure, straying in the moonlight, in her bridal dress.

She had been unable to sleep. Restless, she had risen and had defiantly (for it was not at all the right thing to do) dressed herself in all her wedding finery. She wanted to see, beforehand, how that unknown person, Mrs. Mat Bloomfield, was going to look.

Staring long into the glass, she seemed to see a stranger—a grave pale creature, not at all like herself as she had known herself for eighteen years. Mrs. Matthew Bloomfield, a settled married woman, with all the glorious chances of life, all hope of passion, adventure, wild romance buried in that veil.

Restless, disturbed, she had slipped out of the house into the cool air of midnight; had gone wandering up and down the far end of the beach.

It was so that Tanna Jack, stealing along the beach with a box of lucifer matches in his hand, came upon her, saw her before she saw him, and, acting with the swift decision that time and again had saved him from dancing the dance of death above blue water, seized her, before she could cry out, in his arms of iron. He twisted her veil over her mouth and knotted it; he trussed her arms and legs with her clothing. A low whistle from Tanna Jack brought to his side two of the native crew, men who knew all about capturing girls. They tightened her bonds in a trice, took her between them by the shoulders and the knees, and, breaking step like stretcher-bearers, ran with her to the dinghy that lay waiting by the shore.

Tanna Jack came *(Continued on page nineteen)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

A Short Course
in Soup Making

My recipe
For something great
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Upon a plate!

Graduate in a few minutes, with honors. Your diploma, the finest soup you ever served. It's a *short* course for you, because it is a *long* one for us, here at Campbell's. Marketing, preparing ingredients, watching the simmering soup kettles—and you know all this takes experience, skill, time. But it is by Campbell's famous soup chefs—not by you. That is why this short course in perfect soup making comprises only three words—*select, simmer, serve.*

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NOODLE SOUP
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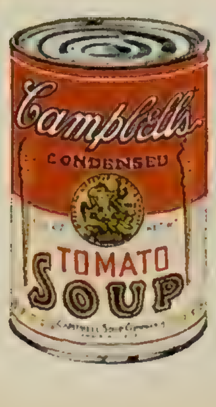
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(Continued from page sixteen)

with them. While the men, with muffled oars, rowed the boat to the waiting schooner, he sat beside Damaris, keeping watch lest the gag should work loose in her mouth and allow her to cry out. He had a spare oar in his hand, and she did not need to be told what he would do with her.

A young white man was hanging over the bulwarks as they came alongside.

Staring down into the boat he said, " So you didn't set the old boy's house on fire? "

Tanna Jack replied with oaths that he had done better. Found the old man's precious only daughter trying on her wedding dress, and copped her. Blackbirded her. They'd see what the old devil would say to that by and by.

They were hauling up the dinghy with care; the falls must not be allowed to creak, nor the blocks to rattle. " By the way," said the youth as the dinghy swung aboard, " the boy's dying."

" Yes, he would," Jack indignantly told him. " Spiteful young beggar. See he's not put overboard till we're well away."

" He'll last a day or two. You oughtn't to have taken the belaying pin. I told you so at the time. And you needn't expect me to do his work when he does kick the bucket."

Jack, cursing under his breath, was harrying and hazing the Maori crew, abusing them if a sheet flapped, a sail slatted in the hurried get-away. There was no danger of noise from the anchor chains; the ship, while Jack was ashore, had been allowed to drift easily along the reef on an offshore wind, and both anchors, black, and caked with bloody rust, were catted on the bow.

THEY were clear of land in ten minutes, the Tropic Bird sailing like a witch. And then the two began to talk in earnest, looking at Damaris as she sat humped up in a pitiful white bundle upon the main-hatch cover. Damaris, looking through her shrouding veil, could just distinguish, faintly shaped against a star-powdered sky, the outlines of the two men who held her fate. The silhouette of Tanna Jack was smallish, heavy, with something in the look of it that made you think of savage feline beasts. That of the other, whom Tanna Jack addressed as Chick, was beautiful. Damaris didn't know that she thought so; she was only conscious of terror.

Now they were coming over to her, the two of them. They stopped beside her, so close that she could smell the tobacco quid in Tanna Jack's mouth, the sweaty unwashed odor of his skin. He laughed a little, swaying on his ankles as the schooner rolled. " Strike a light there," he told Chick. " Let's look at what we've got." The match was struck. In its light Damaris saw for the first time the faces of the men. Chick's was high-featured, handsome, savage as a young Choctaw chief's, with steely eyes that struck like knife points; red hard mouth above a dangerous chin. Yellow curls, soft as a child's, fell to the shoulders on either side of this male cruel face.

Nevertheless it did not frighten Damaris. There was something underneath the savagery, the spoiled beauty of this youth, that appealed to her.

Tanna Jack, beside him, was pure terror. He made her think shudderingly of a beast that had frightened her when she was a child—an American bison in a menagerie, with tangled hair and little eyes of fire below its stabbing horns. Only the horns were wanting to make Tanna Jack a replica of that nightmare beast.

The match went out and Tanna Jack struck another. " Chuck the rag off," he said.

CHICK unwound the veil from Damaris's face not ungently. Both men stared hard, and Tanna Jack smacked his lips.

" Take her away," he said, with a coarse jest—" take her away before I forget what she's worth."

Chick, a hand on her arm, was for leading her to the companion. Damaris shook him off and wheeled around toward Tanna Jack.

" My father'll have you hanged! " she cried. " Take me back at once. Let me go home! "

" Your father won't have me hanged," Jack answered her with a certain dangerous quiet. " For why? I haven't done anything to deserve it. No. Not yet." He turned his quid, spat on the deck, and laughed again unpleasantly. " There'll be no hanging matter," he went on, with his little hot coals of eyes still fixed upon her—" not if you keep your senses and do as you're told. If you don't— But Chick here knows what happens to people who don't."

Chick nodded his head. The match died down in Tanna Jack's fingers and burned them; Damaris heard him swearing as he looked for and lighted a whale-oil lantern.

" Take her to the little cabin," barked Tanna Jack.

Chick gave the captain a kind of half salute and began to lead the way below.

" And see! " Jack shouted after him, above the yelp of the rising wind. " Lock the door, bring the key, and be back before I've time to count fifty, or I'll shoot through the deck."

Chick, silent, swift, led her down to a little cabin with a bunk and a rude washstand and a tallow candle swinging in gimbals. He lit the candle, said curtly, " Call if you want me. My name's Carey," looked at her once full in the face, and was gone.

It was near daylight now. The tumbling seas were smeared with gray, and foam, streaming back from the ship's bows, showed like white fire along her counter. Damaris, kneeling on her bunk to look out at the waste of homeless sea, said to herself, " My wedding day," and

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hardly kept herself from breaking into hysterical tears and laughter.

Somebody was moaning in the next cabin, a low monotonous sound, hardly suggestive of pain; rather of delirium. That must be the boy who was dying.

Damaris sat crouched together on the side of the bunk. The cabin was dirty, the bunk smelled of beetles; somebody was dying not three feet away; it was her wedding day in Tarua, and here she was on Tanna Jack's schooner wishing herself dead.

For several days she saw nothing either of Tanna Jack or of Chick Carey. A native sailor, who could speak no known tongue, brought her her meals. The wind kept up; the ship rolled about a good deal. From the next cabin, now and then, sounded the low unconscious moaning of the dying boy. She had asked, by signs, if she might go to him, but the sailor who brought her meals to her shook his head in refusal. The boy wouldn't last long now; she could scarcely hear him. He would die, and Tanna Jack would have killed him; Jack who said he had done nothing for which he ought to have been hanged—yet.

Yet? What did he mean?

She had heard of chiefs' sons carried off and held for ransom; she began to realize that some such idea might be in the head of Jack regarding herself. But there was more. Some further, darker shadow, she knew, hung over her.

After the first few days Chick brought her dinner occasionally. He used to clap the plate down on the washstand, give her a long staring look, say something about the weather, and, before she had time to answer, hurry away.

She liked Chick and she didn't like him. She liked him when she saw his hand tremble as he set down her dinner plate, and knew by that, and by other signs scarce noticeable, that he was her man if she chose. She did not like him when she heard him laughing up on deck with Tanna Jack, and suspected herself to be the cause, the joke something that would have set her pretty ears burning. When he stood in the doorway of the cabin, swaying to the sway of the ship, a splendid young figure dressed in rough sailor clothes, with none of the "Pacific slouch" as yet in his bearing, she thought that he would look well in smart clothes such as Bloomfield wore; that he couldn't be very bad, even if he were a blackbirder and Jack's henchman, because he was so young. She assured herself that he was, or had been, a gentleman, and that that meant everything. No one had ever told her that of all scoundrels and all hopeless failures, a gentleman once, in the islands, is the worst.

If he stayed ten seconds beyond his time, if ever he seemed about to say a word or two beyond the curt comment on the weather and the wind—and Damaris knew, now, that many words were waiting behind his lips—Jack's loud bellow from the deck was sure to summon him back again. Jack himself never came.

So the schooner sailed and sailed through seas as lonely, empty as the Sahara Desert, sighting nothing, hearing from nobody. It was thus, in those old days, that all ships traveled. Wireless was undreamed of; ships were few; nobody knew where any vessel was until she actually heaved in sight; no one knew what was going to happen anywhere until it had happened.

So it was that the gunboat Rattlesnake, which had unexpectedly called at the Adelines and there heard terrible news, did not suspect her stern chase to be over until she chanced by marvelous luck right on the Tropic Bird outside an unnamed islet where Tanna Jack had stopped for wood and water.

Tanna Jack and Carey had had some argument over the anchoring of the schooner an hour before. Damaris, almost for the first time allowed on deck ("She can't run away, and if she did, where's she to run to?"), had heard young Chick protesting, asking to be allowed to cast anchor within the lagoon that lay emerald-pale and secure before the ship. But Jack would have none of it. "Y' never know," he said. "I'll have blue water under me, not green."

It may have been that the sixth sense, the almost animal instinct which time and again had saved Tanna Jack from capture, was awake that morning. At all events, Damaris remembered long after that she had noticed him up in the bows, working about the anchors that hung, black and gory red, outside the hawsepipes. There was nothing in sight, so far as one could see, shut in by the horns of the bay where the Tropic Bird was idly floating; but Jack seemed on the alert, on the lookout.

Damaris took advantage of his busy moment, and boldly advancing toward Carey (though for the time she feared him almost as much as Jack) she placed her hands upon the young man's shoulders. He caught his breath; she saw his chest heave as the waves beyond on the reef were heaving with the incoming tide; she felt the sudden pain of his grip upon her wrists, and it was sweeter to her than any kiss of Matthew's ever had been.

"What do you want?" he asked. Damaris did not know, never was to know, his history: how he had been carried off as a boy of fifteen from a pirated vessel—Chick, Mother Carey's chicken, who since those years had known no other mother than the sea; how he had fallen, as so many did, under the influence of Tanna Jack, followed him, slaved for him, almost but not quite taken on his attitude to life and death and crime. He had had education, he was useful with officials; seldom, now, did he rebel against anything that happened on or off the Tropic Bird. Jack trusted him.

And now, in an instant, he was false to the trust. "Take care of me—help me," Damaris was saying—that soft tender thing whose beauty had, day after day, been melting his heart; from whom he had kept himself only through a sense of duty to Jack. Now, with Jack out of hearing, he found himself talking quick and significantly. If the creature liked him (and it seemed she did), well, she could have him, for all Jack. Why, he was mad, mad about her! He would do anything—he'd desert with her somehow, somewhere; get her to Fiji, marry her even, if she made enough fuss about it.

He didn't say these things to Damaris; he only told her quickly, almost fiercely, that he was her man, that he would do anything for her; she could safely trust him, he wouldn't let her come to harm. Swiftly then he kissed her. And she knew that she had never been really kissed before.

The moment lasted no longer than a flame lasts, leaping and falling down to ashes. All over the ship, at once, cries broke out. A native sailor, coming up from below, loudly blubbered that "Jimmy go finiss!"—the boy, the unknown, unhelped boy who owed his end to Tanna Jack, was dead. Jack himself, seeing, before the lovers saw it, a man-of-war's long bowsprit breaking round the farthest headland, sprang from the bows and began shouting orders to the crew. "Get below!" he yelled to Damaris. "Throw her down, you!" to Chick. The girl fled swiftly down the companion, fearing lest Jack should carry out his own orders. The man-of-war was fast rounding the corner. Under full sail the Tropic Bird, with Jack at the wheel, was skating, dancing through the reefs ahead of her. The queen's ship, moving with care among these unknown perils, lessened speed; by way of compensation, fired a shot toward the schooner. It fell ahead of her, and splashed up white.

"We'll not heave to," Jack said. "She's a good mile and a half away. She can't see nothing, and—she mustn't see. This," he said, wiping a hairy hand across his tobacco-stained lips—"this is a matter of the chain gang on Norfolk Island if we're caught. They can't prove any of the other things on us, and—they—won't—prove—this."

The last four words fell like stones. Chick stood looking at him with an utterly inexpressive face. "You mean," he said, "the Blacksands Bay business?"

"Aye," said Jack. "Can ye keep her on her course while I—"

Chick interrupted: "Don't be a fool. You know the reefs twice as well. I don't want," he said hurriedly, looking away, "to be caught. Why, Norfolk Island's hell! I— Here, you take the wheel; I'll do it."

For one moment Tanna Jack seemed to waver; and Chick could see, as

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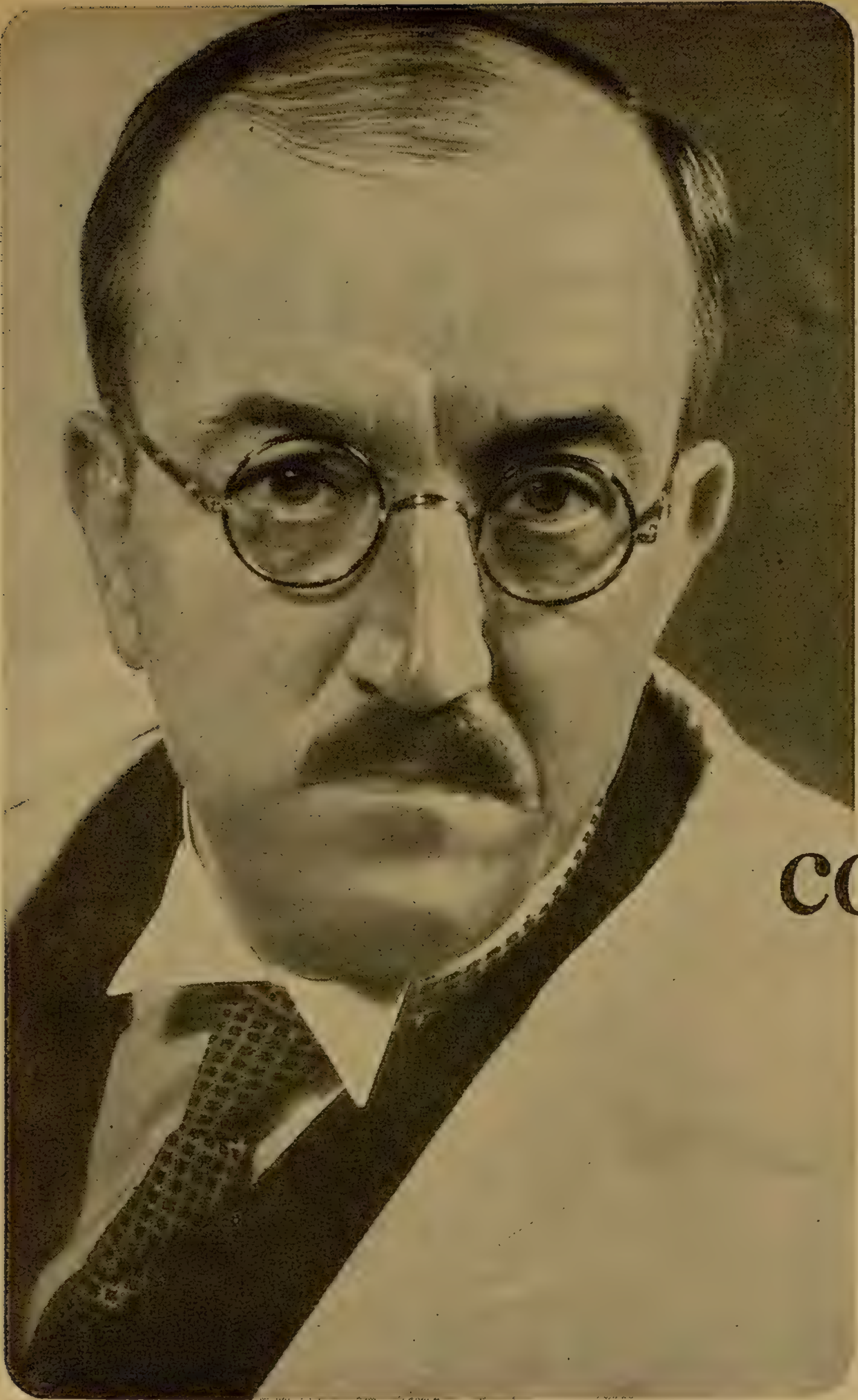

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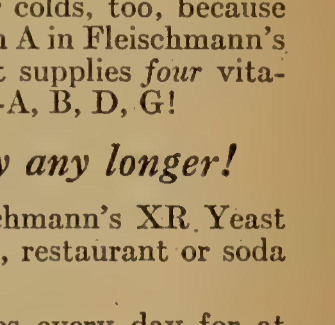

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clearly as if he had been there, the sweep of Blacksands Bay, off Tanna Island, on that memorable day when Jack had earned his name; could hear what he had heard—that day. Not again, he said to himself. Not if I—and he thought of the pistols in the rack above the cuddy table; would he be quick enough to reach them—first?

But Jack had decided. He thrust the native helmsman aside, took his place on the wheel gratings aft. "Go down, and be quick about it," he said. "And if you bungle it, so help me"—he swore a frightful oath—"I'll put you through it yourself."

Chick unemotionally repeated the curse, binding himself to carry out the command. Jack nodded, and began with consummate ability to twist the schooner through the cobweb maze of many-colored corals. And Chick, with a coil of rope in his hand, hurried below.

He came into Damaris's cabin like a squall. "Take off your dress and shoes and stockings," he said, snatching down the bridal veil, that was hung on a nail above the bed. "Quick, for your life!" He almost tore the clothes from her. "Come with me—don't be seen," he ordered, and led her, clad in her corset cover and petticoats, to the next cabin. "Scream," he told her, "once." She screamed, with her eyes fixed on him. She had not spoken, not asked a single question. "Now," he told her, "help me to dress Jimmy in your clothes." She did it. The dead boy, not yet cold, was clad in bridal white, in silk stockings, in soiled white-satin shoes. Chick wound the bridal veil round the bandaged head, over the face and the mouth. "Get into the bunk," he said, "tie a towel round your head, and keep your face away; and don't forget you're dead, or you will be, pretty damn' quick." She got into the bunk and he left her; it had all taken so few minutes that she could scarce realize it had happened. But here she was in the other cabin, and Chick had gone on deck with the corpse dressed up in her clothes.

FOR a minute or two she lay still, listening to the sounds on deck: the stamp of feet; sharp orders to the crew from Tanna Jack; then, clanking of anchor chain, a call of "Ready!" What were they doing? Coming to anchor?

She rose to her knees. She peered, sidewise, from the cabin port. If she were to die for it, she had to see—O God!

Back again on the bunk she fell, and lay with her face in her hands. In one brief moment she had understood all that had puzzled her before; learned what the fate was from which Chick Carey had saved her—if indeed she were saved. Scraps of half-heard gossip, strange terrifying rumors suddenly pieced themselves together in her mind. She knew now what it was that Tanna Jack had done; she had remembered and understood everything.

In Blacksands Bay, off Tanna Island in the New Hebrides, he had been hot pressed by a pursuing man-of-war anxious to secure evidence of his blackbirding exploits. There was only one piece of evidence on board: a native chief, who could not be landed, and might not simply be thrown overboard, since, like all the coastal natives, he could swim as well as a shark. So Tanna Jack, in a moment of devilish inspiration, had had him lashed to the anchor, and in deep water, blue water, let go.

Damaris had heard something of this, and now she saw it. Swift on the order shouted by Jack—"Leggo!"—she saw the figure that was supposed to be hers plunging head foremost, swathed in her dress and veil and lashed to the stock of the starboard anchor, into deep sea.

IT was gone in an instant; the chain and cable, loosed, went plunging after. Damaris did not see them; she was lying in the ill-smelling bunk, with the blankets wrapped round her, shivering with fear. "It might have been me," she kept saying to herself. "It was to have been me."

What next? The Tropic Bird, with a fair wind and the reefs to help her, had the heels of the gunboat; ships of war, in those days, were slow and clumsy; charts not to be relied upon. Jack might escape—as he had escaped so often. And then? And then? Damaris, lying in the dead boy's bunk, found herself praying as she had never prayed before.

The answer to her prayer—if it was an answer—came in strange form. A cannon shot roared out astern of the flying schooner. "He'll heave to," Damaris thought, clenching her hands. But Jack did not heave to. Another moment, and the ship staggered, shaken from stem to stern under the impact of a shot that had been fired in good earnest and reached its mark. Wounded, the Tropic Bird heeled over. "We'll all be drowned," thought Damaris, and, forgetting everything else, she flung off the bedcovers and rushed on deck.

She saw that the gunboat had dared one of the short cuts in the reef and was only a few hundred yards astern. She saw Tanna Jack at the wheel, and Chick hazing and harrying the crew to crack on sail. Then Jack caught sight of her. With a yell, he dropped the wheel and leaped at Carey. There was a knife in his hand.

Chick fell to the deck; the planks beneath him turned red. Damaris, on her knees beside him, seized him in her arms and placed her body between him and Jack. "Don't touch him!" she cried. "They can see you—now. You'll hang, you'll hang!" Some instinct led her straight to the one fear of Tanna Jack, otherwise fearless—the vision of that dance of death above blue water.

She did not hear the curses that he showered upon her. She was busy until the commander's gig drew alongside, stanching the flow of blood from Chick's side with strips of her clothing. When the bearded and whiskered naval officer, with his men, came tramping across the deck, she stood up in the last of her many petticoats, bodice and camisole gone, her young bosom shielded only by its stiff Victorian corset from the eye of the blazing sun and the curious eyes of the crew.

"Take us on board," she said with dignity. "This is the man I'm going to marry."

But late that night, in the commander's cabin, seated beside his bed, whereon lay what was left of Chick, she knew that she had spoken a lie. Carey was dying.

He did not die with memorable words, with tragic kisses, last goodbys. He died as people in real life do die—slipping into unconsciousness without a word or a sign. And that was all she had to take away with her of romance and love for the rest of her days; for all the years of marriage and childbearing, of ordinary life—for she married, in the end, Matthew Bloomfield.

To Tanna Jack in due course came the dance of death.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What was the real name of Jules Verne?

2—Who are the Gideons?

3—What was the iron clad Merrimac called by the Confederates?

4—What Canadian author became famous under the pseudonym of "Sam Slick"?

5—Asthenia is what?

6—Who discovered the Rosetta stone?

7—What notorious buccaneer became lieutenant governor of a British colony?

8—How came Napoleon's chateau near Versailles to be called Malmaison?

9—Who is Canadian Minister to the United States?

10—Was the Statue of Liberty brought to the United States as a finished figure?

11—A "shotgun prescription" is what?

12—Where was Amelia Earhart born?

13—What is another name for the metal tag of a lace?

14—What is the oldest Protestant church in Canada?

15—When was the New York Clearing House established?

16—What fair, originating in 1211 and mentioned by Milton in Paradise Lost, is still held in England?

17—By whom is Mount Vernon now owned?

18—Where was the Right Hon. R. B. Bennett, Canadian Prime Minister, born?

19—What is a massasauga?

20—The son of what famous English author is buried in Trinity Church Cemetery, Broadway and 155th Street, New York City?

(Answers will be found on page 65)

If everyone in this Family
uses Pepsodent Antiseptic
(As used in recent tests)

...there should be 50% fewer colds!

New way in cold prevention revealed in test with 500 people. Facts on how Pepsodent Antiseptic helps reduce number of colds—time lost from colds. How Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you three times as much for your money.

LET us assume that everyone in this family uses Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly. Then, if what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens again . . . as it reasonably should . . . these children will have 50% fewer colds!

We present this forceful possibility to encourage you to see for yourself how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this spring.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

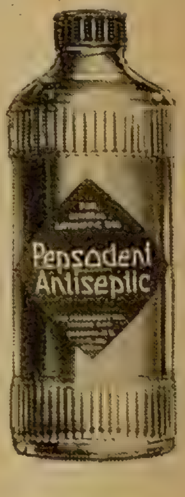
Thus we believe that you will agree with our predictions for any average group. Naturally we cannot predict just how many people in this family would ordinarily catch cold. Nor can we foretell how many would catch cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic. We do say that the facts proved in this scientific test with 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

Remember, that in killing germs Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with two parts of water and it still kills germs in less than ten seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and still gives you the protection of a safe antiseptic.

Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this spring.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC



Our Crime School—

Consider These Conditions—Is It Any Wonder We Lead the World in Crime?

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE chase after John Dillinger, happily finished last summer by his impromptu execution, cost at least three innocent lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars. When the police caught him in the Southwest and returned him to a county jail in Indiana to face a capital charge, he figured notoriously as an expert jail breaker, an accomplished robber, and a murderer. The sheriff who ruled and managed the jail was a woman. She and the district attorney, who must presently put him on trial for his life, posed with him for the camera in a friendly, even affectionate attitude. When they tucked this jail breaker into his cell, some one let him have a knife or a razor blade. According to the accepted story, he used this to whittle out a wooden pistol. At any rate, he emerged from his cell brandishing something which looked like a gun, held up the guards, and, with one Underwood, a murderer, following him, leaped into a waiting automobile. "And that," remarked at the time an expert on crime and punishment, "is the American county jail—to the life!"

A year ago, Austin H. MacCormick, the new commissioner of correction, made a surprise raid on Welfare Island Prison, which amounts to the county jail of New York City. He found unspeakable conditions. A ring of favored prisoners—old Tammany favorites—absorbed all the privileges, leaving the husks to "softies." For these nabobs of the underworld, the cream of the commissary and special dainty rations sent in from outside; for them, opium or whisky, according to their tastes. The softies acted virtually as their valets. The conditions of sex morality were such that even in this frank age the newspapers could not tell all the details. But prison experts were not surprised. "That," they said again, "is just the American county jail!"

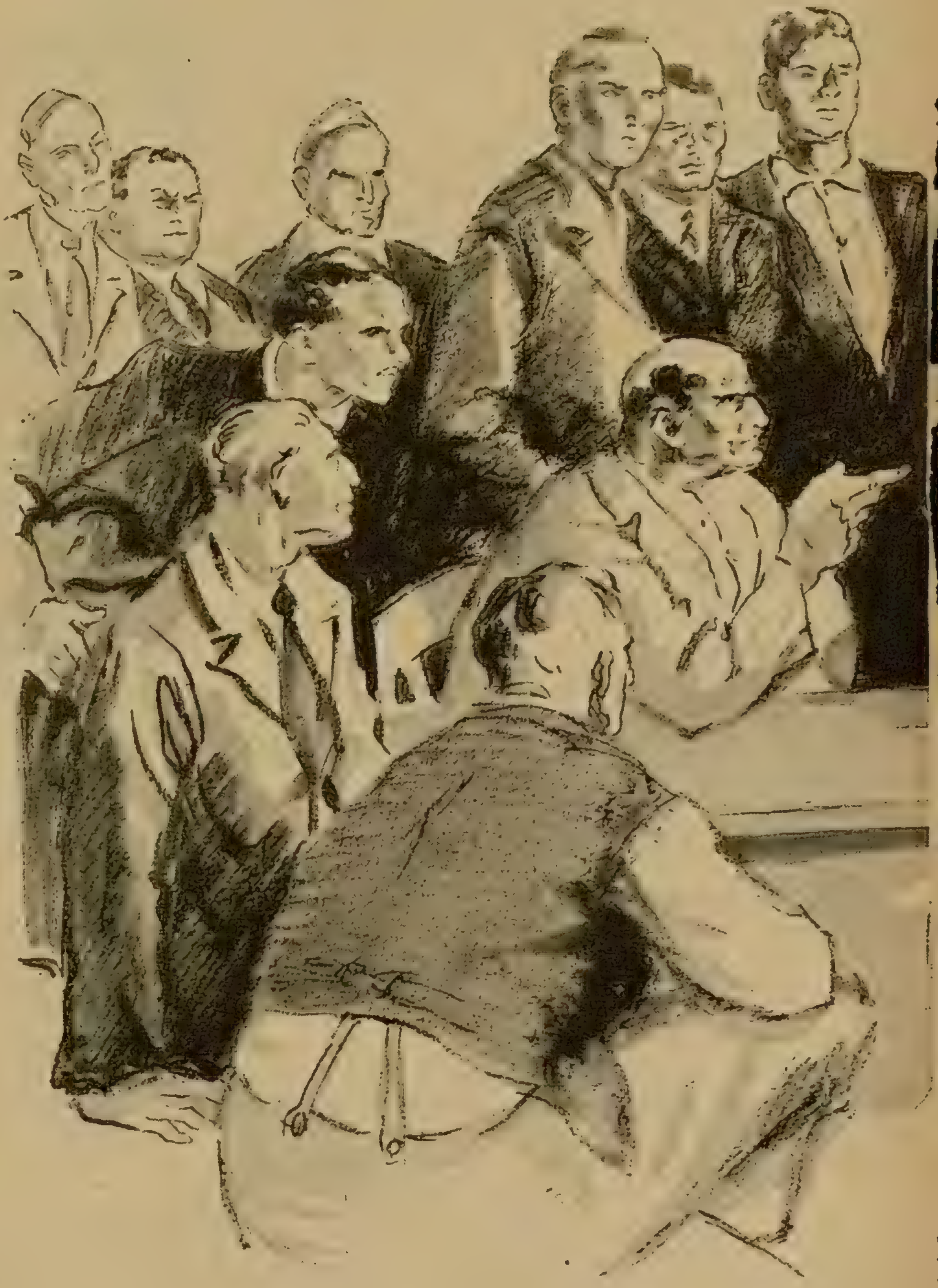
An attorney had occasion to visit a Negro held in a Southern prison to await trial. He found his client dying of influenza on a mattress which lay over an inch of liquid filth. Again—the American county jail!

Last winter an inquiring and indignant citizen took the trouble to investigate certain sinister reports about his local county jail. He found them all too true. For a dollar a head the jailer was letting both prisoners and outsiders into the women's quarters at night. In defense, the jailer respectfully submitted that "the girls," not he, got the money. And most of these women were under arrest for prostitution!

The Los Angeles county jail has now a high rating with penologists. A few years ago, however, it served as scene for a tragic episode which throws light on another aspect of minor American prisons.

In Jersey City lived an energetic, attractive, and prosperous automobile agent named Jack Box. Among his other assets was an inactive bank account of several thousand dollars. In the bank worked one Rhodes, a clerk with a passion for night life. Of course he was living beyond his means. He began dipping into the Box account, and playing the races in order to recoup. He lost; and he found himself in so deep that he could never climb out. He clutched at a straw. He cultivated Box; managed to warm up a friendship, finally confessed everything and asked for mercy. After keeping Rhodes dangling on the string for a day or two, Box came back with an amazing counterproposition.

"I have lost my taste for my wife," he said in effect. "But she will never divorce me. Jeanne Taylor and I are madly in love with each other. She is twenty years old; when she comes of age she will have a fortune of four hundred thousand dollars. I will make good the shortage in my account—on condition that you marry her at once. Then we will all go to Los Angeles, where you and I will get new jobs. We will live together—you as the apparent husband; I as the real husband."



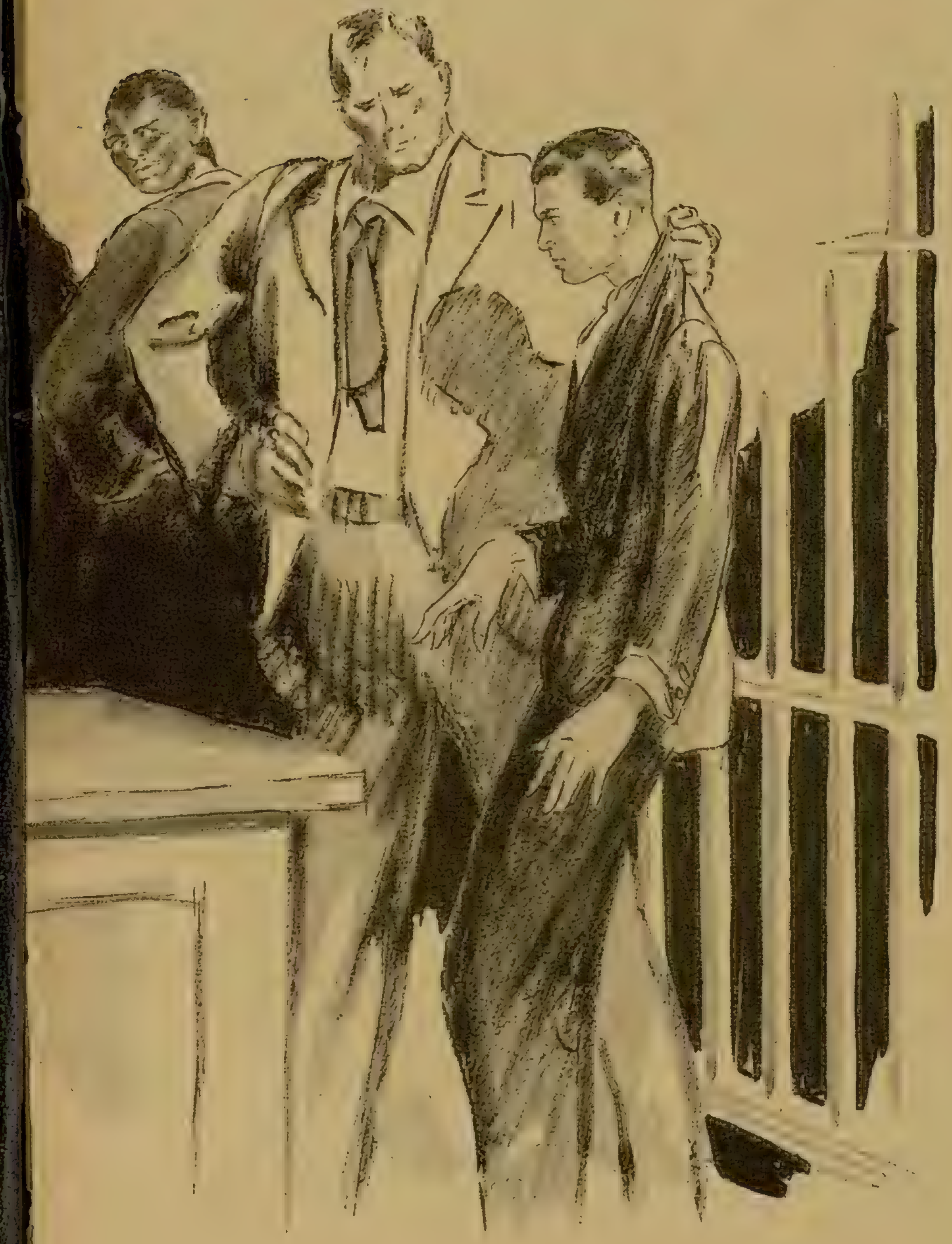
The kangaroo court's judge is the hardest bird among

It was this or a disagreeable future for Rhodes. He promptly married the girl and engaged a compartment to Chicago. But as soon as the train started, Box—who was paying for the trip—took over the compartment. They had the same arrangement when they rented a bungalow at Los Angeles. Box, what with his talent and personality, did well from the first. Rhodes found no job, and lived on Box. One night when Mrs. Rhodes and Box were giving a small bridge party, Rhodes entered in a fighting mood and roared out a demand that his wife in name only "shake that bird" and go away with him. The embarrassed guests withdrew. Box, beside himself, attacked Rhodes with a chair. The bank clerk defended himself with a kitchen knife. This noisy row brought the neighbors and the police.

Mrs. Rhodes, who had narrowly escaped a stray knife thrust of her "husband," grew hysterical and revealed the domestic situation. Until the police told her, she did not realize the accusation she was bringing against both men. For Box had violated the famous Mann Act which forbids any one to pay a woman's fare across a state line

The County Jail

by WILL IRWIN



he prisoners. Every new inmate appears before him.

for immoral purposes; and Rhodes seemed to figure as his accessory. Eventually both men went to federal prison. Temporarily, the authorities held Mrs. Rhodes in the women's division of the county jail as a material witness.

At the preliminary hearing the federal judge released her on light bail—still in the status of a witness. When, three days later, the district attorney wanted her for further questioning, she had disappeared from the ken of even her own lawyer. The police found her at last. She was dying in a public hospital, her face swollen beyond recognition—strangely poisoned.

The city detectives found at last the strange and simple solution which is the point of this anecdote. This gently reared young woman, herself charged with no crime or misdemeanor, had occupied in the county jail a common "recreation room" with other inmates. Some were prostitutes, some habitual criminals. The newspapers had printed the story; and in the eyes of her prison mates she stood guilty of the cardinal sin against underworld ethics—"snitching." All these women insulted and abused her, and a big Negress beat her up.

When her day in court arrived, she wanted to present a good appearance. She had no cosmetics. But the girls occupied their imprisonment by making artificial flowers. She took one of the red roses, wet it, and with it rouged her lips. The dye in this cheap fabric contained a deadly poison. As she left prison, bound for the court, the Negress gave her one last punch in the mouth "for luck." It broke the skin of her lip, and the poison in her improvised rouge did the rest!

Ten years ago Joseph F. Fishman, writing from long experience as a federal inspector, published an exposé of American county jails which made the Turkish prisons of the Middle Ages seem by comparison humane, hygienic, and enlightened. Thanks mostly to quiet pressure from Washington, they have improved considerably in recent years. But still, the instances which I have assembled above may stand typical rather than exceptional.

The jails of our metropolitan cities vary according to the political purity of the town. When a predatory machine like Tammany has control, they tend to become Welfare Islands. In cities with decent and progressive government they sometimes approach the pattern for a model jail. But among all our blunders in civilization, the small American county jail is probably the most flagrant. Prisons exist primarily to reduce crime. Taken as a whole, the rural American variety tends rather to increase crime.

It is the child of carelessness and a bad system. Carelessness—towns and counties whose women's clubs, Rotary Clubs, churches, and improvement societies boast of their good roads, effective high schools, and beautiful public buildings, will often maintain a jail which endangers community health and community morals. And the public-spirited Rotarians or the women's club leaders know nothing about it. Describe it to them, and they are likely to dismiss the topic with the remark that their town does not propose to coddle criminals.

A BAD system—and here we have to dig deep into the flaws and defects of the American commonwealth. We are cursed with a multiplicity of small, expensive, independent governments. We have some 2,500 counties—all laid out to the scale of the oxcart era and serving the automobile era. Further, we have in the North about 25,000 townships, six miles by six in dimension. Each of these little units has a government, affording many a soft job for the boys of the dominant party, and each maintains a prison—in the township a mere lockup; in the county a jail where persons accused of crime or misdemeanor are held pending trial, and where those convicted of serious misdemeanors serve out sentences running from a few months to three years.

Let us consider the county jail. In a small county the sheriff is the actual jailer; and even in the larger ones he stands responsible. In our frontier period the sheriff and his deputies served as the sole police force; he conducted the old-fashioned public hangings, even pulling the drop with his own hands. In rough rural districts he stood as visible representative of the whole law.

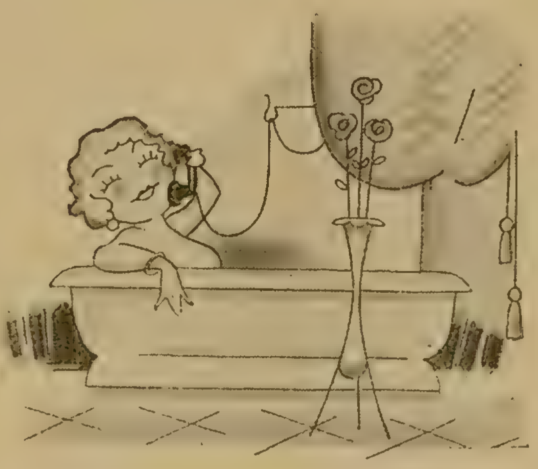
Then progress began to strip his powers from him. Decently, we transferred capital punishment to the secrecy of the state penitentiaries. State police began to take over the enforcement of order in rural areas. The automobile made this process more and more necessary. Now the sheriff's only reasons for being in many states are the necessity for enforcing orders of court, like attachments, and his job as jailer. He sticks like a limpet, however; for in many counties he is paid by the fee system and can do very well during his one brief term.

Here comes a comic curiosity of American law. In medieval England the crown appointed the sheriff. The yeomen of the counties found that if he stayed long in office he got the graft too well consolidated. After a bitter struggle, they established the principle that the sheriff should have a short term. The original colonies incorporated that principle into their laws. Now two thirds of the state constitutions decree that a sheriff may not be re-elected. The county bosses like the idea—it helps them to stretch the velvet. Democrat and Republican alike, they come together in one big union whenever any one proposes giving a sheriff a longer term.

Police work and prison work are rising to the status of learned professions; but the sheriff, under this system, remains necessarily a raw amateur. From all over the country conscientious men holding this ephemeral office write in to the federal departments for primary lessons on running a police department or a jail. But the average sheriff in the "one term" states simply does things as they always have been done, and looks after himself during his brief day in power.

What Do You Say?

by Charles H. Forbell



Caller: Is this Mae West?
Mae: Y - -; s - - - - - - - -.
Caller: Guess who this is.
Mae: I'- - p - - - i -, b - - b - -.
Caller: Oh, yeah? Well, this is a kidnaper.
Mae: C - - - u - a - - s - - - - m - s - - - - - - - - !

(The answer will be found on page 33)

The federal government, which uses county jails for prisoners awaiting trial, inspects them all and rates them on a percentage scale. Only three in the whole country had in 1934 a rating of 90 or 100 per cent. A third of them rate about 50 per cent or below. Let us inspect the typical prison in this class.

Usually the very building is unsuited to its uses. Often it is literally the oldest structure in the county seat; anything will do for a jail. It still lacks plumbing in the modern sense. It usually lacks any bathing facilities whatever. A Southern jailer once remarked to an investigator, "No, we've got no bathtub. We don't need any. You see, most of these prisoners ain't in for more than three or four months." Steady pressure from the federal Department of Prisons has put bathtubs into some of these old rattletraps. But they are often merely bits of scenery. In response to federal desires, one jail announced proudly that it had bathing facilities. Inspection showed a little tin tub salvaged from the city dump and mounted on four sticks which would not have supported a baby's weight.

True, the custom of the annual spring bath or the occasional summer dip largely prevails in the classes from which we fill our rural jails. This may be tolerable so long as they live out of doors—but not when they are shut up in eight-by-ten cells. What with the squalor of the inmates and indescribable practices as regards human refuse, a jail of this class has a smell like a menagerie—plus. The free and frequent use of cheap disinfectant merely adds to its horror.

OF course prisoners in these holes do not sleep between sheets. Often the bed is merely a mattress—never cleansed—on a damp and filthy floor. Indeed, federal investigators have in recent years found jails where the prisoners slept on bare cement. Some of these jails have the decency to cleanse a prisoner's blanket after he is released and before it passes on to a new inmate. A few of the more efficient cleanse them every fortnight. Others never cleanse them at all. They simply wear out with use and filth.

There is no prison hospital. When an inmate falls sick, the county physician treats him in his cell. Good modern prisons examine every inmate, on reception, for open or latent signs of physical and mental disease—that is the A B C of the business.

In these bad jails the guard simply chucks the new prisoners, the diseased and insane along with the healthy, into a cell. Especially, jails of this class are notorious carriers of venereal disease.

Since the prisoners are never cleaned up when they enter, it is only a matter of time before one of them brings along vermin—"cooties" or "couch beetles." These pests establish themselves in the cracks and crannies of the old structure; and in spite of sporadic hunts, they never go away. "Blankets crawling with vermin"—in reports on these primitive county jails that phrase recurs until it grows monotonous.

As for the commissary: in many of the counties which foster these bad jails the sheriff is paid by the fee system. The commissioners give him a fixed sum to feed the prisoners—seventy-five cents a head per diem seems to be a standard rate. And in cases where the sheriff is making the most of his brief term, he profits handsomely by the arrangement.

Commonly, in small remote jails the sheriff gets his profit more directly by installing his wife as jail cook. In passing: the lady who guarded Dillinger may have been our only woman jailer—in name. She was not the only one in fact. Often the typical sheriff had a business—storekeeping or selling gasoline—before he took office. He maintains it during his term, which makes him a very busy man. So many of them turn over the jail management to their wives. Some deserving politician, appointed as deputy, helps her with the strong-arm work.

THE British, who go on the theory that men condemned to penal servitude should be fed just enough to keep them in health, established the custom of giving only two meals a day. Many of our small jails follow this plan, but with a variation. They serve the first meal in the morning and the second and last at noon. Just laziness, this—getting the job out of the way for the day. From 1 P.M. to 7 A. M., eighteen hours in all, the prisoners go hungry. Any physician can tell you what such a regime does to the modern digestion. To beat the system, prisoners have a way of holding out scraps, like chunks of soggy beans, and eating them for supper. This custom further complicates the filth in these bad jails. Some of them have about their lower walls a six-foot dado of decaying grease on which you can write your name with a stick.

So much for the physical surroundings. It is, however, the moral tone which should most concern us—since jails are supposed to exist for the discouragement of crime. Who sets the moral tone in such jails? Not the jailers or the courts but—bluntly—the worst of the inmates.

In criminal and vagabond circles there exists a rough old institution known as the kangaroo court. Long ago this custom took root in our jails. By a sort of *modus vivendi* with lazy incompetent jailers, the worst of our prisons permit it yet. It enforces a kind of order, saves the guards the trouble of discipline. The "judge" is almost invariably the hardest bird among the prisoners. Every new inmate appears before him in the "recreation" quarters, and is fined two dollars or so for "breaking into jail." If he can pay, this money goes for tobacco. If not, he is assigned to the most disagreeable work involved in keeping the prison relatively clean. For breaking the rules of the kangaroo judge, there is one standard punishment—from five to a hundred "licks" with a belt, or—if the prisoner can get hold of it—with a strip of rubber belting.

Once the cat-o'-nine-tails was the universal punishment for infraction of prison discipline. In 1848 Warden Gideon Haynes of Massachusetts shocked the conservative by abolishing it. Since then we have gradually followed him, until no American jail admits the principle of corporal punishment as a means of enforcing discipline. But here it is nevertheless—administered not by officers of the law but by offenders against the law.

In some cases the rules and punishments of the kangaroo court are posted permanently on the walls of the jail. I have seen three of these documents; and one feature common to them all seems symbolic. The extreme capital offense, which calls for fifty or one hundred lashes, is "snitching" or "standing in" with the guards. In short, the apprentice criminal who enters jurisdiction of a kangaroo court is also entering a world at war with law and society.

Remember always that jails like these hold two classes of prisoners: the condemned and the accused. Part of them are "doing a stretch" for offenses just short of felony. The rest are merely being held for trial in default of bail. Since court usually meets only twice a year, prisoners of this class may wait in jail as long as six months. Some will be acquitted on trial; some, owing to their youth and chance of reform, will receive parole or suspended sentences. These ill-managed jails do not enforce segregation, except perhaps between the races. The boy who has committed his first offense goes into the common jail, shares the common "recreation room" with seasoned criminals, often of horrible habits. In many a case the juvenile offender has such a character for a cell mate.

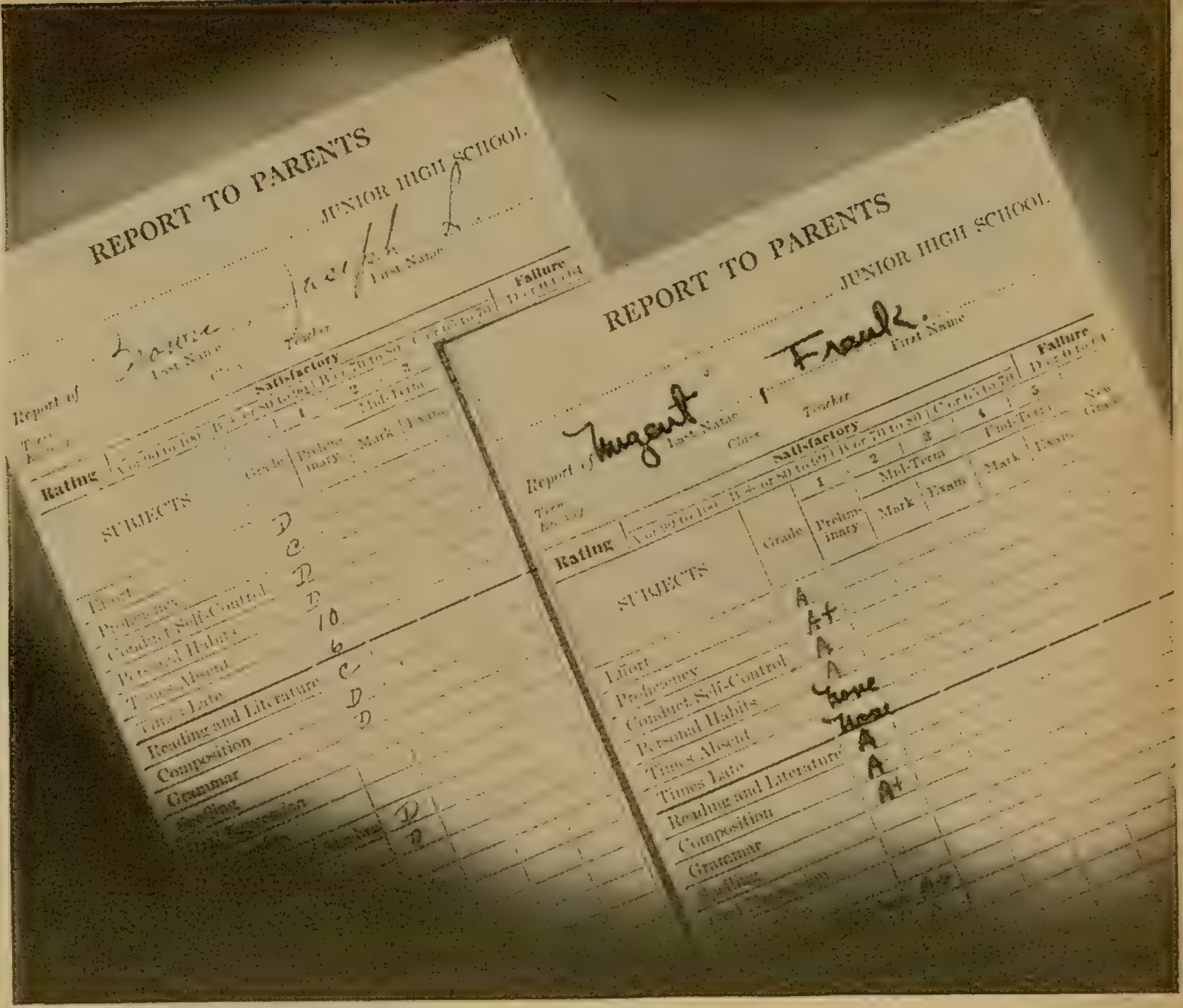
In a certain Western jail a sixteen-year-old boy, serving a year's term for siphoning gasoline out of cars, had a most unpleasant encounter with one of these older criminals. He gave the older man a justifiable thrashing, for which the jailer put him into a solitary cell. The boy succeeded in getting to the governor a letter written not only on his own behalf but on that of five other boy prisoners. It described a condition of incredible moral degradation. The governor investigated; found it all true. Under the peculiar laws and conditions of that state, he had no power to reform this jail. But he did have the pardoning power; and as the better of two bad alternatives, he set the six boys free.

One of our soundest prison authorities calls this influence of the small jail on the first offender the weak point in our scheme of reformation by punishment.

"I believe," he said to me, "that his first forty-eight hours in jail are the turning point for a normal boy or young man who has begun to go bad. He is caught, checked. He realizes where his course had led him. He sees that crime doesn't pay. He's in a state of repentance and remorse. Get him to hold that mood, and you've reformed him.

"But suppose you have dumped him into one of those bad jails? The first morning he sits brooding in a corner of the common room. An old-timer steps over, claps him on the back, and says, 'Brace up, pal! It ain't so bad as you think!' That's the first kind and understanding word he's heard since the police grabbed him. Presently they're friends.

"In the common pens of these bad jails there are no facilities for recre-



Here are the report cards of TWO BOYS

One boy brought his report card home with a flourish of pride. The other boy kept his in his pocket until his mother asked for it. But was he to blame?

Poor light may have contributed to his failure. Perhaps he has been doing his home work in inadequate light, straining his eyes and causing him to become too tired to study properly.

The thoughtful parents of the boy with the good report card had provided him with a new I. E. S. Better Sight Lamp, fitted with a 100-watt genuine General Electric MAZDA lamp. And they undoubtedly see that his eyes are examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist.

General Electric MAZDA lamps give you all the light you pay for . . . do not blacken easily or burn out too soon. Look for the GE monogram when you buy lamps and you will get good light at low cost. General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Give That COLD Just 24 Hours!

Colds Go Overnight When You Take the Right Thing!

A COLD doesn't have to run its course and expose you to serious complications.

A cold can be routed overnight if you go about it the right way. First of all, a cold being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment. Secondly, a cold calls for a COLD remedy and not for a "cure-all."

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Fourfold in Effect

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system. Anything less than that is taking chances with a cold.

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LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE
for Colds
CONTAINS ACETANILIDE
& Simple Headaches
PRICE 35 CENTS
FOR COLDS & SIMPLE HEADACHES

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

ation except cards and maybe a few old magazines. And of course there is no work for the prisoners—they rust with idleness. During the day the inmates just sit around and talk. You can imagine the tone of the conversation. When it isn't obscenity, it's yarns about criminal jobs. Soon the newcomer is pally with the whole circle. They begin his education in the technique of crime. And they hammer into him one cardinal principle—any friendliness for the law or those who represent it is unmanly weakness. You've spoken of Jeanne Taylor Rhodes, the 'red-rose girl.' Her treatment by the other inmates is a typical performance.

"That's what he sees on one side. On the other he sees not the dignity of the law but its indignity. The prisoners all know that the sheriff is feeding them on slops and scraps because he is holding out money from the ration allowance. Even the most degraded among them resents the filth and the cooties as unnecessary and as unfair punishment—which it is.

"The kangaroo court administers the only law the prison knows, and its rules imply a war against the real law. There he lies, often for six months, while he waits for the semi-annual session of court. By that time he has joined the underworld. When he talks to the judge, he may profess repentance in order to win a parole as a first offender. But it's not sincere—just a bag of tricks he learned in jail. This is the vital chapter in the biography of many and many a public enemy."

The ideal jail—we have a few—classifies its prisoners and keeps the classes apart. First it divides the races, then the sexes. It does not herd the men and women held for trial in with the convicted. Above all else, it separates juvenile or adolescent prisoners from adults. And in the juvenile division it keeps the bad egg away from the rest of the boys and girls. That proceeding is of course expensive; it requires a special building and an expert personnel. More than five hundred of our county jails exist in counties of less than ten thousand population. Such a community cannot or will not afford a modern prison.

BUT why the county jail? More and more, rural police work is passing into the hands of the state which can furnish a force of professionals to supplant those amateurs, the village constable and the county sheriff. In these days of the automobile there is no reason why the state should not take over and establish regional jails, serving groups of counties and staffed by men who make a life career of prison work. No reason, that is, except politics. Both major parties are organized by counties; the county boss stands as the indispensable non-commissioned officer in the army of vote-getters. Lay your hand on a single privilege and emolument of the counties, and Republican politicians make common cause with Democratic politicians. Yet five or six states have adopted at least the principle of state control; and New York and New Jersey are moving toward the ideal system. On the one hand, New York has —or had—its Welfare Island. On the other stands the Westchester County jail, the model small prison of the United States.

But even this Westchester jail has failed to solve one major problem—idleness. In face of opposition from labor unions and chambers of commerce, the very state penitentiaries find it hard to furnish work for their long-term men. Idleness means disintegration of character.

THE federal Bureau of Prisons has done more than any other agency, and Sanford Bates, its director, more than any other man, to improve the small-time American jail. By classifying them according to their efficiency and decency, by refusing to board federal prisoners in those falling below a certain rating, it has hit incompetent and greedy sheriffs in the pocketbook and stimulated a lagging community here and there to a sense of duty. It has built four model jails of its own, as examples. Significantly, these all include a prison farm, where inmates find work in raising their own food. That is one means of lifting that degradation inherent in our present jail system.

It is not the only means. Our jail populations are unnecessarily large, for one thing. "Thirty dollars fine or thirty days!" snaps the judge. If the offender cannot pay the fine on the dot, he goes to jail. But for official laziness, many a fine could be paid on the installment plan. The children's court in the central district of Boston adopted a few years ago a revolutionary plan for keeping young first offenders from jail contamination. Arrested, they are paroled in custody of their parents. If they have no parents, or if the family is a bad influence, responsible citizens take them in as boarders.

One would expect these young delinquents to run away. On the contrary, Boston does not lose a "case" a year by escape.

Prisons exist for two reasons—punishment and reformation. Skill with prisoners, especially the ability to choose between hopeful cases and hopeless cases, requires special education, experience, developed instincts. Even before we come to that inevitable day when our states take over the prison system, we can at least begin to staff our jails with professionals. When the state does take over, these men should stand immune from politics, so that they can make of their profession a life career. Otherwise the best state system will degenerate into—well, the Welfare Island of a year ago.

Meantime, what kind of jail have you in your own town? I am betting that you have never before asked yourself this question.

THE END

Madame Secretary

A Close-up of the First Cabinet Member of Her Sex

by

MAXINE DAVIS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A DELEGATION of Jersey City mill hands, shiny coats wrinkled from a night's ride jammed together on the hard boards of a truck, rolling their hats restlessly in the shabby anteroom of the Secretary of Labor. . . . Opposite them five Pittsburgh employers fidgeting. . . . Within, Commissioner Lubin waiting with employment statistics to be released to the press in half an hour. . . . Telegrams arriving reporting strikes imminent in Florida, Massachusetts, Oregon. . . . A special labor board to be chosen from a long list of names. The chairman of another submitting his resignation. . . . Letters to go to Chicago on the four-o'clock train. . . . The Bureau of Immigration imploring a decision on a deportation. . . . A conciliator at a Montana copper mine on the phone. . . . Donald Richberg due in ten minutes. . . . The White House calling. . . .

In the midst of all this, hat snug over her smooth hair, Oxford glasses clipped on the quiet forefinger resting on her desk, sits Frances Perkins, calm as a glass of milk.

This is not surprising, for this is not an emergency. Merely a typical moment in the life of the Secretary of Labor. When she is really busy, however, she is quite as tranquil. A cool head, of course, is the first requirement of any captain. And Frances Perkins is a real power, a guiding mind in the tempestuous weather racking labor and industry today. Her office chair is the hardest seat outside the White House in the whole United States.

The public on the whole is unaware of this. The headlines do not tell the story. We are inclined to think of her as a harmless social worker, a colorless compliment to the women voters. We hear the big guns—the Johnsons, the Greens, the Gormans and Wagners—boom about. Not the Secretary of Labor. She glides with the smoothness and soundlessness of a plane to its landing. Actually, she pulls the strings.

The President knows this. He recognizes her endowments. Last June he informed the nation that Frances Perkins is the authority directing government labor policy. He announced it by saying, in regard to an emergent matter:

"The Secretary of Labor is *fully empowered* to represent me in taking whatever action seems advisable under the circumstances."

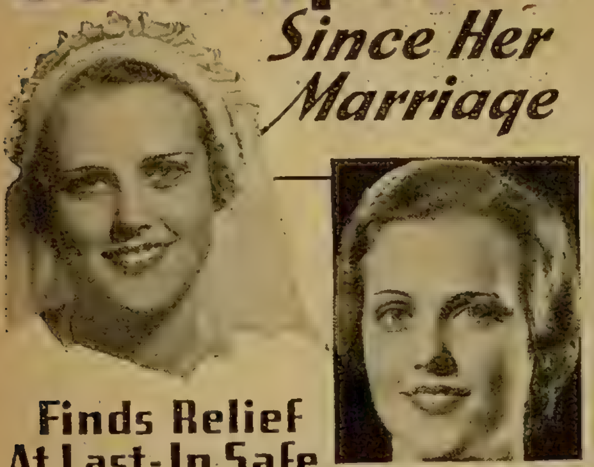
Congress was rushing to finish its business then. The steel strike was lowering. In the general hubbub the country missed the implications of that statement. Even the Governor of California, harassed by the bitter longshoremen's strike, failed to see its significance. He ran to Mr. Roosevelt for help, only to be reminded that Miss Perkins was in command. He found out just what that meant, however. For the Secretary stepped into that strike and brought about voluntary arbitration. Many could not see, as Miss Perkins sees, that a lost strike is a power mine of grievances and resentments, more than likely to break out again more fiercely than ever.

Her settlement of the steel strike, after the National Labor Board had failed and after General Johnson had irritated the labor leaders into a red rage, was a masterly piece of negotiation. And the textile strike settlement bears signs of her handiwork as unmistakably as a Da Vinci canvas proves its painter.

Each strike presents special problems. They must be settled individually, yet on such broad basic principles that each settlement will ultimately form a part of a permanent structure of American labor relations policy, beneficial to employer and employee alike. Miss Perkins keeps this well in mind.

She did not rise to her present eminence just last June. The President appointed her to office, amid the howls of organized labor, because as the labor chief in his cabinet in New York State she had exhibited vision, courage, experience, and humanity. He has called those qualities to his service constantly all during his tenure of office. Almost before she took off her gloves, he asked her to help remodel the battered face of our social and economic system. She was the most important consultant in

Constipated
Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last-In Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. *Send stamp for postage and packing to* A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 117CZ, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT GET A 25¢ BOX

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

Largest Newsstand Sale of Any Weekly!

Liberty is bought by people who want their magazine—bought when they want to read it—a single copy at a time. For years the leader in total single copy sales, Liberty now has the largest newsstand sale of any weekly! No surer guarantee exists of true reader interest.

writing the labor sections of the Recovery Program—passages burning today like fire in the sky.

She kept an unsleeping eye on the code-making, and appeared before committees of Congress as administration spokesman more often than any other cabinet member except Secretary Wallace.

How much of labor's troubles will be routed to her as member of the Industrial Emergency Committee, the superstructure above the National Industrial Recovery Board, remains to be seen. If the latter board functions as is hoped, Miss Perkins's responsibilities may be lightened. If not, they will be pyramided.

Why does evidence of her activities appear only in brief paragraphs here and there? The answer in part is this:

Frances Perkins is no woman to stop to pin laurels in her hair. To her the job's the thing. She can lead without fanfare because she can follow without humility. Regarding herself as being much like the moderator of the old New England town meeting, she does not seek to impose *her* solution but strives to bring warring factions together to find *a* solution. Thus, when her appointment was first announced, and American Federation of Labor President William Green spat out, " I will never go to Frances Perkins," she was able to reply placidly, " Then I will have to go to Mr. Green."

Like so many of the New Dealers, Frances Perkins is propelled not by any personal will to power and glory but by a profound urgency to help the helpless get a square deal. Her whole life has been dedicated to that objective.

Yet she is never passionate about it. Her ardor glows coldly, like the sun in winter. You cannot imagine her flailing her arms or raising her voice. You are secure in her tireless advocacy of a concept, such as unemployment insurance.

Still, to meet her anywhere is to be glad you are alive and to feel you, too, must shoulder arms. Her vibrant voice and brown eyes are zestful as a Sousa march. A healthy woman, her vitality flows into public affairs effortless as a fountain.

WE'LL see this if we stop in today at her Georgetown home. It is long after six when Miss Perkins arrives. We know what a man would do—clump irritably to the library, and ring for a highball and the evening papers. Not so Miss Perkins.

" I'd love a cup of tea," she says comfortably. And then with a succinct question or so, enters the deliberations with comment, debate, advice.

After an hour, and a glance at her watch, she remarks casually, " Oh, I'm dining at the White House." And in fifteen minutes, tubbed, well groomed, dark hair in a little-girl bun in the back, handsomely gowned in black and gold under her cloak of velvet, she is on her way. This is no miracle of a competent maid. Miss Perkins has none. She cannot stop being a New Englander, and your bred-in-the-bone Yankee feels it is a sin to have people to wait on you. So she looks after her own clothes, makes her own telephone calls at home, and packs her small bag for her frequent trips herself.

And she travels by train. Let those who will defy the laws of gravity and fly. When she was leaving the President on her way to address the A. F. of L. Convention in San Francisco, Mr. Roosevelt suggested she might save time by traveling by plane.

" Not I, Mr. President! " she demurred. " I stick to the good old iron horse! "

MISS PERKINS dines out frequently. It's part of the job. At official functions she is still on the *qui vive*. Guests from Sacramento or Minneapolis find themselves just so many more sources of information for her. She remains in Washington the most completely public person the capital recalls.

Society doesn't like this. It wants to know the human foibles of its members—their golf scores; if they're cross before breakfast; why they won't eat oysters. Every one was excited about the first woman in the cabinet, and flocked wherever they heard she was going to be. It was not long, however, before they lost interest. Miss Perkins keeps her private life in a hermetically sealed airtight compartment—in New York. In Washington she keeps her hat on. It's a symbol to her.

" When I take my hat off," she says, " I feel it's time to play. I let down." So she puts it on in the morning and keeps it on. If she goes to an evening conference at a private home, still she keeps it on.

Incidentally, it was another disappointment to Washington gossips to find that Miss Perkins is *not* Queen Mary's closest rival. She has very smart becoming hats. Worse! She has not had a single new tricorn since she assumed office. Though she is still trying to wear out her old black felt one!

At home she becomes wholly feminine. Says her daughter, " It's much nicer at home when mother is here. Everything is so much more fun."

Miss Perkins is a good housekeeper. She likes things tidy, and confided once that her suppressed desire was to do up piles and piles of napkins in ribbon holders, lay lavender between tiers of sheets; in short, indulge in an orgy of arranging a linen closet of fabulous size and elegance.

Those who marvel at her ingenuity in finding new ways for handling labor problems instead of forever falling back on old formulae are not surprised to learn that she finds the urge to move the furniture around quite irresistible. Her family has long ago ceased to be disconcerted by coming home to find the living room had walked into the library and the library had taken up quarters in the dining room. Once she thought it would be fun to dispense with the dining room altogether and to eat from a movable table set up where fancy dictated.

Finally, however, when there were no more new spots for fancy to dictate, the table wabbled to a permanent abode near a sideboard and adjacent to the kitchen.

Miss Perkins's finest ladylike accomplishment, however, is smocking. Time was when she could take a knotty problem home and figure it out while her fingers flew.

Her workbasket these days, however, is usually covered with statistics and reports.

Her husband, Paul Wilson, is a statistician, bibliophile, and expert bridge player. Miss Perkins plays bridge too. Plays *terribly*. She never even tries to remember what was bid, and is usually smitten with a funny story she absolutely *must* relate just when it's her play.

For other amusement she likes the theater. That is if the play is designed for the tired business man. Most so-called serious shows, she says, just make her feet ache.

She thinks novels are the worst invention of the creative mind; likes art exhibits of paintings quite unlike the neat young ladies' boarding-school type of sketches her own are likely to turn out.

MISS PERKINS is always well groomed, nails manicured though never enameled, hair glossy, and nose with an apparently permanent suède finish. She nourishes a violent dislike for blue, but wears black or brown. Her clothes are never tailored. Senators saw her at a hearing in the Senate Office Building one morning last spring and met her again at a garden party at the British Embassy the same afternoon in the same black crepe with a broad white bow beside the V neck, and equally fitting for both occasions. She buys these well made frocks at the good shops—preferably at the biannual sales!

This undercurrent of femininity in the Secretary of Labor is felt, even though it is generally unknown. It is an asset, for men resent a masculine woman. So authentic is this feminine personality that men have almost forgotten it. They have even ceased to pay her that ultimate masculine tribute, "She thinks like a man."

No other Secretary of Labor has had to face the Gargantuan task that confronted the first woman Secretary. It was a two-man job any day to rejuvenate the flabby Department of Labor, that it might be of real service to the working man and not just a fact-finding institution. And even before the Recovery Program was heard of, we knew that American labor needed a federal chief who was more than a megaphone and an administrator; it needed one who was a Pillar of Fire.

Why do YOUNG WIVES EXPERIMENT SO?

Often they are not at all sure that what they do is right

I TELL YOU THERE IS SOMETHING
IT'S EFFECTIVE AND IT'S SAFE
DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT
GET THE BOOKLET FIND OUT YOURSELF
FACTS for WOMEN

DON'T think that married women make these changes because they consider the matter unimportant. No. It is one of their most serious concerns. Every woman wants to know the *right* method for feminine hygiene.

Let us look clearly into the subject of feminine hygiene. The trouble started with the antiseptic. Not so very long ago, the only germicides powerful enough for the purpose were *poisons*. Women naturally feared them. And doctors would not approve.

Unfortunately this old situation still clouds the minds of many young wives today. They do not realize how old-fashioned they are, how out-of-step with modern progress.

Zonite certainly is not poisonous

In the need of the World War, there was created an antiseptic which was an unheard-of combination of strength and *safety*. After the war, this antiseptic was made available in a form that could be bottled and sold in drug stores. You know it. Everyone does. It is *Zonite*.

Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used safely on the human body. That will give you an idea of the strength of Zonite. But it is the *safety in use* that makes Zonite so important to married women. Zonite cannot burn and sear. No woman who uses Zonite will ever complain that delicate membranes have been desensitized or scar-tissue formed. Zonite is ideal for women's use. Easy to get, too. It is sold in practically every drug store: 30¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle.

Zonite Suppositories, semi-solid form

There is another form besides the liquid and that is the semi-solid Suppository. Zonite Suppositories are dainty, white and *greaseless*. These pure little forms are hygienically sealed in individual glass vials. A box of a dozen: $1.00. Some women use both the liquid Zonite and the Suppositories.

"Facts for Women" is a booklet which goes more deeply into the subject of feminine hygiene than is possible here. Every married woman wants to find out the real facts. Such an opportunity is provided in this booklet. Fill out coupon now. Don't risk delay.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
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Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

YOU cannot realize how much better you will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Many women need internal cleansing to remove the cause of blemishes, pimples, headaches, and that dull lifeless feeling.

The Internal Cosmetic

That is why countless grateful people today think of Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets as the "internal cosmetic." A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take—they gently regulate the intestines and nature clears the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of youth.

Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets if you want to banish the "looks" and feeling of age, and win back buoyant health. Compounded of vegetable ingredients, used by millions for 20 years, you'll know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Allen's Foot-Ease

IN THE NEW SHAKER TOP TIN

The antiseptic, soothing powder for the feet in a handy and convenient container for the dressing table and traveling bag. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Soothes tender, swollen feet. For Free Sample and Walking Doll address—

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 99% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

Head COLDS

Put Mentholatum in the nostrils to relieve irritation and promote clear breathing.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

They could have combed the highways and the byways and found no one better equipped for this service. Boston-born, Mt. Holyoke-bred, Frances Perkins has not, it is true, ever worked in a mine, like the first Secretary William B. Wilson; been an iron puddler, like James Davis; nor operated as a labor lobbyist, like her immediate predecessor, William N. Doak. She has never held a union card. But she has lived with working people since the days when she pacified her conventional family as best she could, pawned her watch whenever necessary, and devoted herself to investigations among the smokestacks and looms, sweatshops and basement bakeries in the back streets of New York in the first decade of this century.

More. She knows labor laws. She helped write them. Though she never stood with her feet in an inch of water, turning a wringer in the humid air of a laundry, she helped draft a code that rescued all laundry workers from such misery in New York. She understands the application of these laws, for she has administered them. She has never been cold and hungry on the picket line. But she does know the infinite causes of friction between employer and employee. Before she came to Washington she had handled 369 strikes, many of which reached an amicable settlement through her personal efforts.

Her career is not unfamiliar to us. In 1910, as secretary of the Consumers' League, she began lobbying for the shorter week we are hearing her advocate today. Only then she was demanding a fifty-four-hour week!

AFTER the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory fire near Washington Square, New York City, in which 146 girls lost their lives because of lack of fire prevention, her work began in earnest. Frances Perkins saw that fire.

"Never," she says, "shall I forget that cold sinking feeling at the pit of my stomach as I watched those girls clinging to life on the window ledges until, their clothing in flames, they leaped to their death from the ninth floor of that loft building. No ladders could save them; no water could reach them. Those who did not jump were burned or smothered to death in piled-up masses behind a locked factory door."

It was characteristic of Miss Perkins then, as now, that she set out practically to eliminate danger of such disasters.

She directed and helped make investigations which resulted in the passage of thirty-two bills, the basis of the New York State labor code and a new epoch in labor legislation.

Later she became a member of the New York Industrial Commission, a body with quasi-legislative, quasi-judicial functions; and was finally named its chairman. Here she served until she became a member of Governor Franklin Roosevelt's cabinet in 1929.

That post actually carried more responsibility than the United States Department of Labor under Miss Perkins's predecessors.

Frances Perkins learned about politics from none other than that scarcely lily-white chieftain "Big Tim" Sullivan, who taught her what to do and how to do it. "Sure I like yer ways," Big Tim told her. "Yez can tell when a man is lyin' but ye niver show it." Indeed, this is one of her assets. She knows what not to do. When she must abandon a position or a cause, she does it with a cheerful ease that baffles and disconcerts. She has shown all her life that she knows the constituent members of any group—whether employers, politicians, or the Fourth Estate—are men, not monsters.

Employers know that. They know, too, that her pitying heart and scientific brain are leavened with common sense. Therefore they trust her. With the long vision, she has an exact and concrete mind.

SHE needs them. She has to lay on hands. The difference between Frances Perkins and the reformer-theorist is the difference between the visiting nurse who tells you what to do and the nurse who gives you the castor oil and the pills, takes your temperature, and makes over the bed. She knows what makes dust explode. What benzol will do. How you guard a guillotine paper cutter. What the stretch-out is. The abuses of homework licenses.

Hence she knows the importance of reliable facts. She challenged her predecessor's inadequate employment statistics before the whole country. One of her first acts was to revamp the Bureau of Labor Statistics to remedy them. Now she tells the printer and the collar maker what jobs there are, what they pay, and what conditions are in every important industry in the country. When employment and pay rolls go down, she says so. When the cost of living goes up, she says so. Fearlessly Frances Perkins faces facts.

She criticized the immigration service's squad of "snoopers." Promptly she abolished them. And thriftily combining the immigration and naturalization bureaus at a saving of almost $2,000,000 a year, she recommended legislation to reunite families separated by the peculiarities of our laws, and to get rid of criminally inclined aliens entrenched here in technicalities.

Long an advocate of employment exchanges, she set up, under a law she had promulgated, a system by which the man on the park bench in New York's Battery can learn about a job in the Bronx, or even in Boston.

She knows how to delegate duties in her department. Unlike Secretary Ickes, petty details irritate her. Her appointments, with few exceptions, have been notably good. Her subordinates give her all they have. She makes them feel their work is essential to making the New Deal a home run. They respond so enthusiastically that last summer she handed down an order that no one was to work nights, though her own lights blazed late regularly.

She commands loyalty because, as one assistant told me, "The Secretary may not agree with you but she never lets you down."

Her outstanding genius, however, is for negotiation. She knows strikes are not settled; they are compromised. She does not tell industry and labor what to do; she asks them. She seats them across from each other at a big oak table to talk together as human beings; calls it the "conference method."

She keeps the progress of negotiations secret until they are concluded. You see, both sides in a labor dispute do a lot of talking. This serves as an emotional purge. But sometimes when their oratory gets into the newspapers the talkers have committed themselves to a platform.

No man likes to swallow his boast. A woman always knows that. "If the windows are closed so the neighbors can't hear a family squabble, it's easier to settle the argument," she observes.

SHE is eminently reasonable, a quality not particularly popular in these hysterical days of hallelujah and AAA brother! She is just. Once in New York she asserted that certain employers could not be forced to take out workers' compensation until they were jailed, and presented the names of 250 prominent violators in court. She was as firm with the workers. The next day an Italian laborer issued, irate, from her office, gesticulating furiously. "Aw, da big boss! She speak me da best but she do me da worst!" Radicals the country over rejoiced this year when she admitted Emma Goldman, Thomas Mann, and Henri Barbusse into the country. But what a clatter they raised when, by the same principle, she failed to bar the Nazi Hans Spanknoebel!

None of her ideas, none of her methods were new in March, 1933. They are the fruit of thought and experience through many years. She will fight on along these lines. Watch carefully and you will see. Your eyes will have to be sharp. For the first woman statesman in American history will continue to stay in the wings, directing while others strut. But then, only the great can afford to be humble.

THE END

Answer to What Do You Say? Puzzle on page 26

Caller: Is this Mae West?
Mae: Yes; speaking.
Caller: Guess who this is.
Mae: I'll pass it, big boy.
Caller: Oh, yeah? Well, this is a kidnaper.
Mae: Come up and seize me sometime!

Do you like to "let loose"?

Are there times when you like to "do things in a big way"? When you like to shake off the dust, and have your fun in big measures? Those days are tailor-made for Spud! For Spud's the cigarette that took all the limits off smoking pleasure—by taking the taste-spoiling *heat* out of smoke. You can smoke Spuds without keeping count—and still count on having a fresh, clean mouth.

CORK TIP or PLAIN

Spud
Menthol Cooled CIGARETTES

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES
15c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

If It Isn't One Thing...

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

Well, You Know How It Is When You're Married — Give an Ear to the Story of Troublesome Kate and the Spanish Blood in Her Bill

WE were getting into coats, winding up a regular first-Friday-of-every-month binge in Greg Horner's recherché studio when Marty Stover came in, pushing Bill before him through the crowd.

"See what I found." Marty stopped Bill abruptly in front of me.

"I picked him up on Broadway," Marty said. "He was looking for you, he claims, but I'm sure he was panhandling."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said. "Look at him."

Bill's clothes were wrinkled and dusty—lived in—and his face sported a full week's stubble that didn't hide the belligerent lost look which meant only one thing to us. Kate trouble.

He also had a black eye.

Bill disentangled himself from Marty and pulled me into a corner.

"Well, where is she?"

"Am I my sister's keeper?" I said.

"She ought to have a keeper."

"What's the matter with you?"

"I've given her up. How'd you like to be left flat in the dirtiest jail in Mexico with only four dollars?"

"Four dollars is pretty good company anywhere," I said.

I thanked Greg for a swell party and waved good night to everybody.

As we walked the few blocks to my place, Bill launched into a vitriolic condemnation of marriage. Marriage with Kate especially. "I'll kick her teeth in," he concluded.

"You and Kate sure do get on," I said as I snapped a light on in my living room. "What happened this time?"

"No. Let me tell it." It was Kate. She sat on a hassock in front of the fire. In her frothy negligee she looked gorgeous and Ann Hardingish.

"Kate!" I said. She ran into my arms.

"You knew she was here all along," Bill said.

Kate thumbed her nose at him. "This is your place, isn't it, Nat?"

"I think so."

"Then throw him out."

"I'd like to see any one try it," Bill said.

"But he can't stay here. I'm staying."

"I'm broke," Bill said. "I got my bid in first for the day bed."

"If he stays, I'm going." Kate turned her back on us.

"Swell. Can I help you pack?" Bill said.

After all, it was my place, even if Kate was my sister and Bill my brother-in-law besides being my fraternity brother.

"Listen here, you two," I said. "Start a fight and out you both go."

Bill told me not to be silly and to mind my own business.

"Me, I'm taking a bath," he said.

"You certainly need one. A shave too," Kate said.

"Suppose we do this." I wanted some sleep. I had been tearing around with the boys for a couple of days, celebrating a series of paintings to do that the Banner Agency handed me. This was my first night in my own place in a week. "You and Bill take my bed and I'll sleep in here."

"You sleep with him," Kate said.

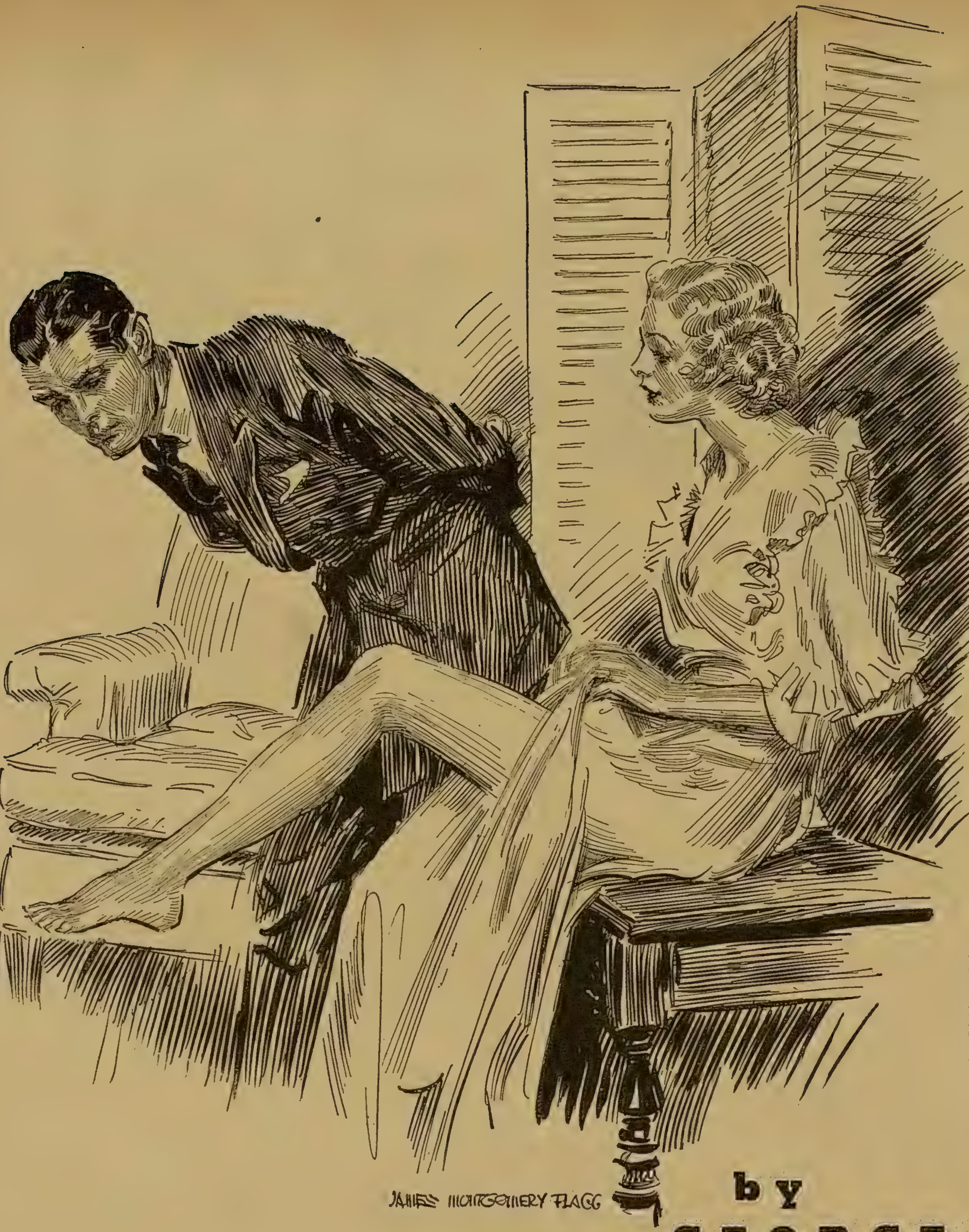
"She's your sister." Bill nodded to me and went into the bathroom, where we heard him singing Five Years or So with the Wrong Woman as he splashed around in the tub.

"He's a beast," Kate said. The expression on her face was one of unwordable woebegoneness. "He's a bad word and I love him."

Then she told me about it. They had gone to Mexico after flipping a coin to decide between Reno and trying again for the fourth or fifth time.

"We were so happy when the dime came down head up. We thought that this time we'd really make a go of it."

"But you didn't."



Bill turned to me. "She's always ruining my razors on her corns." "Look," Kate said. "Have I a corn?"

by
GEORGE BECK

"We didn't. He's got Spanish blood in him. The minute we got down there, the hidalgo in him came out. He was just a push-over for brown eyes and black hair."

"Mexican women are lovely," I said.

"So Bill decided, too. Personally, I like vanilla."

No, Bill hadn't philandered. At least Kate thought he had more sense than that, in spite of the opportunities and questionable inducements.

"But there were scads of women coming round. To be painted," Kate said. "He'd kick me out every time he got to working. And imagine!—he had the gall to accuse me of taking too much interest in a full-blooded Inca or Aztec or whatever it is they have down there that are full-blooded."

"So you blacked his eye and started all this again."

"I blacked his eye and had him jailed for beating me up."

"And did he?"

"Beat me up?" Kate's smile was pitying. "Don't be a goof."

"The story begins to jell," I said.

Bill yelled for towels and I fetched some for him. He came out wrapped in one, rubbing his big chest pink with another.

"I suppose you took all the towels?" he said to Kate.

"What about it?"

Bill turned to me. "There—you see? That's the sort of inconsiderate sloppy housewife I married. There never are towels or soap. Never any beer on ice. And she's always ruining my razors on her corns."

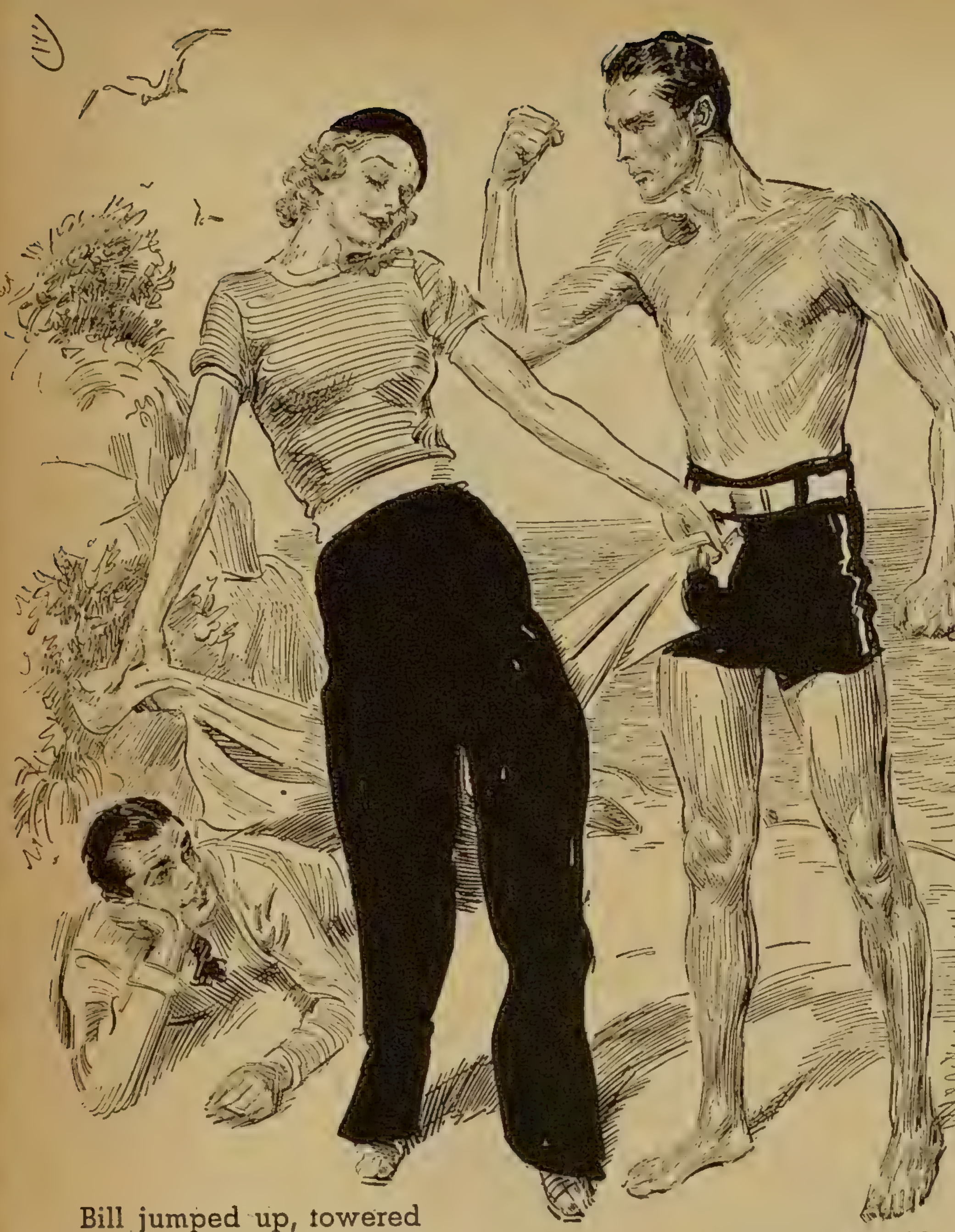
"Look," Kate said. "Have I a corn, Nat?"

"Not one." She had perfect toes.

"Was the jail nice?" Kate said.

"Lovely. So peaceful without you around," Bill said. "I hated to leave."

They continued with that sort of homey chitchat till



Bill jumped up, towered over her threateningly. "If you don't cut it out I'll break your neck."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Kate began getting a couple of devastating ones in. Bill told her to shut up, and had to drown her out by shouting.

When I put a stop to that by asking what their immediate plans were, Bill planned to get right into pajamas.

"I'm joining the alimoniacs," Kate said.

"Using what to qualify?" Bill wanted to know.

"The oodles of nice alimony you'll be remitting."

"Hah," Bill said. "Also ha-hah."

Kate snuggled up to me. "You don't want me to become a murderess, do you?"

"Run your own life," I said. "You'd get a fat vaudeville contract after the acquittal."

"No kidding, Nat. How about lending me the money for Reno?"

"Not a chance. Buy your own luxuries or do without."

"But this big thing won't go to work," Kate complained.

"It's a cinch one of you ought to."

BILL hooted. "She doesn't read the papers. She doesn't know there's a depression going on. When there's a depression, it's against the law to pay money for portraits. It's no use, sweet." He shook his head. "Our only out is for big brother Nat to come through."

"You can both start settling down to a ripe old age together," I said, "if you're waiting for me to lay it out."

Bill looked doleful. "It's tough," he said. "We've been putting money into our divorce kitty for three years, but something always happens."

"Yeah—like you getting your hands into it," Kate said. "You were always a petty thief."

"Who was it emptied my wallet in Mexico?"

Kate changed the subject, making a crack about weak minds, Bill's in particular.

"What does this big ape do, when I'm in my sixth week of residence in Reno last year, but move in on me!"

"You wired me to come for the celebration," Bill said.

"What celebration?"

"The divorce celebration."

"You're crazy." Kate was indignant. They almost came to blows over it.

I yawned and left them arguing.

It was nearly noon when I opened my eyes. I half expected to find Bill asleep alongside of me. He wasn't. I got up and looked into the living room, and there they were, both of them blissfully asleep on the big day bed. Kate's mass of honey hair was pillowed on Bill's shoulder where it belonged, and Bill's big hand held hers in a possessive clasp.

I scribbled a note with my blessings and said I hoped they'd go on fighting together for the next fifty years. I left two checks, not very big, one for each of them, and went out to breakfast feeling pretty good.

AFTER a busy afternoon that included a Dutch Treat Club date and an argument with an art director, I got back home to find them gone.

There were two notes for me. Kate's was a charming nonsensical page on which she scrawled her thanks and said they were going to try, try again. At my Cape Cod cottage this time. They were on the way up now to open the place and get an early start on the season. (It was only May, and a chilly May at that.) There were a couple of lines about both of them agreeing never to get in each other's hair again. At least they would count a hundred before throwing things.

Bill's note was sheepish and I could imagine how he must feel. In it he cautioned me against marrying a beautiful woman. "Get one who worships you," it ran. "One not overly bright. The rest doesn't matter." His postscript invited me up any time. He and Kate would be glad to put me up.

Two more weeks went by before I had a letter from Kate. She wrote that Cape Cod was heaven and the cottage a veritable Eden. She had her Adam securely in thrall. He was doing a love of a full-length of her and every brush stroke was so flattering. And when was I coming up?

Her letter went unanswered. I was so busy getting three Beauty-Kreme paintings readied for a national advertising campaign that I put it off from day to day.

By the middle of June I delivered the last of the three paintings. For my pains I had three more heaped upon me. That's the way it is in this business. For weeks you have nothing to do; then everybody wants you at once and you go crazy because you haven't twelve hands.

I didn't want to take the next three. I had already wired Kate to expect me up the next day. But you can't argue with an overworked art director of an advertising agency. I tried hard to, but ended up scared when I was told flatly either to be a good boy or never show my face at the Banner Advertising Agency again. I decided to be good. I went home and got Kate on long distance to tell her about it.

"Just a martyr to woman's complexion," I said. "How's everything in Eden?"

"Oh, it's paradise plus. Bill's doing a portrait of Mrs. Hamilton Lloyd, if you please."

That was big stuff. Mrs. Lloyd was a summer resident at the Cape. She wasn't a cottager. No, Mrs. Lloyd was a mansioner. Back home in farthest back Back Bay Boston, she led her set, a lot of whom followed her to the Cape every summer.

Kate made me promise to drop everything the minute it became too unbearably hot in the city. I could work up there, if I had to work, because Bill wasn't using the studio to work in. He was doing Mrs. Lloyd in her own house, in a studio fixed up there especially for him.

I worked like a demon and was on my last Beauty-Kreme canvas. Five days after I started on it I signatured it, and was about to deliver it in person when Kate's wire came:

BILL CODDLING ALL OVER CAPE COD MAKE HIM VACATE LOVE

An hour later I was rolling north out of the city with all my duffel in back of the car.

At Cape Cod I found my cottage divided into two camps—both armed. Kate had the advantage in that hers comprised the kitchen, bedroom, and bath. Bill held down the fort in the big skylighted studio.

Kate kissed me absently, hurrying me into bathing trunks. I thought I had never seen her looking so completely lovely. She was burned a honey amber and was rested and fit.

"Where's Bill?" I said.

"Somewhere." She pointed over her shoulder toward the north where all the millionaires lived.

A padlock on the studio door claimed my attention then.

"What is it, symbolism?"

Kate tried to look unconcerned. "He's got another on his side," she said. "As if I care a rap!"

"It looks very businesslike," I said.

"The best. A friend of yours picked it out and put it up for me."

"A friend of mine?"

She nodded. "Tony Mayhew."

"He's no friend of mine," I said.

THIS Mayhew was a neighbor two cottages removed. I didn't like him. None of the men around there liked him. The women—well—

"Tony's a bad boy, Kate," I said.

"You're being juvenile," Kate said, "and probably thinking censorable thoughts. I know he has a bad rep. I like him, that's all."

"All?"

"Every bit."

Almost any man who is good-looking and in demand can be a danger to an angry woman's emotional equilibrium if he sets out to be. And Kate was angry. Angry at Bill. But then, she had been angry at Bill before and had always had to handle dangerous men. For she had the gift of great beauty coupled with a talent for crisp impudence that men scramble after.

"Now then," I said. "Tell me something about you and Bill."

"There's nothing to tell. Bill and I are finished; washed up." She made a gesture of finality.

I wanted to know more—a few facts.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

“Hadn’t you better get your swim?” Kate said.

I didn’t want a swim. It was too late; dark outside. Besides, a hot bath was indicated after a sweaty drive.

“I’d sooner listen to other people’s troubles,” I said.

I couldn’t get a thing out of her. I had my bath and we sat down to tremendous lobsters of a succulence unsurpassable.

During dessert I tried again.

“It’ll all come out sometime,” I said. “Tell me, what was it?”

Kate forked her pie preoccupiedly. “It all began with coffee. He cheated. He cheated at coffee.”

Both of them, it seemed, must have a cup of coffee in bed before rolling out to tackle the day.

“Neither of us would get up to make it,” Kate explained. “And taking turns wouldn’t work. So Bill’s idea was to cut cards every morning. Loser made the coffee.”

GEORGE BECK
was born in New York City and has done newspaper work, publicity, ghostwriting, and advertising. He even admits having written political campaign speeches for would-be office holders, but says that he embodied politicians’ promises in them only by request.

“And you were unlucky?”

“I was too trusting. He’d win three mornings in a row, then lose once to keep me in line. One morning, while I was changing his pillowcase, a couple of aces and high cards fell out.”

“Of course you poisoned him.”

Kate didn’t answer. She stared at an unfinished life-sized portrait of herself that stood leaning against a cupboard. A rare half-glad half-sad smile made the canvas come almost alive. It would be a grand piece of work if Bill ever finished it.

She sipped her coffee and came back with a jerk from wherever she had been.

“That’s how it all began. You know how one word leads to another.”

“I can guess,” I said.

Kate actually admitted, “It was stupid of me to make a fuss over a joke; but there you are. He was seeing too much of that Laura anyway.”

“Laura?”

Somebody whistled outside.

“That’s Tony,” Kate said. “You’ll have to do the dishes, Nat.”

She hurried into her room while I went out to say hello to Tony. He was surprised to see me and probably liked the meeting as little as I did.

“Swell sister you’ve got, Howell,” he said.

“Thanks,” I said. “Bill’s a great guy too.”

“I bet he beats her.”

“Sure; twice a day.”

“Why don’t you slap him down?”

“He’s bigger than me,” I said. “Bigger than you too.”

Tony eyed me narrowly, speculatively. He started to say something, then shut up like a clam. After that, the many times we met, we merely nodded.

I went back into the kitchen and wrestled dishes for a few minutes. Kate came in wearing a striped pull-over and slacks.

“Why don’t you get Mrs. Riley to do your housework?” I said.

“We can’t afford help.”

I went to the telephone and called Mrs. Riley. She promised to be over first thing in the morning.

Kate kissed me as I hung up. “You’re a sweet thing, Nat,” she said. “Now I’ll have time to go places. We’re going for a sail now.” She walked out.

“I hope you have to swim back,” I called after her.

THERE was nothing for me to do, so I lolled around in pajamas, listening to the radio, until a big sporty Isotta rolled to a stop in front of the house. Bill got out with the driver, a woman. They came up on the porch and Bill greeted me without too much enthusiasm.

“This is my brother-in-law, Nat Howell,” he said; “Miss Benton.”

She looked me over. No, she wouldn’t come inside for a minute. There was a damp mist blowing up outside. And no, she didn’t care for any beer, thank you.

Giving her the once-over, I saw a lot of things besides her superb grooming. Underneath that effortful softness I saw a hardness that indicated all too plainly that she had been there and back and could count up without using her fingers. From the way she looked at Bill as they spoke, I could see she was definitely decided about him. I wondered if this was the Lilith in Kate’s Eden.

They were arguing about something and paid no attention to me. Bill didn’t want to do a portrait of a Mrs. Fish or somebody. This Miss Benton insisted, reminding him what the commission would mean to him in money.

SHE got into her car just as Kate came along with Tony.

When Kate said, “Hello, Miss Benton,” so sweetly, I knew she detested the woman.

She returned Kate’s greeting even more saccharinely and took that little joust neatly by saying very matter-of-factly as she drove off, “Tomorrow at eleven, Bill.”

Kate and Bill exchanged brief nods and Bill went into the studio through a separate entrance off the porch. Kate thanked Tony for a marvelous sail and went to her room. I got her key and Bill and I opened the padlocks on either side of the studio door.

“These locks aren’t very convenient,” I said. “D’you mind if we don’t use ’em?”

Bill shrugged. “It’s your house.”

He began to undress and neither of us said anything for a while.

“Who’s the snooty one?” I said finally.

“Laura Benton.”

“Laura? Oh!”

“What’s that for?”

“Nothing. Just ‘oh.’”

“Once Appleby,” Bill said, “once Cummings, once whatever the third one’s name was. She’s a sister of some big-shot dame I painted.”

I fixed up the couch that pulled open into a full-sized bed. Bill flopped on to his bed.

“She’s got class,” I said.

Bill let out a tentative snore—as if anybody could go off to sleep just like that.

Mrs. Riley was on hand early. She woke me up to tell me how glad she was to see me and that breakfast was ready any time I was. There was an aroma of coffee and bacon that made me feel God was up there and how about a swim.

I dumped Bill out of bed and got him into trunks. I tried Kate but she wouldn’t have any.

“I don’t care for before-breakfast swims,” she said.

“Since when?” As long as I could remember, Kate’s idea of heaven had always been a place with lots of swimmable water around.

“I don’t know. I just don’t feel like it.”

Bill and I had a quick swim. When we came back, he sniffed longingly.

“Come on in,” I said.

“No. I might spoil her appetite.”

I dragged him in with me. Kate’s eyebrows went up like inverted Vs.

“This is Bill,” I said. “Your husband.”

Kate said: “Charmed. Won’t you join us?”

Bill bowed from the waist and sat down.

It was a fizzle. I tried to get them to talk to each other. They wouldn’t. They spoke at me. Of the three, I was the embarrassed one.

Mrs. Riley was puzzled. She beamed on us all equally and served.

Once Bill’s eyes went to the unfinished portrait, then down quickly into his empty coffee cup. Kate saw and winked at me.

“Have a nice sail last night, Kate?” I said.

“Swell. Tony certainly can handle a boat.”

“I don’t think he was glad to see me,” I said.

“Maybe you’re not his type,” Kate said.

Bill surprised me by saying, “I think he’s a dope,” to both of us.

He got up and walked into the studio.

Kate looked at me triumphantly. "So help me," she said, "I've got him sore at last. You're a wizard, Nat. I've been trying for days to bring him to a boil without any luck. Hurray!"

Thereafter we saw Bill infrequently. He came home nights to sleep hours after I was in bed. Mornings he would leave while Kate and I were having breakfast.

He did all his work in the studio Laura had fixed up for him in her sister's house. His working hours were supervised more or less by Laura. She, from the titbits of information that seeped down to us, had arranged everything. Her being constantly on guard, so to speak, was a bad, a very bad bit of tacticianship. I might have told her Bill didn't like being exercised on a leash.

He was partied and made much of and so much the lion I wondered how he ever got any work done. I noticed Kate didn't do any more swimming. None during the past couple of weeks. No sailing either. I was curious about that, but was so busy being bored I never asked any questions.

A couple of times during the latter part of August she took my car or Tony's and drove to Boston by herself. To do some shopping, she said.

So it went. Sometimes Bill would be called for of a morning by Laura in her car, or dropped off at night. Laura flaunted herself in Kate's face, Bill helping. Kate in turn flaunted Tony.

I spoke to her about that one morning.

"If that's how it is," I said, "why not quit?"

"We can't," Kate said. "We're both too broke. We have to wait till one of the dowagers he's done in diaphanous pink comes through and pays him."

"Haven't any paid yet?"

"Not one. You know what payers the rich are."

They had an agreement that the first money was to buy the divorce.

Labor Day week end at the Cape was much the same as any other week end, except that all the cottagers had all the relatives and friends in the world up to visit them.

The blow-off came the night before Labor Day.

To get away from the noise I went for a sail. When I came back I met Bill on the road. He had run out on a party to get some sleep. He was finishing his fourth portrait tomorrow.

We walked to the house together and up the flagged entrance to the porch. There we saw Kate and Tony sitting side by side in the porch swing. He was kissing her.

"Cut!" I said.

Tony started up guiltily. Bill's face was a study in passive immobility.

"That's how it is," Tony said when Bill didn't make a move to haul off and smack him a couple. "What are you going to do about it?"

Bill said, "Good evening," and walked into the studio whistling—a little off key.

Kate never said a word. She patted her hair into place and looked demure with great success.

"A very edifying sight," I said when Tony had gone.

Kate smiled. "It was a nice kiss. Impetuous," she said. "He always kisses impetuously."

"Timed to the split second," I said.

Kate yawned. "Was it?"

Bill came out waving three checks. He had just endorsed them over to Katherine Howell Crewes.

"Here." He dropped them into Kate's lap. "I'm leaving tomorrow noon."

Kate shuffled the checks—a little too carelessly, and dropped them.

"Manna," she said.

I picked them up. They were biggish checks made out to Bill and I noticed particularly the dates on them. They were dated days apart. The first, signed by Hamilton J. G. Lloyd, bore a date three weeks old.

Whether Kate noticed the dates I don't know.

"So they finally paid," she said.

"Yes. Is that sufficient?" Bill was very stiff.

"Thanks. It's more than generous," Kate said. "I ought to get a fairly good quality for this."

It seemed so hopeless, so tragic—and ridiculous.

Bill spent an hour packing before going to bed. I

THE THROAT-EASE CIGARETTE
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

"My throat and I are pals, since I changed to Old Golds" SAYS Barbara Stanwyck

WARNER BROS. STAR

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AMERICA'S *SMOOTHEST* CIGARETTE

heard him tossing around restlessly most of the night, and when morning finally came I was thankful.

He offered to join me in a swim. I knew that meant he wanted to talk.

We swam a while, then lay down on the weather-smoothed surface of the cliff that served as a jumping-off place. Sheer below, the water was deep enough to make diving a safe thrill.

I became impatient. "You don't want to go through with this divorce," I said.

"Wrong again, as usual."

"You're as bad a liar as Kate. I saw the dates on those checks."

"Damn!" Bill said. "I never thought of those dates."

Kate was coming toward us from the house. She wore beach pajamas and looked comic-strippish as she made eating motions, waving me back for breakfast.

I called to her to come over. She shook her head, came nearer.

"Come on," I said. "He won't bite you. Look, he's tame."

"He's sore at me," Kate said. She was beside us by then.

"Don't be silly," Bill said. "I'm not the least bit sore."

"Not even a little bit?" Kate said.

"No," I said. "He's just moody. I think he's about to commit suicide. Want to watch?"

Kate looked interested. "I've never seen it done. How will he do it?"

"He could swim way out there and just go down quietly."

"No." She shook her head. "He swims too well."

"A really good swimmer could manage it," I said.

Bill was heating up nicely, coming to a boil.

"Is that a gag?" he said.

"No," I said; "it's not a gag."

"Yes it is, and it's lousy."

Kate smiled encouragingly. "Don't let him get your nanny, Bill. Go ahead and show him how good you are."

"Not too far out, though," I said. "We mightn't be able to recover the body."

"What's all the suiciding for?" Kate said.

"He's doing it because nobody loves him any more and it's quicker for you than a divorce," I said. "I guess he deserves decent burial for that."

"Of course," Kate said. She played along beautifully. Probably those dates on the checks told her their story too, and she was out for no other reason than to savor the full taste of her victory over Bill. To make him squirm, then take it big. "I'll give him a lovely funeral."

Bill tried hard but couldn't keep the red from mounting his cheeks.

"You'd dance on my grave."

Kate appeared to consider that. "A rumba," she said. "A slow, sad rumba."

"She does a swell rumba," I said. "Go ahead, Kate. Show him."

BILL jumped up, towered over her threateningly.

"If you don't cut it out, I'll break your neck."

Kate should have quit then and let well enough alone. But she wouldn't. She ignored Bill completely and smiled at me. "Look, I've actually got him sore," she said. "He's easy."

"I'm not sore. You couldn't get me sore. Nothing you do means a thing to me!"

"Well, that's sensible."

"It's as if I never met you."

"Just so long as you're not sore." Kate was asking, begging for it.

She got it.

Bill lost the last tattered shred of his control. He grabbed her about the middle, swung her completely round, and let go. Kate sailed over the edge of the rock floor and down, hitting the water with a big ungraceful splash. Without a look at her, Bill lay down again a little apart from me.

Kate was pale as she swam to the ladder and pulled herself laboriously up the barnacled rungs. There were tears in her eyes besides salt water.

When I held out my hand to help her, she slapped at it and managed to get up by herself. Without a word she hurried away, little rivulets streaming from the pajamas that clung to her like flowered skin.

After Bill cooled off a bit we went back to the house.

"I guess that's settled it," he said. "Dammit, man, why'd you have to egg her on?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you! That was one time I didn't want to get sore."

Mrs. Riley, looking murderous as only a big Irishwoman can look when she wants to, waited for us on the porch.

"A nice way to be treatin' a lady!" she said. "Have ye took leave av yer senses? Her in her condition, too."

Bill gaped, his mouth wide.

"Condition?"

He pushed her rudely aside and ran into the house making odd animal noises in his throat.

THERE it was. I got it right between the eyes in a wink. What a blind sap I was! That was why Kate had allowed Mrs. Riley to fuss over and baby her lately; why she hadn't gone swimming or sailing. I knew the reason for the drives to Boston. That would be the doctor.

Convenient or not for the purposes of this chronicle, there it was. I'm simply reporting.

I paid no attention to Mrs. Riley's healthy adjectives as she described me and Bill and all men. I followed after Bill.

Kate was on her bed, trying to pull her hand out of Bill's. He was kissing it, calling himself all kinds of a pig and Kate the heavenliest of all the angels. On the floor two suitcases stood open and Kate's clothes were strewn about. She had begun packing.

"Why did you tell him?" Kate screamed at Mrs. Riley. "He thinks I did it on purpose. I know he does."

Mrs. Riley, a good Catholic, was shocked. "Shure, an' why else?"

Bill's face was pathetic. The tears rolled down his cheeks unheeded as he spoke a lot of gibberish.

"Oh, Kate, honey! I've killed you—killed you!" and a lot of other frantic phrenetic nonsense about wanting to die himself was all he seemed able to say.

Kate looked anything but killed to me, but she worked herself into hysterics. It was a job for a woman.

Mrs. Riley took charge.

"There now, lamb," she said. "Babies is nothin'. I've had nine of 'em meself."

Kate slapped at her. "Get away from me, you—you Judas!"

Mrs. Riley sat on the bed and pulled her into her fat arms and kissed her resoundingly. Kate whimpered like a kitten left out in the rain, and threw her arms around her neck, sobbing all over the wide bosom.

Mortified, no doubt, over the rumpus she'd kicked up. She hadn't been hurt a bit.

Bill was dazed. I had to take his hand when Mrs. Riley told us to clear out. He paced up and down the porch smoking cigarettes in a chain.

It was so funny I had to laugh. "You don't do that yet," I said. "Save your legs for the hospital corridor."

Mrs. Riley came out to us presently, all smiles.

"She's all right now, the love. Go on in there," she told Bill; "an' mind ye make a fuss over her."

"She'll throw me out."

I shoved him along. "Get going."

What was said in there during the next half hour I don't know. It must have been pretty much what you'd expect. Myself, I didn't expect to hear any blows or screams, and I heard none.

While I was waiting for developments Tony came over looking very determined. He sure knew how to pick a bad time.

He must have had a pretty bad case on Kate and I almost liked him for coming over.

"I've come for her," he said.

"What's the name?" I said.

"Tell her I've come for her."

"She's busy," I said. "There's a hell of a big camera fade-out scene going on in there."

I went to the bedroom door and opened it a crack.

Kate was running her hand lovingly through Bill's hair, calling him awful names fondly. Bill's face was pressed into her neck.

"There's a fellow outside to see Mrs. Crewes," I said. "Says his name is Tony."

"I never heard it. Go 'way." Kate said it loudly. I don't think she meant it to be cruel or anything like that.

Tony must have heard. He wasn't on the porch when I got back. I saw him walking up the road to his place. I felt sorry for him, just a little—even if I did hope he was all broken up.

Kate refused a breakfast tray in bed, and after a while came out looking shy and lovely on Bill's arm. Bill was ever so solicitous. He had donned the parental mantle, tying it on securely. It became him, too. He pulled Kate's chair out, spread a napkin on her lap, and fussed so much, Kate couldn't hold back her laughter.

"You've got plenty of time for that, Bill," she said.

Bill went right on being a nuisance—a nice sort of nuisance. He pushed all the rolls, butter, cream, and everything edible on the table in front of her, scowling at me, daring me to say something.

I LOOKED solemnly at Kate, and she sensed something of what I was thinking.

"The fact and fiction experts are right, Nat," she said. "It's our only real weapon against you men. What's more, I'm not a bit ashamed of myself. I'm only ridiculously happy."

Bill told her not to talk; to eat her eggs. She wouldn't, and they almost started an argument over it, but laughed it off before it could get going.

"I'll bet it's a boy," I said. And "When?"

"Naturally." Bill nodded. That was decided.

"Of course," Kate said. "We're going to Majorca right after Bill collects the money for the fourth portrait."

"We won't wait," Bill said.

"We certainly will," Kate said. "Baby'll need shoes."

They were going to Majorca for sentimental reasons. They had been there two months during their honeymoon. Kate thought it would be cute to have the baby lisping foreign words, and anyway Majorca was simply divine in March.

"March is Bill's month and mine," she said.

They would be disappointed if they couldn't celebrate the birthdays of the entire family in one month.

"You can visit us week ends," Bill invited me.

It was nice. We all felt refreshed and so wholly at ease that we didn't bother saying anything intelligent.

And then that horn sounded outside.

Kate patted Bill's hand as he got up. She followed him out. Of course I didn't want to miss it either.

Laura had some people in the car—which made it the worse for Laura.

She waved an all-inclusive wave and called, "Come on, Bill. You're wanted."

"Can't," Bill said. "Busy."

"Hurry then," Laura said. "We'll wait."

SHE lit a cigarette and settled back behind the wheel.

Bill held out an arm and Kate slid snugly into it. They made an effective tableau together like that.

"You'd better run along, Laura," Bill said. "We're waiting for some one."

From where I was standing I could see Laura's jaw tense. She jammed the idling Isotta into gear and it leaped ahead with a roar of the exhaust.

"Some fun, eh?" Bill said. "Anything else?"

Kate raised herself on her toes to kiss his chin.

"You're the meanest man in the world," she said.

I went inside to get her unfinished portrait.

They looked at it—Kate smiling, Bill critically, appraisingly.

"Not so good," Bill said.

"It's very good," Kate said. "Nat, you keep the flies off it till we get back and Bill makes it a family group."

THE END

QUICK . . . EFFECTIVE . . .

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VITALIS

KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

FUN, FOOTWORK,

Another Oliver-Gleason Mystery

Mr. Raft Discovers the Rumba, and

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ MURDER ON A HONEYMOON

THE PLAYERS: Edna May Oliver, James Gleason, Lola Lane, George Meeker, Dorothy Libaire, Chick Chandler, Harry Ellerbe, Sleep 'n' Eat. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan. Story by Stuart Palmer.

MURDER ON A HONEYMOON, for all its lurid title, is neither shocking nor frightening but is a pleasant and unpretentious little mystery film in which Edna May Oliver and James Gleason, as rival sleuths, go about solving three murders and supply a full share of fun in the process. Third in a series by these two capable players, these mystery tales have come to be a standard of their type, an amiable mixture of neatly balanced suspense and comedy.

The film moves swiftly and plants its clues so cleverly that all but the most able detectives will be surprised by the exposé of the real killer. Though many characters are introduced just to be suspicioned and then summarily dropped, the presentation of clues is honest for the most part.

The murder is committed on an airplane off the California coast. Huddled together in the plane are a honeymoon pair, a picture director, an ex-bootlegger, a bad gal, two pilots, and of course Miss Oliver, the schoolmarm who solves mysteries primarily to show up Jimmy Gleason, a not overly bright flatfoot.

The murdered man, as it develops, is the missing witness of a New York Grand Jury investigation; but before an autopsy can be performed the body is stolen and shortly after that two more persons are killed. With this setup Miss Oliver and the harassed Gleason go about their work, and given pert lines and some nicely contrived situations they make of Murder on a Honeymoon an entertaining and plausible item.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story is third in a comedy murder mystery series. RKO plans seven in the series—all costing in the neighborhood of $100,000 each. By virtue of their quickie-production nature, they will net RKO about $300,000 apiece; are made in about twenty-one days without fuss, retakes, or bother. . . . Gangly dry-as-dust Edna May Oliver makes droll fun of her fussy idiosyncrasies, which include always toting her own spring water, tapped for her in the Arkansas mountains, everywhere she goes, including Europe. Her personal baggage also contains hot-water bottles, mineral and other salts, heating pads, etc.; and on her recent trip to Italy between pictures she even took a box of California lemons, having heard from some mysterious source that sunny Italy grew no lemons. She talks expressively and dramatically, with large gesturings; is a comfort to her friends, whom she is continually inviting on the long trips she is always taking. The friends have a swell time—she foots all expenses—but she is always sick, recovering promptly on touching her native soil, where she immediately falls to planning her next long voyage. Deathly afraid of planes, she actually broke a window with her prop umbrella and tried to climb out when, while making a shot inside a plane, the pilot started the motor. She is under contract to no studio but commands about $3,500 when working, which is fairly regularly. Cameramen like to photograph her better than Greta Glamorous and Constance Cute. They claim celluloid "understands" her facial subtleties. She is an excellent dancer and hopes yet to be cast as one in a film musicomedy. . . . James Gleason always wanted to be a detecatiff. Hung around New York precinct houses as a boy, learned how to talk out of the side of his mouth by habit, but luckily was spared for the theater. During picture making he commuted by plane between Catalina and the Fox studios, where he was making another picture by contract. He's quiet, droll, capable, well liked. . . . Lola Lane is on comeback trail. She unhooked Lew Ayres to hook Director Al Hall. She's a free lance and has just published a book of little verses—Dotty Parker vintage. . . . Lloyd Corrigan, fat, short, funny, directed La Cockaroacha, color film. . . . Harry Ellerbe is a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech and played nonvarsity football for the Tech. . . . Chick Chandler is nevvy to Howard Chandler Christy. His grandmother was the first woman to be mentioned in Who's Who and receive an A.B. in this country. So there! . . . Dorothy Libaire is a Smith College gal who made good. . . . Sleep 'n' Eat was bo'n he knows not where in Mississippi. Real name's Willie Rose; has a maw 'n' paw he knows not where in Dixie; is petrified of earthquakes; came to Hollywood as a chauffeur—now has his own chauffeur; is always asleep back of a set and has to be rousted out; gets five dollars a week for spending money, the studios paying his bills and trust-funding the rest lest he lose it to his compatriots at African backgammon.

★ ★ RUMBA

THE PLAYERS: George Raft, Carole Lombard, Lynne Overman, Margo, Monroe Owsley, Iris Adrian, Samuel Hinds. Directed by Marion Gering. Story by Guy Endore and Seena Owen.

AFTER tries at gangsters, bullfighters, pugilists, Chinamen, and dancers, George Raft—with no change of expression or appearance—has just about completed the cycle of cinematic studies. In Paramount's rich and highly implausible rendition of Rumba he is seen once more as a dancer, but he's still the sleek George Raft.

Carole Lombard and George Raft in Rumba, wherein the sleek one appears once more as a dancer.

Frightened out of New York by thugs, Raft takes to Havana, where he dances in a café at night and buys lottery tickets in the daytime. A counterfeit lottery stub causes a run-in with the orchidaceous Carole Lombard, and when this exceedingly wealthy playgirl goes to his dressing room, not only to apologize but to back him in business, Raft gets his signals mixed and suavely insults her. From there on this beautifully photographed and staged film has them insulting each other right up to the final scene.

Other elements—such as Mr. Raft's enthusiastic but somewhat tardy discovery of the rumba, which he distorts into a pretentious and dull vaudeville routine, and Miss Lombard's misunderstandings with her aristocratic family—complicate the plot. All this reaches a rather belated point when Raft, in the face of gangsters and death, returns to the New York stage. Warned that he'll be shot if he dances, Raft goes on alone, his partner having fainted from fright. But Miss Lombard staggers to the stage from her box to become his partner. No gangsters fire, and the climax, like a damp firecracker, flickers, sputters, dies.

Miss Lombard is attractive in a role which offers little beyond gazing at Raft's stiff and posey gliding. Margo brings an interesting new personality to the screen, and Lynne Overman gives the film a lift with sometimes humorous antics.

VITAL STATISTICS: The rumba dance is supposed to have been concocted back in 1640 (when you were a little shaver), merging the best (and worst) features of the Spanish and African imports to Cuba. The tango part, of course, is Spanish; the peas-in-an-empty-bucket stuff, etc., spring from Ethiopan tomtomfoolery. At the present writing they say *la rhumba* is not considered terribly *au fait* in

Hardie Albright and Minna Gombell in Women Must Dress. Miss Gombell, for a change, doesn't play a light o' love in this.

FINERY

Puts the Accent on the Laughs; Miss Gombell Learns About Wifehood

by
BEVERLY HILLS

higher Cuban circles, occupying the position of the cancan in this country, and this is supposed to cause the producers some moral concern. . . . The film cost about $350,000 and a lot of retakes were necessary. . . . Seven noted dance teams, 100 Le Roy Prinz dancers, and 150 rumba experts were called in to give it the Cuban hoofing. It was filled with Cuban heels, you're going to tell me; and I'd say much of the stomach rumba-ling was removed to preserve censorship peace. . . . George Raft is a Jewish boy from the Tenderloin; he started during his prize-fighting days in toughish cabarets in New York, graduating to the University of Vaudeville. He danced one season in London and taught the Prince of Wales the Charleston. Raft up to recently roommated with Mack Gray, unshaven non-Harvard-looking supposed secretary and pal of Raft's underworld Tenderloin days. Mack was supposed to fend Raft from the wrath of Raft's former night-club pals with unsavory reputations. Some say all this was a publicity stunt, but who knows? Anyway, Raft has siameased himself away from the unshaven one and is now going places with Virginia P(e)ine, Chicago society gal. Raft is clothes-crazy, practically wearing a new suit hardly even once before casting it aside. He got himself a new contract last year and it nets him—oh, well, let's say $2,500. . . . Carole Lombard gets her $1,750 even if some insist she only makes about $900. But she deserves every penny she gets, as she's one of the few open-faced uninhibited people in Hollywood. She lives beautifully in a small way and once called Bill Powell "Junior." She'd never danced till she teamed with Raft in Bolero. . . . According to Le Roy Prinz, the rumba dances in Rumba are not related to the general garden variety we know. They are a mixture of voodoo, African leg dance, arm dance of the Spanish conquistadors, a little sacredness, a little sex, and a lot of press-agent talk. . . . Margo is the daughter of Dr. Amedio Bolado, Mexico City medico. She was born there. Has lived in Spain and New York but got her dancing start in Agua Caliente, ex-movie week-end hot spot. George Raft used her as a dance partner during a personal appearance at the Paramount, salvaging her from the Waldorf-Astoria; but Jimmy Savo sav(o)ed her from oblivion by knocking her down to Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, casting Crime Without Passion. They chose her as the lead. She's on her way to big things.

Murder on a Honeymoon is the third of a series with Edna May Oliver and James Gleason in principal roles.

★ ★ WOMEN MUST DRESS

THE PLAYERS: Minna Gombell, Gavin Gordon, Hardie Albright, Robert Light, Lenita Lane, Zeffie Tilbury, Suzanne Kaaren, Arthur Lake. Directed by Reginald Barker. Story by Edmund Joseph and Dorothy Reid.

MINNA GOMBELL, whose screen career has been devoted to portraying quite immoral women, turns to mother-and-wifehood in Women Must Dress and comes off with an effective performance. The picture tells of the struggles of a middle-aged wife who loses her husband to another woman, then regains him with feminine finery.

The film has a certain honesty both in its playing and its presentation.

Tackling its old subject with an enthusiasm worthy of a brighter cause, Women Must Dress spends most of its time showing the dangers to shabby kitchen-minded wives whose husbands are exposed to other women. It shows, too, a few methods a wife may use to recapture her man.

Suzanne Kaaren, Hardie Albright, and Gavin Gordon assist Miss Gombell in making Women Must Dress a problem play to interest those who care for its theme.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture took ten days in the making, which means it cost around $75,000. All sets are interiors, with no expensive crowds, train wrecks, or Biblical battles. All quickie wrecks or battles are done by telephone. . . . Monogram Pictures, who made it, is successor to the quickie crown, long vacated by Columbia Pictures. Monogram was started by Trem Carr, an ex-paymaster on the Pearl Harbor Breakwater, Honolulu. He arrived in Hollywood with twenty-eight dollars, a wife and child, and got into production after troubles through Al St. John, ex-bicycle-riding movie silly. He contacted Ray Johnson, his present partner, through distributing his pictures. They organized the Hollywood producing lowlies, or independents, and have grown to independent power gradually. Last year their money netted them a 40-per-cent return, a generous mark for the big companies to shoot at. . . . Minna Gombell is her real name; she's German-descent from Baltimore. She's been married a couple of years to Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., a San Diego, California, banker. She commutes 150 miles to Hollywood by self-driven auto for pictures. She wears a necklace containing more than 300 charms, to which she is always adding, the charms being mementos of her life's little crises. She owns a Cape Cod house; hates having her home life publicized; and actually reads all her fan mail. . . . Picture contains Harriet de Busman, winner of a snapshot film company contest in which $250,000 was spent in newspaper and mag advertising and which promised Hollywood fame to the winner.

Comment

WHEN the depression came, gnawing deeply into American industries, the picture business did not miss its bite. As a lure to rapidly vanishing customers, two pictures for the price of one were shown in almost all second-run houses and in many first-run theaters. And as a quick remedy this proved a complete success. But now it is becoming an expensive nuisance to all major studios and many seat-weary fans.

First, it has doubled the story demand of the studios. It is now practically impossible for the studios to get enough good plots for their stars. It has sent major studios to seek men from the "quickie" lots—men who can produce films quickly and cheaply. If the studios tried to make all their pictures in the costly manner of old times they would soon go broke; for two pictures in one theater bring in no more money than one used to.

The double feature has killed the comedy—not the short subjects of dance bands, vaudeville acts, and travel films, but the fertile slapstick field which introduced Chaplin, Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, Wally Beery, and many others. But where it kills, the double feature also brings life; for Hollywood is now teeming with small new studios busily turning out films for the new market.

The major studios are worried, and their biggest problem of the moment is to re-educate audiences to the single feature. Whether or not it can be done should be seen within the next six months. The battle's on.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies.

★★★—Murder on a Honeymoon, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever.

Vox

JAPAN AND WAR

Tulsa, Okla.—In his editorial, Forcing Japan into the Hell of Another War (January 26 Liberty), Bernarr Macfadden wrote in part: " She [Japan] has brought order out of chaos in Shanghai and Manchuria."

That is correct as far as Manchuria is concerned; but she did it for her own profit, setting up a puppet kingdom, Manchukuo, under her control, to monopolize its foreign trade, already having started to do so with the oil business of foreigners.

Having recently returned from Shanghai and being familiar with conditions there, I know there never was any disorder there until the Japanese themselves created it by attacking Chapei, one of the native suburbs, in retaliation for the Chinese boycott of Japanese goods. If, for any reason of their own, the Chinese boycotted Japanese goods (or any other, for that matter), were they not well within their rights?

The reason for this law and order is because the Chinese native cities adjacent to Shanghai are dominated by the International Settlement and the French Settlement, neither of which will tolerate any disturbance.—*Hugh King, Jr.*

Miami, Fla.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial in January 26 Liberty was the most sensible I have read in some time. It hit the nail exactly on the head. I have been very closely associated with the Japanese for several years. The Japanese don't want war with this country. Only European propaganda could incite such a catastrophe.—*John T. Follansbee.*

A BARNUM FOR PRESIDENT

Walla Walla, Wash.—What this country needs is a P. T. Barnum in the White House. Think what the world's greatest showman could have done for the taxpayers and the poverty-stricken (same people in many instances) if he were alive and President of the United States! Instead of letting the G-men of the Department of Justice shoot up our famous public enemies, Barnum would have had them captured alive and put on exhibition throughout the country.

Imagine John Dillinger and " Pretty Boy " Floyd appearing " in person " at the same theater! It would have been a sellout at five dollars per seat. Millions of dollars of revenue could be raised this way, if we had a Barnum for President.—*Ed Leonard.*

CALL FOR ST. PATRICK

Honolulu, T. H.—What we need most over here is not a New Deal but some modern St. Patrick who can rid our beautiful islands of the scorpions, centipedes, and lizards that give us the chills and deprive us of our sleep.—*E. Kathryn Sullivan.*

CHANCE TO WIN A SHIRT

Pawtucket, R. I.—I'm willing to bet my best shirt that R. E. H., who wrote in January 26 Vox Pop that he knows of textile mills that pay their workers from twenty-five to forty dollars per week, is not one of those workers. I am working in one of the largest textile mills in the country, and am skilled at my trade. The Code requires a thirteen-dollar minimum, and if you fail to earn that amount one week, they give it to you anyway. But next week if you make fifteen dollars, you still receive only thirteen. The extra two dollars is held out on you until you've averaged your minimum wage.—*E. J. N.*

CHIMPANZEE OR MARINE

Philadelphia, Pa.—I'd like to advise disillusioned Faye Morgan of Trenton, who so aptly described the navy's personnel as peewees in her February 2 Vox Pop letter, that if she wishes to find a body of men worthy of her hopes she should visit the marines. After all, she must surely know that the chief purpose of the navy is to take the marines where they want to go.

They're just seagoing cab drivers for us.—*W. Kittredge.*

Ottumwa, Ia.—Modern warships require brains and skill to operate, and the little peewees of the navy are just the men to fill the jobs. Of course, if Faye Morgan is looking for something big and brawny to admire, and doesn't mind the dumbness, tell her to try a chimpanzee—or a marine.—*Clarence E. Booth, Ex-Sailor, U.S.S. Lexington.*

MOHAMMED HAD HELP

Tenafly, N. J.—The deluded ravings of one Russ Dean in January 19 Vox Pop give me the pip. Deploring the entry of modern business women into competition with men, he calls them " the idols which men have been worshiping for ages " who now " stand revealed in all their disappointing mediocrity."

I don't believe this swollen-headed male ever heard of some very important facts, including one that women ruled Arabia not so very many hundred years ago; also that Mohammed would never have been a prophet if it hadn't been for his wife's money which afforded him the unaccustomed freedom and leisure he required.

Men have not been worshiping women for ages. Chivalry is not so old an idea, and ever since the decline of matriarchism (look it up, Mr. Dean, if you don't know what it means) women have been held as mere chattels. More power to them for reclaiming their rights, I say! —*Dorothy Westervelt.*

NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS

Toronto, Ont.—With all this vox-popping about winter flannels for modern gals going on, I wonder if any one ever heard what really happened to the ones who once wore them?

You're right! Absolutely nothing!—*N. Elmsley.*

SKUNKS AND SUNDAY DRIVERS

Allegany, N. Y.—The kind assurance of Trapper of Kinzer, Pennsylvania, in January 12 Vox Pop, that skunks can voice their feelings, is appreciated. However, I can't understand his effrontery in passing judgment on the Sunday drivers.

With all due respect to the fact that women must have their fur coats and wraps and men must make their living by trapping fur-bearing animals, these latter die a lingering and horrible death in steel traps deliberately set for them. In this age of high speed, Sunday drivers at least kill their victims outright, and there is nothing deliberate about it. —*Just Another Reader.*

Bonifay, Fla.—The biggest fault in Sunday drivers killing so many animals lies with the owners of the livestock. If they would keep their cattle, pigs, and chickens off the roads, there would be many less accidents. It is a menace, especially at night.—*Ruth Thomas.*

SO MUCH GOOD IN THE WORST

Warren, Pa.—There is too much criticism on the ably conducted Liberty. There is so much good in the worst issues and so much bad in the best of them that it would hardly behoove any one to even attempt to condemn any of them.—*George B. Dickert.*

IS HE THE MEANEST HUSBAND?

Richmond, Va.—I have made delicious pies time and time again, and the only recognition I got of their perfection was to watch them being enjoyed and then vanish. But one turned out as tough as a leather boot yesterday, for some mysterious reason which only a pie can know. The crust could hardly be cut with a knife, and this is the recognition I got for that pie:

My husband asked for a saw and there was hysterical laughter all around the dinner table. Then he took a slice of it down to his office for his co-workers to examine and laugh at. Don't you think he is the meanest husband in the world?—*F. A.*

[Nominations are in order for a Meanest Husband Contest.—Vox Pop Editor.]

WE UNDERSTAND

Cleveland, Ohio—Rupert Hughes's article, New Ears for Old, in January 26 Liberty, was particularly interesting to me. I am not deaf; in fact my hearing is unusually keen. (I can hear the giggles and kisses next door to my office that pass between the elderly boss and his pretty little stenographer!)

But I am a public stenographer and I have contact with people with every imaginable defect. And deafness is one.

There is an old man employed by a publishing company as a collector for the large dictionaries they put out. One has to scream at the top of one's voice before he can hear. I can appreciate his employers' motive in having him as their collector! Every one around my office knows that I owe a small balance on my dictionary, how much it is, and when I will be able to make another payment!—*C. A. W.*

Pop

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HOME TOWN

HAMILTON, ONT.—I agree with One of the Snowshoers in December 29 Vox Pop that Americans know nothing about Canada. Dr. Dafoe of quintuplets fame said that when he visited New York, Sally Rand, the fan dancer, told him she was surprised that he could talk English so well. The good doctor also said most Americans he met thought he traveled all the year around on a dog sled.

One hot June day a party of American tourists drove up here with their automobiles loaded with toboggans, snowshoes, skis, etc. They were terribly disappointed when they found there was no snow and the thermometer stood at ninety degrees in the shade. Another party of Americans saw a statue of Queen Victoria in the center of Hamilton and asked who she was. When informed that it was of Queen Victoria, they wanted to know if this had been her home town.

Maybe the Americans think we speak a jabber between the Indian sign language and French.—*A Redskin.*

GRAVITY OF WATER

LOUISVILLE, KY.—If Ray Cummings, author of the short short, Murderer's Clock, in January 19 Liberty, is a Princeton graduate and a specialist in physics, as the thumbnail biography of him stated, he should know better than to write, "The water was heavier in specific gravity." He should have said, "The water had a greater specific gravity."—*David H. Harker.*

MEAN DOG, MEAN MASTER

CORONA, N. Y.—I want to refute Elton Nickel's charge in January 26 Vox Pop that police dogs are sheep killers and sometimes attack people. I have seen police dogs trained to guide sheep, and do it, proud of the trust placed in them, without hurting a single sheep. Those dogs were properly raised.

Mr. Nickel must have in mind dogs that are trained with a whip. The spirit in a whip-trained dog has been broken, and he may sometime turn on his master; but never a dog that has been trained through kindness. A mean dog reflects the disposition of a mean master.—*H. Becker.*

IMAGINE HIS FEELINGS

HARTFORD, CONN. — M. B. Shaber's letter in January 19 Vox Pop headed Literary Indigestion amused me. If he feels himself bound to live up to the reading time fixed at the beginning of Liberty articles and stories, what must be the effect on his susceptible mind when he reads the various admonitions, commands, and pleas that head modern advertising? I just can't imagine his feelings!—*W. Watson House, C. L. U., General Agent, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company.*

DOWNY REJECTIONS FOR DOWNED WRITERS

ELK PARK, N. C.—Why doesn't Liberty use a white goose feather, the soft downy kind, for rejection slips instead of the usual paper kind? This would enable free-lance writers like myself (the unsuccessful kind) to make a soft pillow to rest his intellectual end upon. Perchance, too, many of us might collect enough to make a full-sized feather bed. Then we might rest both our weary ends.—*George M. Bowman.*

NOT ROBERT S. HOPKINS

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Under the heading, NRA for Heaven? a letter was published in January 12 Vox Pop bearing a Philadelphia date line and the signature Robert Hopkins. This letter stated that countless thousands of families are living on much less than the $1,700 per year paid on the average government job. Will you please inform Liberty readers that the writer of that letter has no connection or relation with the undersigned?—*Robert S. Hopkins, Secretary-Treasurer, the Navy Yard Development Association.*

DOLLAR WASTED!

REGINA, SASK.—While looking through Liberty of December 30, 1933, I saw Question 18, which was, What is a parasite? Now I turn to the issue of December 15, 1934, Question 8, which reads: A parasite is what?

What have you to say about that? According to your heading above Twenty Questions, you pay one dollar for every question published. My goodness! A dollar wasted!—*Harry Parker.*

REWARD FOR MOTHERHOOD

BERKELEY, CALIF. — Why shouldn't parents be compensated by the government for the number of intelligent and healthy children they bring into the world? Here I am, twenty-four years old and mother of three small children, all healthy and with ample brains. If I knew my children would be provided for, I would be willing to have more. And don't think, as the years race by, that this nation won't need all the young blood it can get!

The United States government should create an incentive for bigger families —good, healthy children, of course.—*Mrs. P. V.*

LET FIGHTERS FIGHT

TORONTO, ONT.—This question of war versus peace is getting monotonous. Many solutions come and go. The intellectuals admit their incapacity to achieve anything. They all reach the same conclusion—that war is human nature and therefore inevitable.

My idea would be to establish a system permitting anybody to fight who wants to fight. Do away with such shopworn slogans as War for Democracy's Sake—for Liberty's Sake—for Your King and Country. Just say, War for the Sake of Fighting.

By the process of elimination, all the people endowed with an intrinsic urge to fight would eventually be annihilated, and eternal peace would be ours.—*Nil Desperandum.*

"WEE KIRK O' THE HEATHER"

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Clara Beranger in Is Hollywood Getting Religion? (January 19 Liberty) wrote that the Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Pasadena was where the late Marie Dressler was laid to rest. The Wee Kirk o' the Heather is in Glendale, Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery.—*Chester I. Summers.*

SHE WAS NOT AGNES

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Would you mind settling an argument here over Parke F. Hanley's short short story, New Worlds to Make, in January 5 Liberty? Who, if any one, came in with Captain Evans? Was the nurse Agnes Carmody?—*A Group of Charlotte Liberty Readers.*

[Mr. Hanley answers: The nurse was not Agnes Carmody; that was the blind soldier's mistaken idea. Captain Evans brought Agnes with him without Tim's knowledge.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

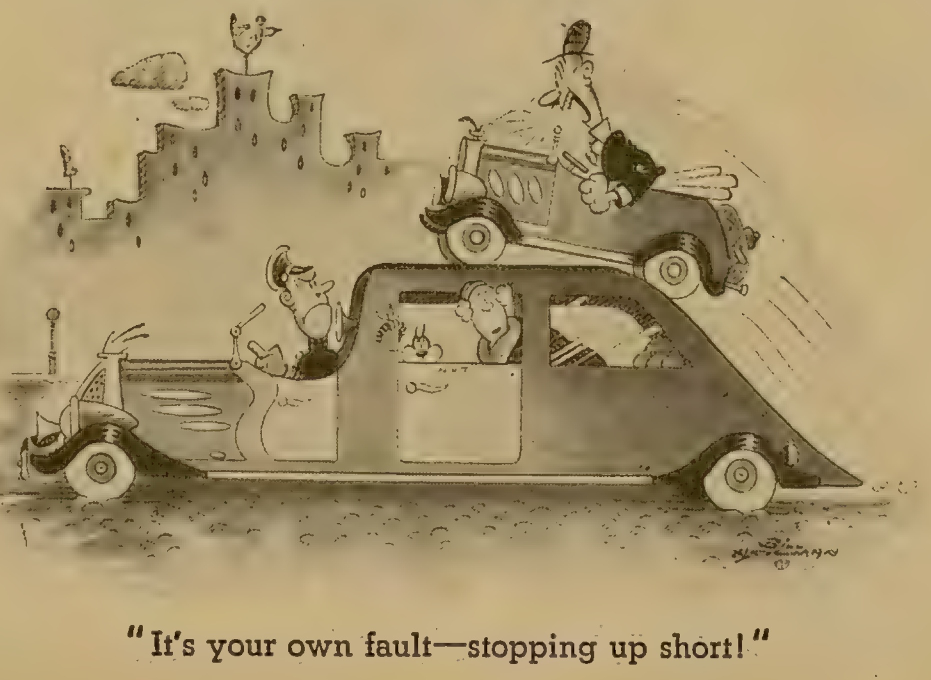
HOW WOMEN HANDLE MEN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Charlotte E. Hurd's letter in January 26 Vox Pop, One Woman Who Tried It, was a sure tip-off on how women handle men. It demonstrated that snappy appearance gets a woman much farther in business than mere brains. I sent that letter to my ex-wife. She used the same tactics with a jury in making me pay alimony.—*J. R.*

ENIGMA

PORT ARTHUR, ONT.—I would heartily endorse a contest started by Vox Pop for an accurate solution to the identity of Beverly Hills.

I am getting tired of being held in suspense as to the who, what, and why of this enigma of Liberty.—*"Deac" McWilliams.*



"It's your own fault—stopping up short!"

A Night of Terror Fades, a New Day Dawns, and Love Finds Harbor at Last — So Ends the Swift Story of an Amazing Adventure

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

PART NINE—CONCLUSION

PHIL, lying on the transom with his legs out before him, was shaking his fist and cursing in an even flow; while Alayne, one hand at her throat, was backed against the bulkhead.

"You can't do this! You can't—do you hear me? These men must have a doctor. If you take them away now, you'll keep them in your filthy jail until they rot and die! No! No! Do you hear? Bring the American consul down here to see them. Bring them a doctor. I'll not let you take them!"

"Eet is from Port Telik t'ey air, mem—eet is t'e ordair. T'ey weel have t'e doctair, but fairst t'ey mus' come wit' us, because eet is t'e ordair."

"No—I tell you! If you're going to kill them, kill them now. Don't take them away!"

The ragged officer flourished a paper through the open doorway.

"Get out—blast you for a thieving street dog!" Phil yelled.

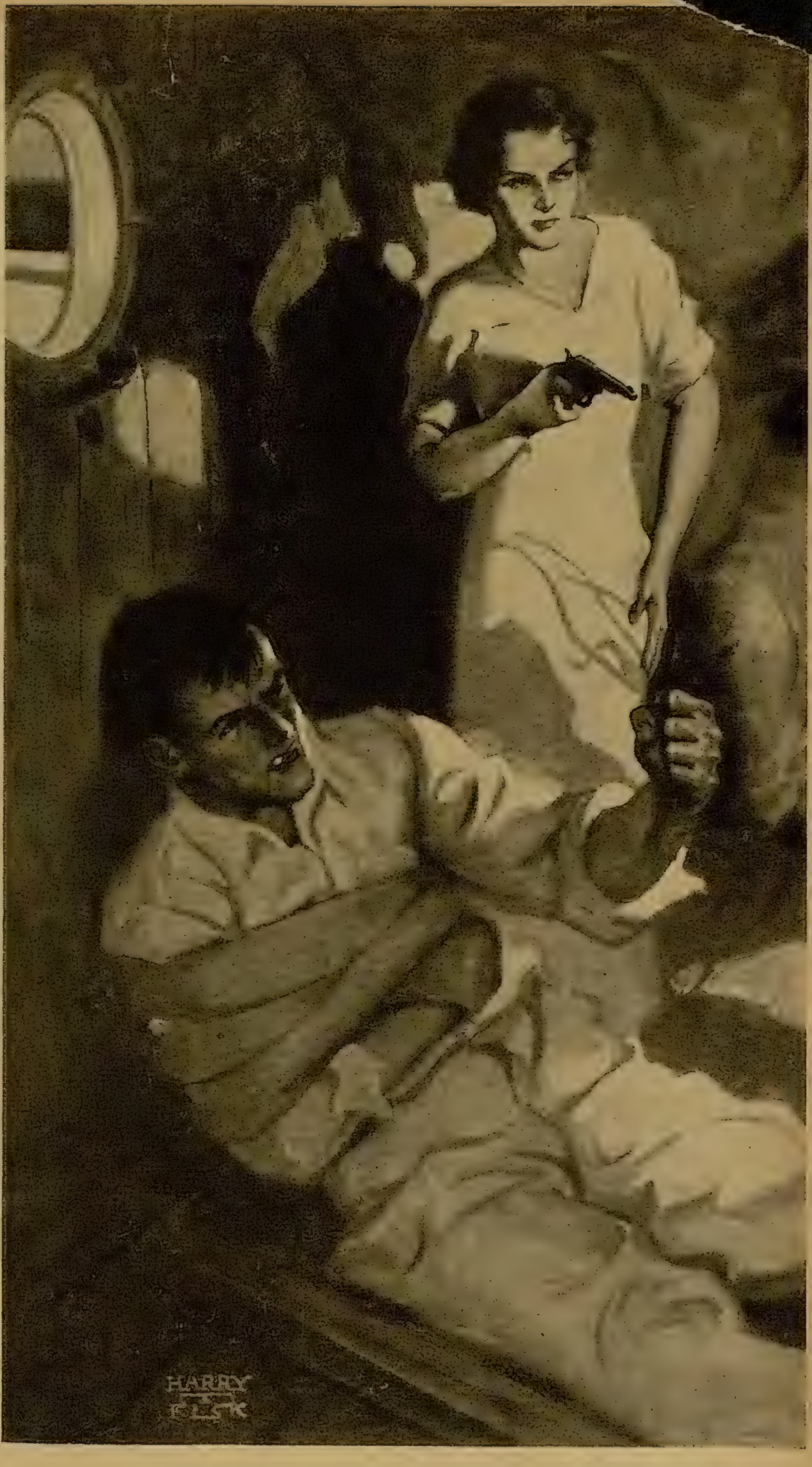
The man grinned. "T'e gentleman doose not spik nicely. T'e gentleman is pairhaps angry. But eet is no mattair, because eet is t'e ordair. T'ere has been very much to talk about in Telik, and eet is now t'e place to talk. T'e gentleman will see t'e doctair, and t'en he weel go to Urfa to explain. Bose t'e gentleman—"

"I tell you now," Alayne said quietly. "We are entitled to help. We want a doctor at once."

"Take t'em!" The officer shrugged and pushed one of his soldiers across the threshold of the cabin. "Take t'e one who talk so much. We bring t'e stretcher for t'e ot'air."

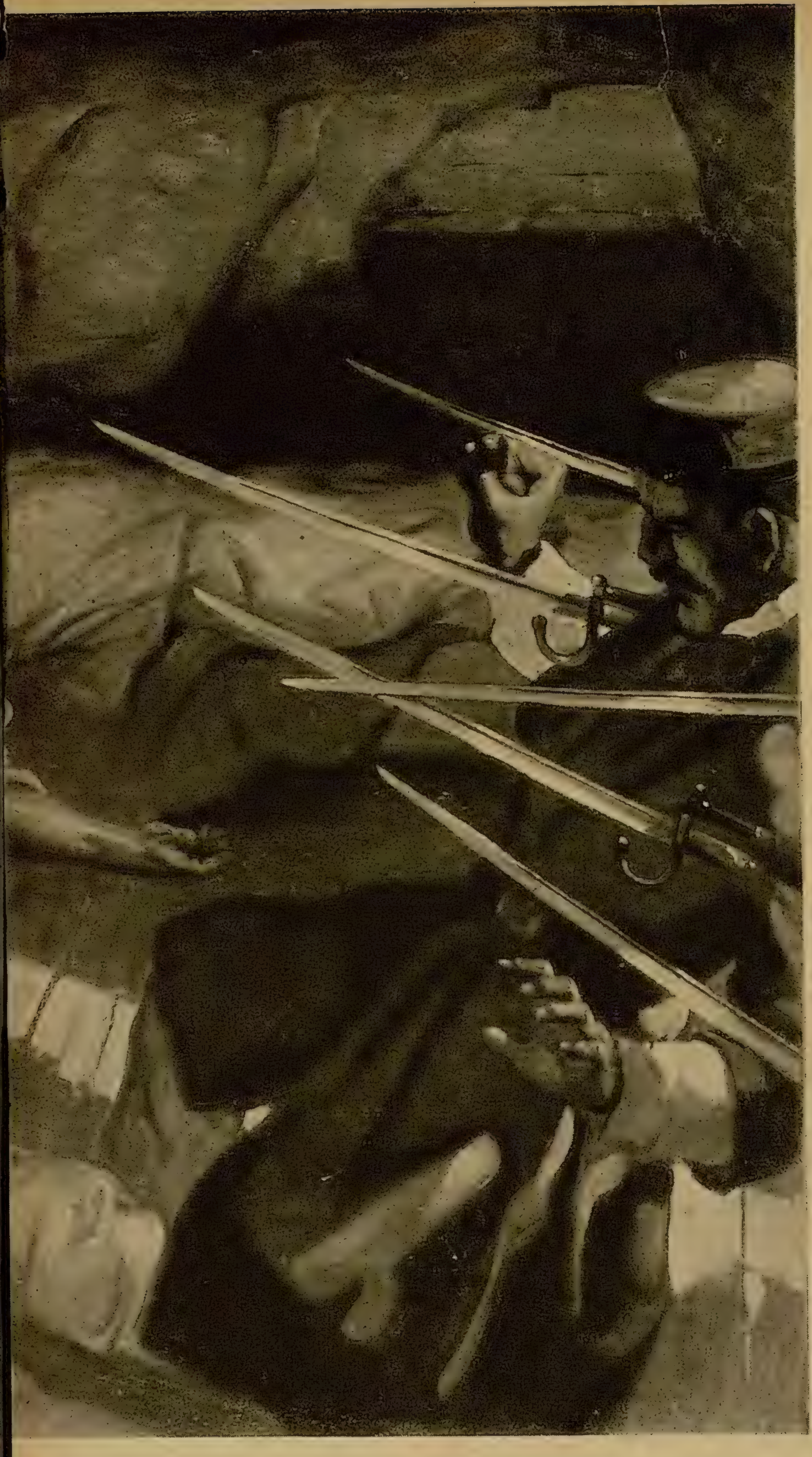
Alayne bent down suddenly and snatched at something in the foot of my bunk.

"Now—" She stuck Gerrity's gun into the officer's face. "Now—you do as I say! Order these men out. Send one of them for a doctor



PHIL, LYING ON THE TRANSOM, WAS SHAKING HIS FIST.

PASSPORT



ALAYNE SNATCHED GERRITY'S GUN. "NOW—DO AS I SAY!'

TO HELL

by JAMES WARNER BELLAH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARRY T. FISK

— send for the American consul."

The man's mouth dropped open. Alayne kicked at the shins of the soldier in the cabin. He stumbled backward, knocking up the rifles behind him. She pushed the revolver into his scared face, backing him out to the deck. Then she slammed the door, locked it, and stood there panting with her back to it.

"The ports, Bib!" Phil said. "Get on the floor."

He crouched back in the corner, waiting. But nothing happened. There was a great chattering of many people yelping at once; then a clatter of feet on the deck, and silence.

Having no idea of time or place, I can only tell what seemed to happen next.

The ports were open wide to what breeze would search out that sweltering cubby, and a dirty stretch of canvas kept the direct rays of the sun from boiling the tar in the deck seams. Alayne was gone, and the door was open on the long hook, and a barefooted sentry leaned on the rail. Voices were speaking in clipped English, and booted steps came toward us. There was a knock and a white face in the aperture—a jolly white face under a peaked cap, with another behind it, and two sunburned necks framed in blue-linen sailors' collars. English gobs.

I was lifted on to a mottled canvas stretcher and covered over with a clean white blanket. A topee was put over my face to keep it from the sun.

I had a sense presently of being washed and clean, and then the thin knife of ether cut my lungs.

I was in a great white bed with countless other beds circling around me in all directions, between great shaded windows and a broad expanse of shining floor on which a large woman walked with amazingly soft steps and a stiff crackle of starched linen. There were sharp pinpricks in my arms. There were rough thrustings up of my eyelids and openings of my mouth. There was heat and cold, light and dark. There was some one who held my hand, and some one who thrust icicles and white-hot probes of steel into my chest.

And between and betwixt there was Hambro, climbing back up that ladder, laughing. There was Gerrity going down under my fire like a tripped runner. There was Greystone cursing at a squad of filthy blacks, and Alayne holding them off at the point of a gun. There was a lost passport, and a thousand desperate things to peck and prod at a bewildered brain. Then presently there was only Alayne beside me—sitting quietly with my hands held in hers. . . .

Weeks or perhaps months later a new phase commenced. A period of childish interest in fresh pillow slips and shudderings over bitter drafts of brown liquid—a period of mild curiosity about things no one would speak of—terminated one evening abruptly when the beds that circled about me under the flashing windows straightened out into two long rows and became sketchily peopled with other men. A great red-faced chap came in to see me.

He boomed, "Hungry?"

"Yes," I told him.

"Splendid! That's what I've been waiting for." He turned to the nurse. "I don't think he's mad at us any longer"; and his laugh boomed off down the ward.

In a day or so I knew how far down the valley I had been, with nothing to pull me back but the decision the animal had made lying there in the boat that night, and the skill of Dr. Foster Jenkins of the Eastern Relief Foundation in Ispallah, whom God preserve for the white man he is!

I had been struck twice near the heart and drilled cleanly through the cardiac region of the stomach, with steel-jacketed slugs in all cases, which had passed in and out cleanly with enough kick in their passage to kill an elephant if he'd been struck in the right places. There is no doubt in my mind, nor Jenkins's either as far as I could gather, that I've lost ten years of my natural life through the stomach wound; but the fact remains that through his proud work I gained ten that I would have lost on the spot in the hands of another man—or in his hands, even, if I had reached him three brief hours later.

The surface wounds were healed in angry red smudges when I saw them, and the upper two were forgotten as far as internal damage was concerned. Luck had taken care of that. For the stomach wound, it was a matter of slow going and easy feeding, to be quite sure.

NORRIS, the lieutenant attached to the patrol cruiser Peshawar—the man who had taken us off the trawler—came to see me when his ship made port again, and built up the lost weeks for me.

He told me as much as he knew of Telik—how the Peshawar had put in the morning after the fighting, and found Hambro with the remnant of his army entrenched in the Royal and Chaldean Hotel with the king and as many refugees as could make their way there. The cruiser had landed a police party to clean up the town itself, and Douglasstown had come down with all four feet on the republican government in Urfa for the disturbance.

I gathered that the whole incident had been given enough news space to make it an odious subject to bring up in many quarters for months to come. The disposition of the oil fields still hung in chancery. Hambro had been arrested, and released when the native population swore by him. Urfa was appealing to the League, and getting nowhere. Young Furd was still being kept there, and a platoon of the garrison regiment in Douglasstown was under canvas in the hotel grounds to see that no one snatched him away pending an official decision on his status.

Morison, the Anglo Pet. man, was in camp at Mumatz's, waiting patiently for the affair to be decided one way or another. And Logan had decided to get well.

Most of the population had drifted back, and new hovels had sprouted up on the site of the razed quarter.

SWEENEY himself had come back and fixed his roof, and there the whole matter ended as far as Norris could tell. His ship put in every fortnight to relieve the police party, and in the meantime Telik drowsed on again as it always had in its deadly sun-baked lethargy. Mrs. Mumatz was still there running the hotel for any one who would stay, and my bags, thanks to Norris, had been gotten away from her for my last bill, which Norris had paid.

He rubbed his chin presently.

"That's a splendid woman—Alayne Greystone—by George! I'd like to know her better. She was here every day with you as long as they'd let her stay—every day until she left."

"Left? My God—she hasn't left, has she?"

"She had to." He nodded. "Greystone was here in the hospital for three weeks; then his consul popped in on him and packed him off to the States. They went from Douglasstown on the Yoshoto Maru for Marseille. You've got a stack of letters waiting for you—dare say they'll explain. But that woman—" Norris beamed and tapped his thumbnail enthusiastically with the butt of his empty pipe. "By George! Plucky? Not only navigated that tub you people got away in, halfway to Ispallah, and got you aboard the trawler, but stood off half the garrison of Ispallah when they tried to take you and Greystone—"

"I remember something."

"And after she stood them off and shut them out of the cabin, she went out herself to get the consul and a doctor for you. It's a good mile to the town from the water front. They followed her, and they'd have nabbed her if she hadn't put the fear of God into their hearts. When she couldn't stand it any longer, she stopped on the edge of the sea wall—we were anchored in the basin—and fired three shots across our quarter-deck. When the watch officer picked her up with his glasses, there she was with a ring of bayonets around her, beckoning with one hand and still poking her gun into those chaps' faces with the other. We saw she was a white woman and sent off a boat to investigate. Don't tell me women aren't emancipated! It was the pluckiest bit of work I've ever seen, or hope to. Mrs. Jenkins took her in here at the bungalow afterward, so she could be near you two."

There was her letter.

> I wouldn't leave you [she wrote] unless I was sure that there is nothing more I can do for you now. There is an appeal being made in the Carmichael case, and Phil has waived extradition proceedings in order to get there and strengthen the evidence against Coughlin, now that Coughlin's part in it has been ferreted out. And I must go with him, because he is not strong enough to travel alone, and this matter cannot be postponed until he is.
>
> You can always reach us through the Seaport National in New York. We go to Marseille on the Yoshoto and take the Patria (French Line) from there. I know you are getting well or I could not leave you, for I love you, John, for always. Somewhere, somehow, we may meet again.

I got out of bed for the first time on January 15, almost thirteen weeks to the day since the Morambia made the outer buoy at Bengan. Three weeks later, draped in clothing that no longer fitted me, I stood at the rail of the P. & O. liner Naldera and waved my last good-by to Doc and Mrs. Jenkins and Sister O'Sullivan, who had nursed me with a gentleness and a sympathy that her six feet one and her great red hands seemed hardly capable of.

I was leaving something behind me on that low flat shore line that I would never have again, and there was a gentle tide of sadness in me because of it. Strange to write that—but true. I was leaving the last of my youth, for one thing; for after Telik I would never be young again. And I was leaving friendship and warmth—the friendship of out-places and out-people—the warmth of feeling that springs up from the seeds of cruelty and danger. I was leaving uncertainty and going back into the routine life of civilization—three meals a day, work, and a roof to sleep under.

In Telik, whatever I thought about it when I was there, we lived as man lived in the beginning. There was no subtlety to our existence—no conceits. Nothing but life in the altogether, lived quickly for stakes that were, as I looked back at them, the same stakes we play for in civilization—gold, women, and honor. But, unlike other places, there were no rules but strength and no penalties but death.

I SHOULD not care to go through the experience again, for I am too old to change my ways—but not for a million would I block out that time from my memory. In this day of bankruptcy laws, divorce courts, and friendships of little worth beyond the playing of golf and the selling of sealing wax—Telik perhaps was not such a terrible place, after all.

There was a retired Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire officer on the Naldera. He pointed out Bengan to me as we steamed up the coast to Douglasstown.

"Filthy place, Bengan—filthiest place in the world but one—Port Telik. It's about four miles to the south. Aden isn't in it with Telik. I was there once during the war. Most miserable hole on the face of the globe! They've got an oil flurry there now, but I wouldn't take the whole thing as a gift."

But, as Hambro said, it may have been dirty and flea-bitten, and it may have smelled; but it was ours and we liked it.

I left the Naldera at Naples and got a berth on the Conte Biancamano for New York.

There are only a few things more to be told here.

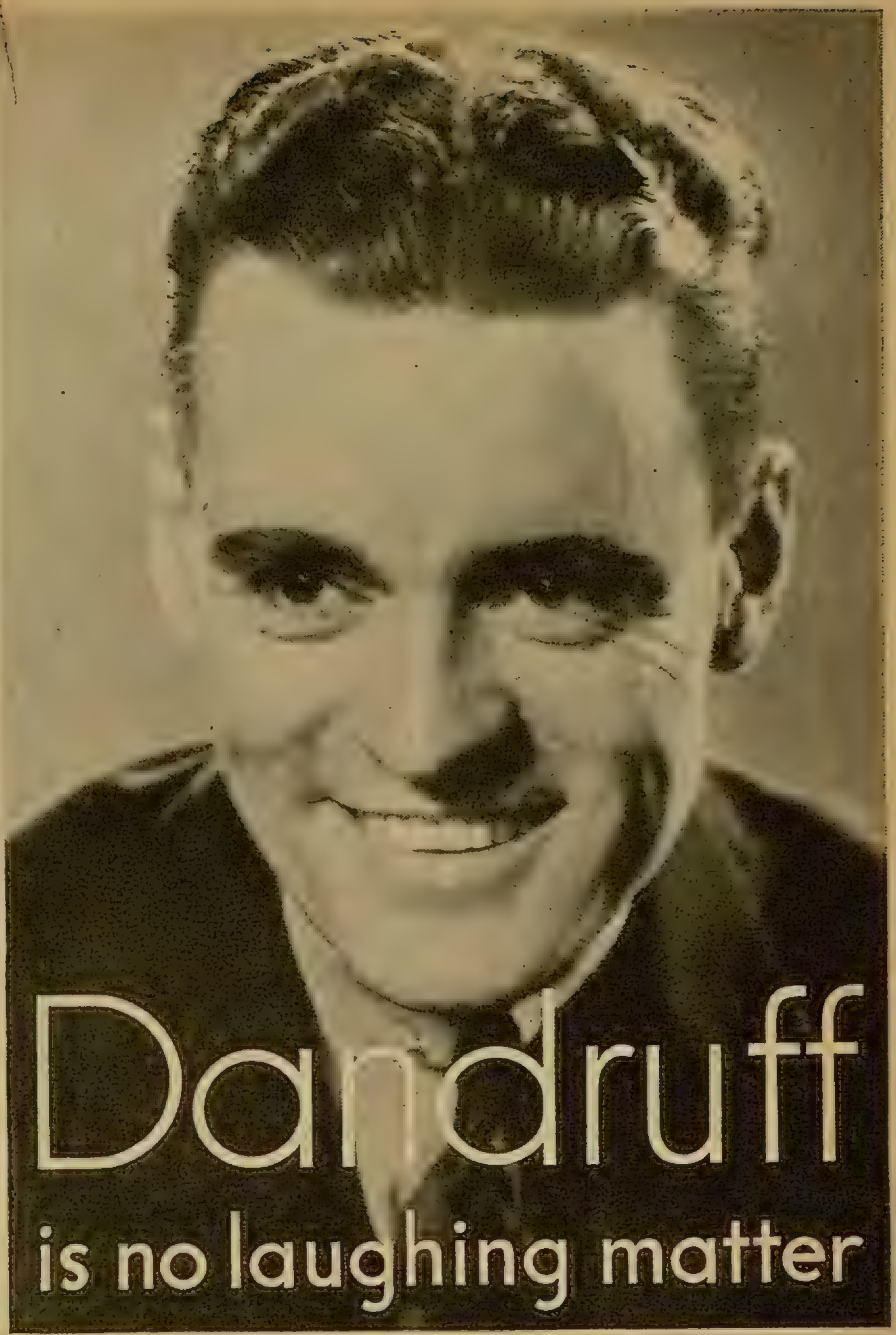
I had written Alayne from Ispallah and again from Naples. For a month I heard nothing. Then both of my letters came back to me with a stamp across their faces: "Address Unknown."

I may own a house some day—a great house in Westchester—with a membership in Wykagyl. I may have a wife and children who will never be able to believe that I was anything but J. D. Sargent—the man who made the money with which to buy them cars and send them to college. Perhaps I shall love them so dearly I won't care.

But no matter what I become, I'll always, in a corner of my mind, be a very frightened man who stood once behind a teak grill and killed another man with a gun, for the safety of a beautiful woman and the life of a friend. But only in a corner of my mind, because those things do not fit into the New York picture.

New York is prosaic and workaday, and I am a part of it at present. But still it comes over me at times in the subway when the air is thick and cottony and the crowds are jammed in hit or miss in the mad dash uptown toward chops and French-fried potatoes. That old threadbare fellow with an adventure magazine clutched lovingly in the crook of his arm—a twenty-dollar broker's clerk perhaps with a tiny spark of a rebellious soul which he must fan and nurse and keep alive with fiction or die himself. Suppose I touched his arm and said:

"My friend, here we are, you and I, in a 242d Street and Van Cortlandt Express, dressed in much the same way, with much the same aims in life—a roof, three meals, and a little pleasure. But there's something in your eyes that makes me think you'd give it all to be able to throw down your pen and take up a cutlass just for once—to be able to shout once into the teeth of the world, 'I am a man!' Well, it's a blow below the belt; but I'm in the same boat with you now, so it's below mine too. I've just come from a Trutex conference in which it was decided to use half tones instead of line cuts, and the slogan is to be 'Only Wool is all Wool.' But



Dandruff is not to be taken lightly . . . but the sleek and abundant head that avoids it certainly merits a continuous smile of satisfaction . . . And it is not difficult to keep free from common dandruff if you'll do these simple things . . . Avoid public combs . . . see to your general good health, because your hair reflects it . . . keep the scalp clean and stimulated with regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. Once a week before shampooing massage the Tonic liberally into the scalp; this softens and loosens any encrusted dandruff, and stimulates circulation. Between shampoos, keep the scalp clean with light applications of the Tonic directly to the scalp, and massage. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic in two sizes of convenient shaker-top bottles.

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC
40c
and
70c

•

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELINE when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., N. Y.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
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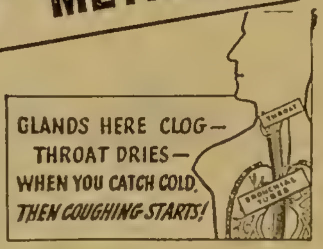


"Little Ann coughed so hard," says Mrs. Betty Kammerling, of Columbus, O. "Doctor said 'Pertussin.' The first spoonful soothed the irritation; in 3 days Ann's cough was completely gone!"

"Baby's Cough disappeared in 3 days," by "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD!

GLANDS HERE CLOG—THROAT DRIES—WHEN YOU CATCH COLD. THEN COUGHING STARTS!

When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands clog. Their secretions have changed in character. Throat dries. Sticky mucus collects. A tickling . . . then you cough! Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture. Thick phlegm is loosened. Then, relief—quickly! Safe, even for babies.

PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

In times like these . . . Sell a Practical Market

Eliminate dwellers in the wide open spaces, where it cost $3 to sell a $2 bill of goods.

Concentrate on families with incomes high enough to provide adequate—and immediate—purchasing power.

Then choose the medium that reaches this hand-picked market most effectively—economically—*profitably*.

Your advertising appropriation—per dollar spent—reaches more urban families with incomes of $2,000 and over in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

I was a man once, and I walked with men. But you'll probably find better stories in your magazine there, and this is my stop anyway. Good night."

Or sometimes, when the wind is off the Hudson and the breath of restlessness is in the air, signs fade from the steam-plumed roofs below my office window—"I. Cohen, Mirableu Hats"; "Kotzer & Blounz—Look for the Magic Lady Label"; "Red-Man Pipes? Herman Scholtzowitsky & Company"; "James Wymer, Girls' and Misses' Dresses, Principessa Slips"—and where they have been there is a broad expanse of hot sand with low houses crouching on the rim of it, with a few moth-eaten palms between them and the brazen sun. And there is the exquisite loveliness of a fine woman in my mind—the memory of something so splendid in my life that it does not matter somehow that I am a prisoner of commerce forevermore. . . .

"We're at the Shelley—Phil and I. Can you come up now?" She'd phoned my bank, my club, my apartment, and finally Sloan Wheelock.

Can I come up!

She was in gray—a soft breezy gray, with gray shoes and stockings; and Phil was beside her, most passably turned out and looking as if he'd never gone without a shave in his life.

I think I kissed her then and there, and I believe we danced a cancan in the lobby, with the theater inquiry clerk gaping at us on one side and the room clerks gaping on the other.

Presently Phil led me across to an elevator that shot us up some fifteen floors.

We were in his room and he was pushing pale-green slips of paper into my face and laughing.

"You wouldn't answer our letters, would you? You would make us cable Ispallah—you buzzard. Well, read that and tell us about it!"

"Not answer your letters! My God—I wrote to every address you gave me and the letters all came back!"

"Yes—I know all about that. But what about this?"

"What about what?"

"Read it!"

I read it—at ten o'clock in the morning on the fifteenth floor of the Shelley. It was a draft to my order for £13,000. And it was signed and countersigned by Lloyds' Bank in Telik. Ye gods—Lloyds' Bank in Telik!

I stared at that piece of paper till Greystone shoved another one under my nose—Hambro's letter to him:

> You wouldn't know Telik now, since Anglo Pet. took over the old operations. It's a town—I'm sure of it. We've got a cinema, and Mrs. Mumatz has raised her prices. I'm living at the new Chaldean, and I'm very, very important. The old leaseholds we held have been confirmed and I have split the first payments of Anglo Petroleum four ways: you, Alayne, Sargent, and me. Find Sargent and give him his. I always liked him.
>
> It is pleasant here, but I'm lonely. Why don't you come back for a while—all of you? But if you do—hurry! For, in spite of Sidi and Adgidi and young Furd, I can't stand much more. They will be putting up a statue to me next.
>
> I may go to England. More likely it will be Manchuria. Whatever it is, I should like to smoke a pipe and quaff a glass with you all again. Doug.

"Yes?" Phil asked me.

"Yes," I nodded.

So we shall see Telik again and I shall travel the long route again from nowhere to nowhere. But not alone this time!

Perhaps I'm wrong in chucking things this way—the Columbo sails on Thursday next, and we pick up the Moravia in Naples—I don't know.

All I know is that Alayne is near me once more, and I'm quite sure that for my small part that's all that counts—for "One way of life's as good's another, I guess. If you just take it right—that's all that counts."

THE END

GOOD BOOKS by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **I, CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR** by Upton Sinclair. Published by the author.

The defeated candidate from California tells an exciting story of what his opponents did to him to keep him out of office. Unfortunately this reviewer is unable to sympathize with Upton. He never wanted to see him governor. Sinclair should write novels and not run for office.

★ ★ ★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN** by Fred Walker. J. B. Lippincott Company.

This is a self-told adventure of a man who found there was still excitement to be had in the world. The sort of thing Liberty likes to publish in its fact serials.

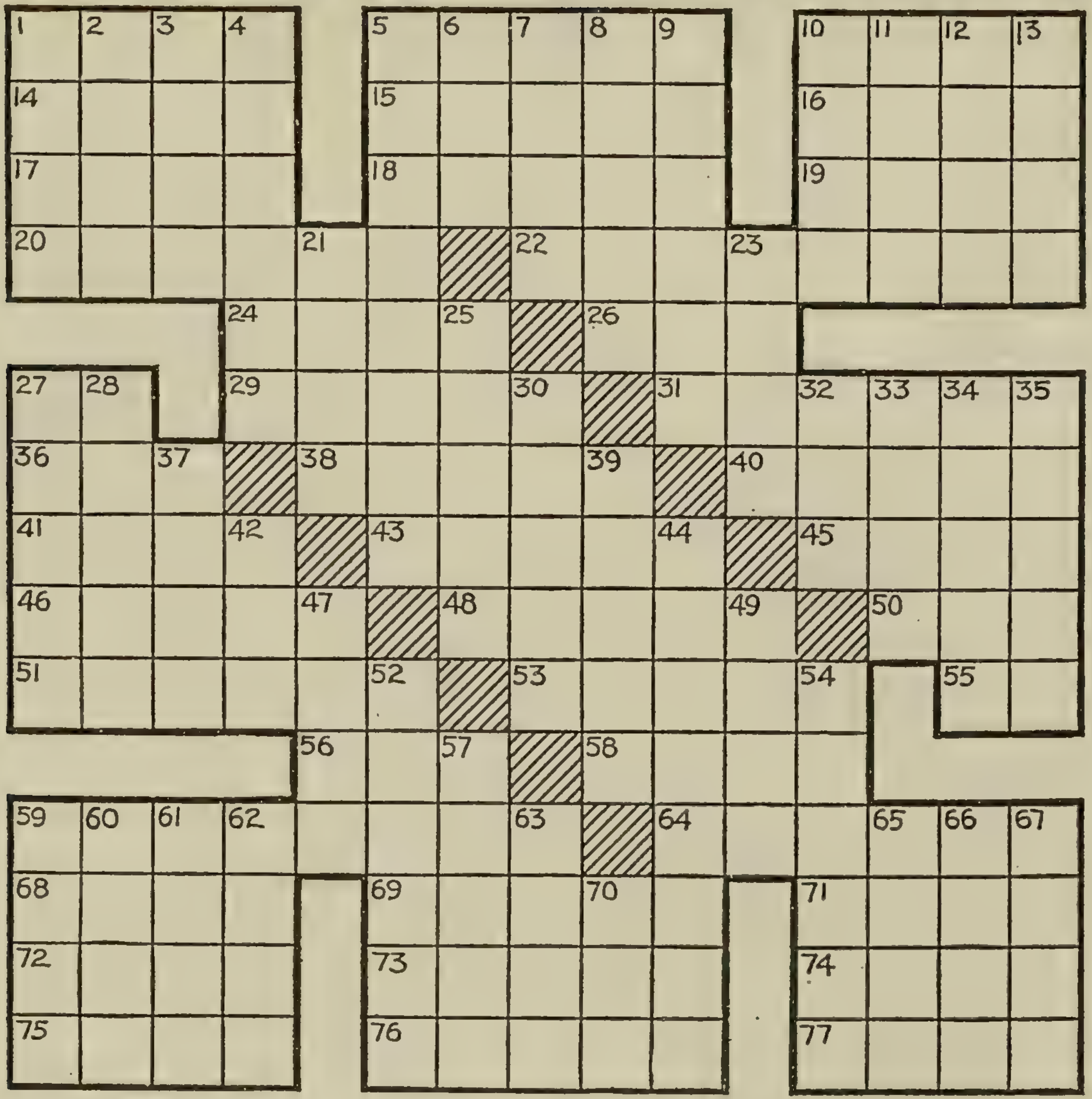
★ ★ ½ **HOMESTEAD** by Dale Eunson. Farrar & Rinehart.

A poignant dramatic novel about a young couple who attempted to escape family tyranny by homesteading in Montana in 1910. They find the earth anything but a good provider—in fact, a petulant and cruel mistress.

★ ★ **CRIMSON ICE** by Cortland Fitzsimmons. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A corking detective story.

CROSS WORDS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51 52 53 54 55
56 57 58
59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67
68 69 70 71
72 73 74
75 76 77

HORIZONTAL

1 One of a race of people of Europe
5 A thin metal plate or disk
10 Surrounded; in the midst of
14 Vein of ore
15 Cognizant
16 Any systematic body of law
17 An Arabian garment (pl.)
18 Implied or indicated
19 An assumed part
20 Small bird
22 Ragged
24 Open space about the base of a building
26 Measure of weight used in India
27 The symbol for an element
29 Of considerable magnitude
31 Feminine name
36 Disease or decay of plant tissues
38 Approaches
40 Free of superfluous words
41 A reed instrument
43 One who partakes of a particular meal
45 Couple
46 Man's moral and emotional nature (pl.)
48 Fresher
50 To move one way and the other
51 The cord of a musical instrument
53 A Spanish title
55 The symbol for an element
56 Craft

M	O	T	O	R	B	O	A	T		F	I	R	S	T
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R	E	■	H	E	L	L	■	■	G	I	N	■	N	S
E	A	T	E	N		T	H	O	■	C	O	R	N	S
S	T	U	N	T		Y	E	S	T	E	R	D	A	Y

Answer to last week's puzzle

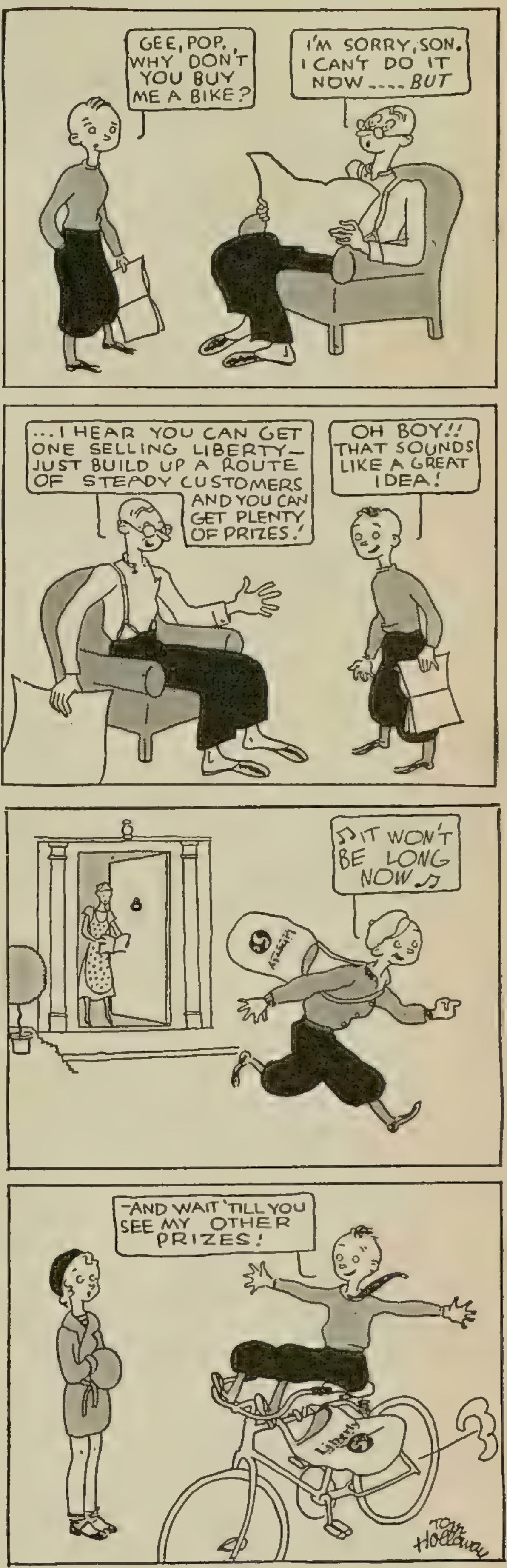
58 To love to excess
59 To excrete through pores
64 Poured forth, as wrath or grief
68 To border on
69 Island in the Mediterranean Sea
71 A fruit
72 Harmonize in color
73 An ant
74 A Biblical name
75 Appear to be
76 Garden implement
77 Torn

VERTICAL

1 A thin narrow bar
2 The gray wolf
3 Man's name
4 Pertaining to the Roman goddess of the hearth and its fire
5 Struck with a succession of light sounds
6 The ten-pounder
7 Peculiar ability to deal with others without offense
8 Silkworms
9 Produced or gained as clear profit
10 Measure of area
11 Native of an African country
12 Slothful
13 An act
21 Native name of a country in Asia
23 One of the gaits of a quadruped
25 Once repeated
27 Characterized by peevishness
28 An automaton
30 Predatory sea birds
32 Fabric with a ribbed or corded surface
33 An animal's stomach
34 Pertaining to a certain continent
35 Woolen fabric
37 To make an extended trip
39 Stitched
42 Priest in whose care Samuel was trained
44 Restore to freshness
47 To break sharply and suddenly
49 Fixed course, as of study
52 Soils
54 Extract or clarify by melting
57 To trample
59 Strikes lightly
60 Oil-yielding tree of Central America
61 Character of an old Germanic alphabet
62 Stalk
63 Town in Washington
65 Narrative
66 Kind of short jacket worn by women
67 Small hollow
70 Man's nickname

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"All things come to him who hustles while he waits"


GEE, POP, WHY DON'T YOU BUY ME A BIKE?
I'M SORRY, SON. I CAN'T DO IT NOW ---- BUT
...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY– JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES!
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!
IT WON'T BE LONG NOW
-AND WAIT 'TILL YOU SEE MY OTHER PRIZES!

Mail this coupon now! L. 3-9

Liberty Magazine, *Boy Sales Division*
1926 Broadway,
New York City, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and earn money and prizes.

NAME..............................AGE....

ADDRESS..............................

CITY........................STATE........

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

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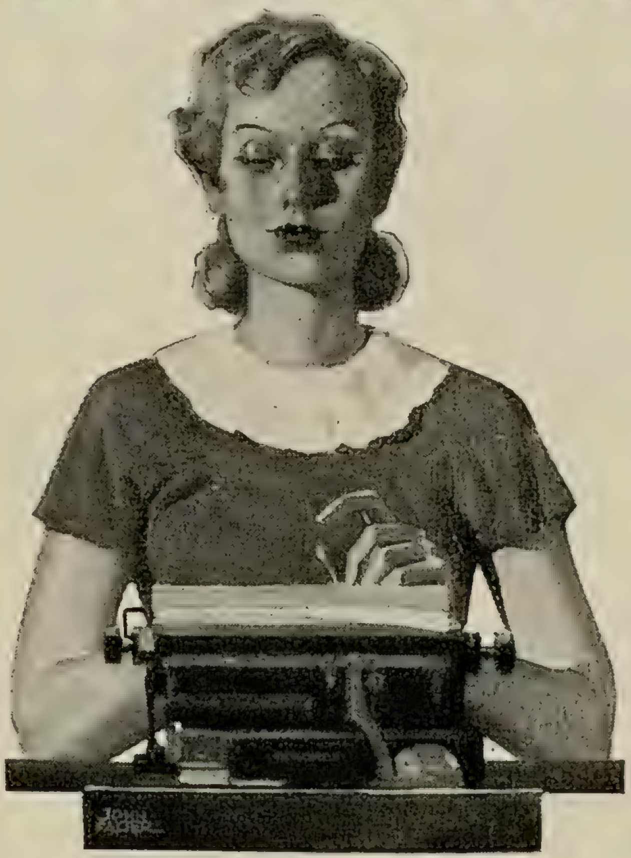
BRIGHT BOY

A Short Short Story

by

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE girl opened the door with a firm enough hand. But, once inside the office of Frederick Watson & Company, a shade of hesitance crossed her face, as if she were disturbed to find herself there.

A young woman, looking up from a typewriter, gave her a straight and wordless stare that asked, "What do you want?"

"I have come to apply for a position as stenographer," the girl said. "I have an appointment. I was to ask for a—a Mr. Anderson."

Without answering, the young woman turned, caught the eye of a man at a desk behind her, nodded, jerked her head slightly in the direction of the girl, and went back to her work.

He was not much older than the applicant, the man who rose in response to the nod. There was an easy charm about him as he walked forward, but no warmth in his voice as he inquired, "You are Miss Gerard, aren't you?"

During the length of time it took her to say, "Yes, I am Elizabeth Gerard," the two other men in the room made an appraisal of her. Their expressions were approving. But the look on Anderson's face as he took in shining hair, lovely eyes, a trim coat, and capable shoes was one of faint distaste.

"Sit down, Miss Gerard," he instructed, "and tell me, please, something about your training—and about your last job."

She was, it developed, a graduate of the Capital Business School, had worked for Bing and Bonfield, Inc., for six months, but had lost her position when they were forced to cut their staff in two. It was the new ones who went.

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON *lived for a number of years in Egypt—part of the time on the edge of the desert—but she says she prefers the noise of New York City. Mrs. Williamson is the author of a number of books and marionette plays for children.*

"They gave me a wonderful letter, though," she told him, and extended a folded sheet of paper.

Opening this, he glanced through it. "Answers the questions as to speed and accuracy," he remarked, "and also the matter of place of residence."

"Oh, yes"—a little breathlessly—"I live so near I couldn't help being prompt."

"I see," he said. "Now, if you don't mind, I'll give you some dictation."

Seated opposite her, he composed a typical business letter, his words droning out in a half-bored monotone. Then he directed her to a typewriter, returned to his desk, and became so absorbed there that on her low murmur, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Anderson—I've finished," he started slightly, as if he'd forgotten her.

"You're quick," he admitted, but his tone was cold. And as his eyes ran over the typed page there was no approval in them of her perfect work.

It must be submitted to Mr. Meggs, the department head, she learned. The decision lay with him. She was to wait.

Anderson left the room and entered the sanctum of his boss.

The middle fifties rested heavily on John Meggs. Through thick lenses his gaze darted among the tabulated items of a vast report, but left them as he jerked out irritably:

"Well, Anderson, what is it now?"

"A girl applying for that job of stenographer."

What age was she, about? Meggs wanted to know. What was her speed? How did she lose her last place?

Did she live out in the sticks somewhere, like that last girl, so every snowstorm would hold her up?

This flurry of questions answered, Anderson handed him the typed sheet and the letter of recommendation. His comment on both was a single grunt. He leaned back in his chair, pushed his glasses up on his forehead, and rasped:

"Well, how do you size her up?"

"My hunch is, we'd better look a little further, Mr. Meggs."

"It is, eh? Why?"

"This girl—" Anderson hesitated.

"Well, get on with it!"

"She hasn't had the length of experience you've always made a strong point of. And more than that, I think she's—a shade too pretty."

"You do, huh? And what's the matter with pretty girls?"

"They're spoiled. They loaf. They're likely to be husband-hunters. Besides, a pretty girl's always looking for a raise."

"She ought to have it," Meggs snapped, "if she deserves it."

"Don't you want to see her yourself, chief?" Anderson asked.

"No, I don't. No time."

The thick glasses were replaced. From somewhere behind the report sheet came the head's pronouncement: "I'll have to reverse your hunch, Anderson. Tell her she's hired. Twenty a week. Five dollars raise after a month if she's up to sample. She's to report tomorrow at nine."

When this was transmitted to the girl outside, she said simply:

"Thank you, Mr. Anderson," and left the office.

AT one minute past five Anderson left. At seven minutes past five he had mounted two flights of stairs and was knocking three times on an apartment door.

At seven and a quarter minutes past five the door had opened and Elizabeth Gerard was in his arms.

"Darling!" he cried. "So you landed it. Swell! With your twenty to go to your mother, we can be married any day now. You're getting a bright boy, hon. I slammed you to Meggsy. Ever since I caught the old boy up in a bad mistake, anything I advise is sure to be *dead wrong*."

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

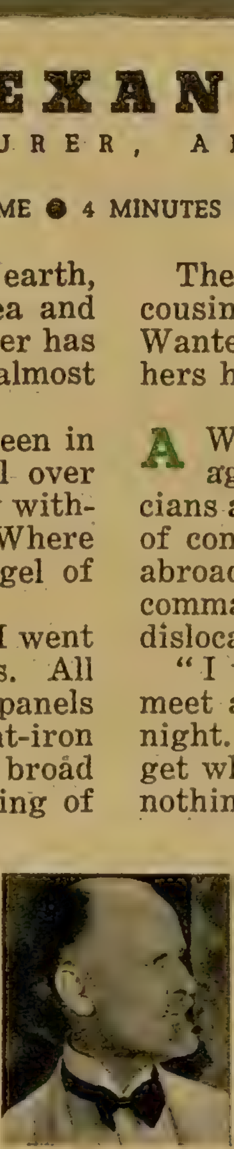
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

FORTY-FIVE years of travel to the ends of the earth, hundreds of thousands of miles by land and sea and air—yet Burton Holmes tells me the nearest he ever has come to danger was one time in London when he almost fell out of a taxicab.

"Never been shipwrecked," he said. "Never been in a railroad accident or a motor smash. Been all over Europe, Asia, and Africa for nearly half a century without ever seeing a revolution, a robbery, or a riot. Where I go nothing violent happens. I must be an angel of peace."

I wish you could see his New York apartment. I went crazy over the Oriental fabrics, ceramics, carvings. All the radiators are boxed with magnificent lacquered panels from old Siamese opium beds. . . . Wrought-iron flower shapes from China in silhouette against broad windows of frosted glass. . . . A Japanese ceiling of carved and painted wood.



BURTON HOLMES

Writer, lecturer, international authority on travel, Burton Holmes has a lot to tell about Japan. He likes it there. Says the young Japanese now are growing to be about an inch taller than their elders, since Japanese kids have been taught to sit on benches at school instead of squatting on the floor.

Before he visits a new country Mr. Holmes always puts in a few weeks at a school to pick up a smattering of the language. He thinks the old Convento Cappuccini at Amalfi is the world's most romantic hotel for honeymooners.

His complete name, by the way, is Elias Burton Holmes.

ON this page some weeks ago I launched an informal investigation of broken engagements. Said I wanted to find out who breaks them and why. Answering letters come to me by every mail. It is still too early to reach a conclusion, but here is how the score seems to stand at present: Engagements broken because of money trouble, 15 per cent . . . Because the boys backed out, 25 per cent . . . Because the girls changed their minds (for a wide variety of reasons), 60 per cent. I'll know more next week.

THE following incident occurred last summer, but I think it is fresh enough to get away with being a little tardy. I've just heard about it from some one quite close to the lady involved. What happened was this:

A cousin of King George of England came to see New York. She's called the Duchess of Athlone. Her American hostess offered to show her through one of our swell department stores. "Take me," said the duchess firmly, "to So-and-so's"—and she named an exceedingly democratic emporium where the aisles are almost always jammed with the bargain-hunting proletariat.

The New York lady was surprised. Then the king's cousin explained. Said she wanted to buy a brassière. Wanted one exactly like the kind some English friend of hers had purchased at *that* department store.

A WOMAN of my acquaintance came up the other day against that odd simplicity of mind for which musicians are noted. She received a phone call from a pianist of considerable fame—a man she had known quite well abroad, and who had just arrived here from Europe. His command of the English language is extensive but rather dislocated.

"I wish you please help me," he said. "Yesterday I meet a lady who invite me for dinner at her house tonight. I forget her name, I forget where she live, I forget what time she say come for dinner. But all that is nothing. I wish you tell me should I wear plain Tuxedo or full-dress suit?"

SALUTE the ladies of Falls City, Nebraska. Thirty years ago a local widow came to them asking for work as a laundress. She had six children to support, a mortgage to pay off. The ladies employed her. For thirty years she has done their washing, educated her children, made payments on her mortgage. Now she is sixty-eight years old, and the ladies of Falls City have held a reception in her honor. They are proud of her as a townswoman of character. Her paid-off mortgage was burned with appropriate ceremony at the party they gave her.

Wasn't that a fine idea for a party? Doesn't it make you feel pretty sure that American democracy is still worth its keep?

DUMB travel is out of date. It's stylish now to be informed about the locale of your winter vacation. Smart tourists bound for California read Bret Harte and Stewart Edward White (and Beverly Hills!). To Florida pilgrims I recommend A. Hyatt Verrill's book, Romantic and Historic Florida. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHESTNUT croquettes for dessert. With apricot sauce. They are favored highly by the gourmets, and here's how you make them:

Peel and blanch 2 pounds Italian chestnuts. Cook in sugar syrup with plenty vanilla. Keep 12 chestnuts whole. Force rest through sieve and dry the resulting purée over quick flame. Into purée beat 5 yolks raw eggs and 1 tablespoon butter. Mold purée into 12 balls with 1 whole chestnut in center of each. Coat with dry bread crumbs, fry in deep fat, drain well.

When served, pass around a bowl of thick apricot sauce flavored with kirsch.

WILD as a HAWK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

CYNTHIA CARSON, red-haired, big-hearted, and lazy, is a young divorcee living in Los Angeles. From her letters to various persons we discover that she has agreed to take a cut in alimony from her ex-husband, Roger, to help him out while his second wife, Eunice, is having a baby; that she has—as she informs her girl friend Zellah—gone places with Ray Garden, a big-shot movie producer, while his wife was in Honolulu; and that she is extremely fond of her mother and her small niece, even to sending $200 to enable her brother to send his little girl to the country after an attack of measles.

At Arrowhead Lake Cynthia meets Esme Corber, a Garden screen star, and Count Berrier. She writes to her friend, Gladys Haligan, to bring her her best clothes. Her next letter to Ray informs him of how snippy Esme was to Gladys, and in it Cynthia asks if Ray can't find a small part for her in some of his coming pictures. He ignores her request.

Back in Los Angeles Cynthia meets Bruce MacDougal, famous Scotch author engaged to write a picture for Esme. Cynthia is fascinated by him. At a dinner in his apartment she encounters Cara Breslin, who had known Bruce in London. Cara, perfect, polished, beautiful, makes Cynthia feel ill at ease and wistfully wishful for the same traits.

Answering a note sent by Ray from New York, she declares that a gossip-column announcement of the engagement of Bruce and Cara is false—she has a note from Bruce saying so. Immediately after this Bruce invites her to an opening night, followed by dancing. She is wildly enthusiastic about the evening and confesses to Zellah that she is madly in love.

Cara calls on her and persuades her to take up tennis. Cynthia, puzzled but charmed, drops a note to Bruce asking if he can tell the reason for Cara's kindness.

PART FOUR—"IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING . . ."

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

Your note received. You are really very sweet but—why didn't you stop when you passed the tennis courts and saw us playing? I would have been flustered to death to have any one watch me play but I would have been glad to see you just the same. Miss Breslin plays like a whiz but I'm just a dub. I suppose that sooner or later I will learn, or at least improve a little.

I didn't know that Mrs. Garden had gone to the Orient. That's one I missed in the chatter columns. If you're perfectly certain that your house is empty all day long and that we won't disturb anybody, it would be a pleasure to use your court. You're very kind to offer it. And per your suggestion we will also use your pool. I'm sure Miss Breslin will prefer it to the hotel.

You may have disbelieved your eyes when you first saw me actually engaged in taking exercise. It's become quite a habit of mine. It's that British influence. By that I mean Cara Breslin's British influence, as you no doubt hear enough about your writers to know that I don't see too much of Bruce MacDougal. He's never cared about me, you know, and I don't blame him. I'm satisfied if he's just willing to see me when there's nothing else to do. But I won't go into that.

Thanks, Ray, for the court and for everything else.

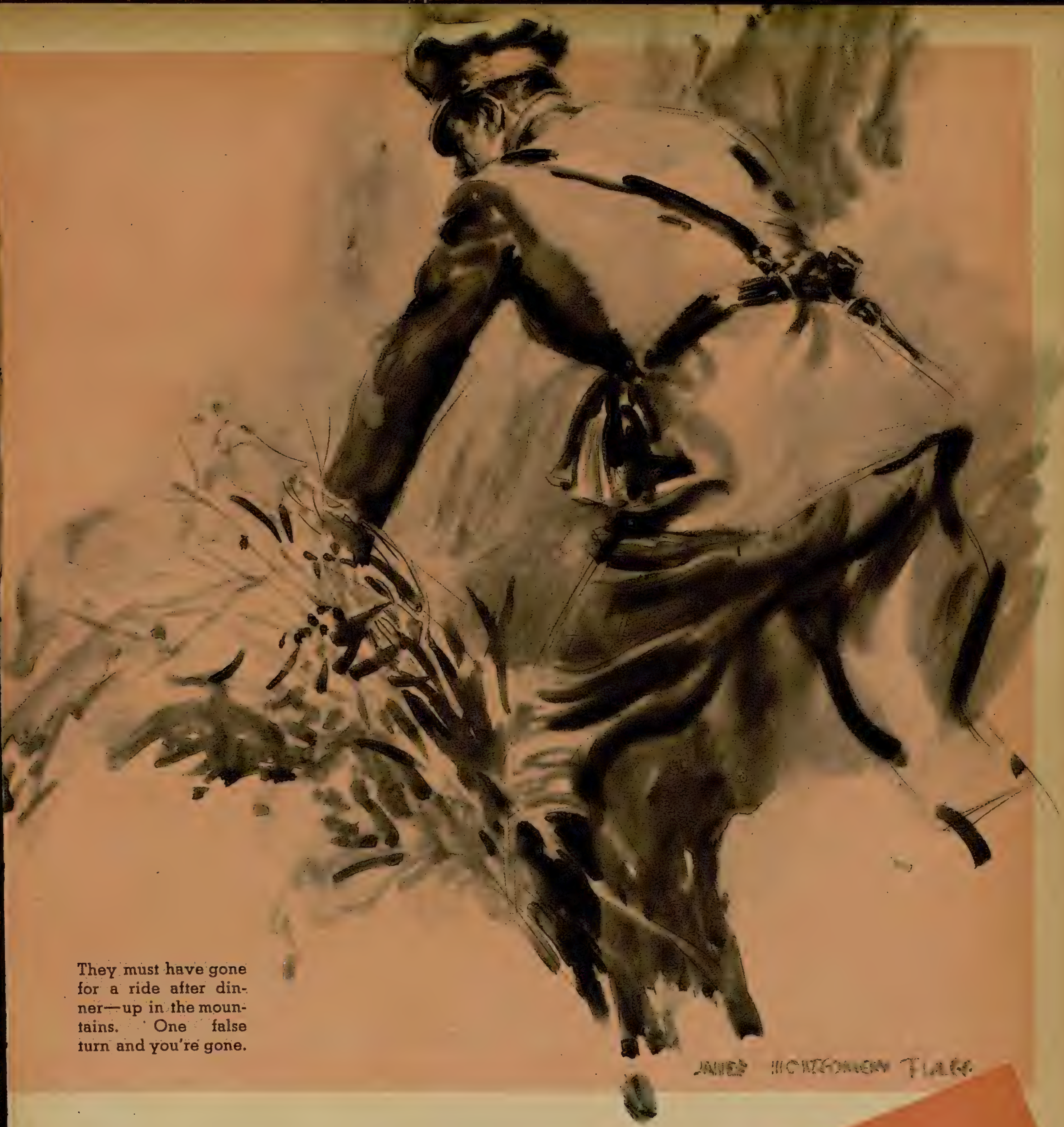
Always, C.

A moon, a man, and a motor ride leave Cynthia in a glow of romance:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

Two hours ago you brought me up to this door and said good night to me, and here I am writing to you because I cannot sleep for thinking of you. This is the kind of letter that I know you hate to get from me. You have not



They must have gone for a ride after dinner—up in the mountains. One false turn and you're gone.

said so, but I know. You are so highly civilized that you wince at a display of emotion. You are as appalled at a show of feeling as you would be if I turned nudist and paraded unclothed down Hollywood Boulevard. You are shocked because I have no more pride than a gypsy woman. But at least I do not cling to you when we are together, nor ask anything of you.

But I must write to you. There is a soft warm breeze coming through my window. There is a moon and I can think of nothing but you. When you drove me home just now from the theater I wanted to go on riding but I did not dare to ask. You would have been obliging, but perhaps you would have never asked me out again. I do not dare to be the pest in person that I am in my letters. You would not have cared to drive down the ocean front with me. The moon on the waves, the sweet night air, and the silence would have meant nothing to you with me beside you.

by VIÑA DELMAR

Now Tragedy Strikes, and a New, Poignant Note Enters This Novel of Love and Tangled Lives in Hollywood

You need not have made love to me. You never have and you never will. I should have been contented just to hear you talk. To be with you is enough.

I had such a nice time this evening, Bruce. When you called so unexpectedly and asked me out, I could scarcely believe it had happened. Just fifteen minutes to dress. I was so excited that I wasted five minutes looking for a dress that was at the cleaner's. I was too mad with excitement to think. It was lovely of you to ask me. When I sit beside you in a theater or across from you in a restaurant I am happier than any human being has a right to be. I am an incurable miracle hunter, Bruce. I go on looking for the moment when it will all come out just like a movie. It won't, though, and that's just as well, for I am not the kind of person that you are. I am not fine and strong and marked for glory. God doesn't know I'm alive. He knows about you, though, and some fine day He will send you a bride all shimmery with glamour.

Cast of Characters

Cynthia Carson, a Hollywood divorcee.
Roger, her ex-husband.
Eunice, his second wife.
Zellah Ferguson, Cynthia's girl friend.
Gladys Haligan, another friend.
Ray Garden, a big-shot movie producer.
Cynthia's mother.
Her brother and his wife, Helena.
Cookie, their child.
Esme Corber, a Garden screen star.
Count Berrier, a Hollywood hanger-on.
Bruce MacDougal, famous Scottish author.
Cara Breslin, his friend from London.

The people downstairs are playing their radio. They are playing something that makes me very sad. I don't know what it is called, but it makes me think of many things that at the moment I would sooner forget. I think of Roger, whose new wife is going to have a baby for him. I think of Cara, who I am very sure left London just to be near you. I think of me here alone and you there alone, and I sit in the moonlight and cry, for I am filled with self-pity.

I am going to try again to get to sleep. Aren't you glad?

Good night, Bruce.
Yours, CYNTHIA.

What's a girl friend for—if not to confide in when you're in love?

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

It looked for a while there as though you weren't going to write at all. Your letter came this morning, bless its little heart. I thought maybe you'd given up writing.

There was also a letter from my mother. She is away at a farm with Cookie, but of course brother must have told Harry about it. She seems to be very happy up there, only Cookie isn't the kind that tans, unfortunately, and she got a bit of sunburn and my mother's going nuts about it. She's afraid of the remarks that Helena will pass when they get home. Of course the burn will be better by then, but mother hadn't thought of that when she wrote.

If I were there Cookie would come home with the world's best tan and knock Helena for a loop. I'd smear her with the goo that the girls use out here—a neat mixture of mineral oil and iodine. I'm only telling you, remember, not recommending it. It might do terrible things to your face in time. I wouldn't know, but the beach brigade use it here and look very fetching indeed.

I have been playing tennis with Cara Breslin, you'll be astonished to hear. She is a very swell person. You'd like her. I hope some day you'll meet her. We are playing on Ray Garden's court. He has a beautiful place. The court is just set down in the midst of a flower garden and it is simply lovely. I feel great. I think maybe the tennis is good for me.

A few nights ago I went to the theater with Bruce. We saw a dreadful show but that didn't matter in the least to me. He is so grand, Zellah, I wish I could give you some idea of what he's like. He isn't the sort you have to be in love with to see anything in him. You could go right on being crazy mad about Harry and still appreciate Bruce's smile, his way of talking, and his wonderful personality. He knows everything in the world and has such new and different viewpoints on people and countries and books and everything.

He is so nice and I know that he is worried what to do about me. I am sure he suspects that I'm in love with him and he can't make up his mind whether it would be kinder to drop me completely or to see me occasionally. He is so sweet to me. I suppose if I were decent I would solve his problem for him by just dropping out of the scene, but I can't do it. Life would be so dull without him that I think I'd just curl up and sleep till it was time to die. I don't see him often, but just the realization that he is here and that any minute might bring word from him gives a note of joyful expectancy to the most unpromising day.

After he brought me home the other night I wrote him a little note telling him what a nice evening I'd had. When he got it the next morning he telephoned and said that he'd had a nice evening, too. He is so charming. Cara is giving a party next week and if I don't see him before then I will see him at her party. The fact that I will see him next week will keep me singing and happy all the days between.

I suppose I could devote a little space in my letter to you. I was glad to hear that things are picking up so nicely for Harry. I know that is a wonderful firm for any one who shows ability.

I think you should go see about your teeth. They may be causing the headaches. Or maybe it's your eyes. Did you have them checked?

Is that enough space devoted to you? Can I go back now to talking about Bruce? I just wanted to tell you that when he finishes his contract here he is going clear around the world. Only fancy a trip like that. I wish I were going. I've heard of people going around the world before, but somehow it never has sounded quite so exciting. I guess, though, that if he said he was going down to Santa Monica for a swim my eyes would fairly bulge. You know most people are interesting for the things they have done. It's just the opposite with Bruce. The things that he has done are interesting because he has done them. Could that be? Or is it love? God help me, I guess it's love. I'm a little foolish or a bit "tetched in the haid" or something, but I'm happy. I'll see him at Cara's party if I don't see him before.

I wish I could see you. Why don't you sell the vacuum cleaner or the icebox or something and come out here? Of course those are just idle words. I know you and Harry would droop and die if you were separated.

Well, I guess that's all for now.
Love to you and Harry.
Always, CYNTHIA.

An old friend—perhaps not a good one—makes way for a new love:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR GLADYS:

We made up once after we'd had a little difficulty about this sort of thing, but we're not going to make up again if you don't get that Madrigal person off my trail. He's called up here about six times, and you can't plead innocence, because right off the bat he sold you out. He told me the first time he called that he was a friend of yours and that you had given him my number. I know that he means a lot to Pat's income, but just remember that I don't give a damn about Pat or his income. I want you to take that man off my trail. The Americans have a word for you—don't bother about the Greeks.

I am good and mad, because I never gave you any reason to ticket me as a push-over. The town is full of girls you could have substituted when the goof said he wanted to meet me. If you had been a real friend you would have told him that I wasn't easy. He would have forgotten me immediately.

You used to be a nice girl, Gladys, but I don't think I care about you any more. You've got a fine reputation around town now and

(Continued on page fifty-eight.)

Beginning the 4th Million

We offer the Frigidaire '35 • Sixteen beautiful new models • All with the Super Freezer • And economy of operation that means real savings every month

Today three million Frigidaires have been built and the manufacture of the 4th million has begun. Throughout the world Frigidaire has set the standard for efficient refrigeration and brought a higher plane of living into millions of homes.

Now we present the Frigidaire '35 with the famous Super Freezer—sixteen beautiful models that represent further new standards of convenience, usefulness and value. Every model provides a *complete refrigeration service* of five essential things—all made possible by the Super Freezer—all necessary if your electric refrigerator is to give complete satisfaction.

There's all the cold you need—*and the right kinds of cold.* Dry, frosty cold below 50° for food on the shelves. Special cold storage for a reserve supply of ice cubes. Moist, reviving cold to keep vegetables crisp and fresh. Near-zero cold for meats, ice cream and other foods that you want to keep below freezing. More ice-making power and faster freezing—even when the mercury climbs for new records.

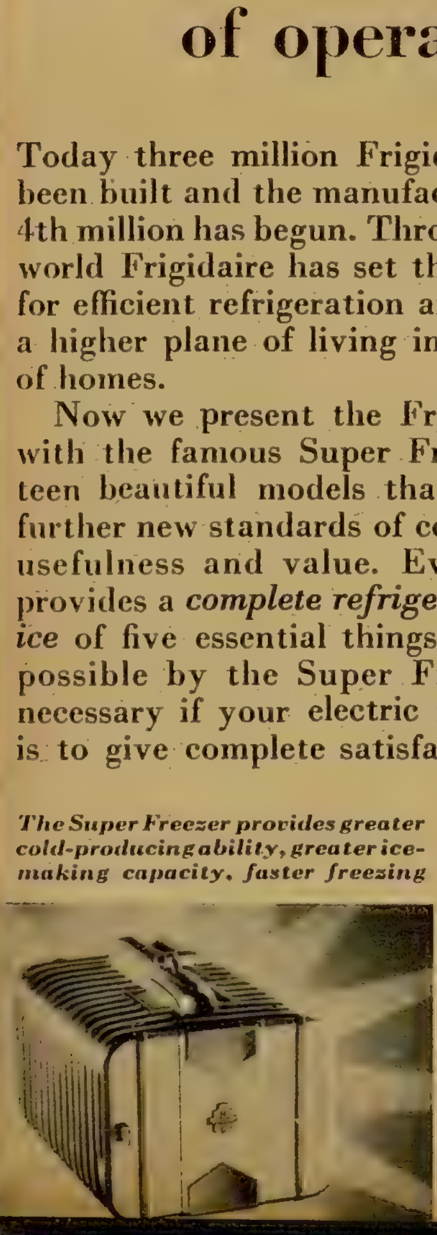
There's greater economy, too. The Super Freezer is so remarkably efficient that you will be pleased with the low operating cost.

And the Frigidaire '35 brings you still other advantages. It delivers ice trays into your hands at the touch of a finger. It starts automatically when defrosting is completed. It provides more room for tall bottles. But to appreciate fully these new standards of refrigeration, you must see the Frigidaire '35 for yourself. It's now on display.

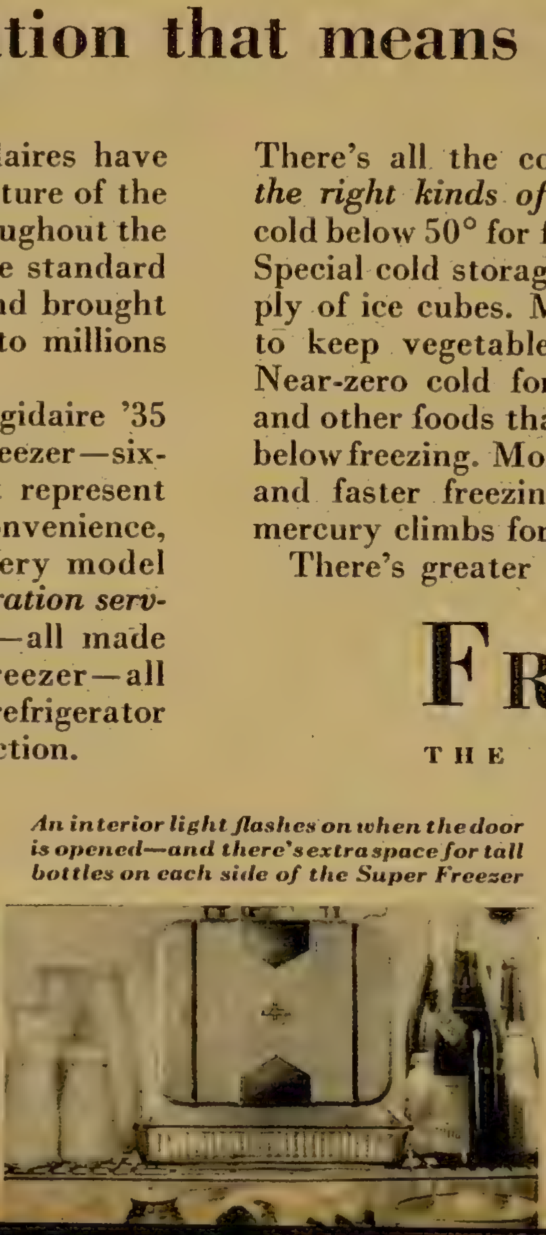
FRIGIDAIRE '35

THE GENERAL MOTORS REFRIGERATOR

The Super Freezer provides greater cold-producing ability, greater ice-making capacity, faster freezing

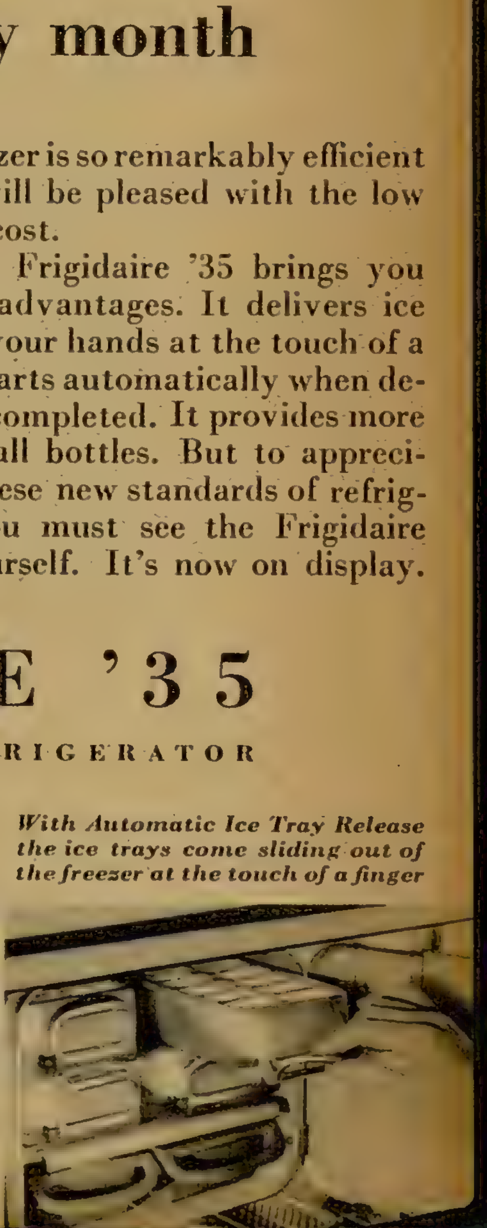


An interior light flashes on when the door is opened—and there's extra space for tall bottles on each side of the Super Freezer



The Frigidaire '35 has an automatic reset defrosting switch. It turns itself on automatically when defrosting is completed

With Automatic Ice Tray Release the ice trays come sliding out of the freezer at the touch of a finger



(Continued from page fifty-six) if you had any sense you'd quit catering to Pat's friends.

CYNTHIA.

Cynthia displays her generosity and helps a rival make her party a success:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR CARA:

I was over to your house but your maid said you were at Mrs. Bingham's house. That is an unlisted phone, and I can't see myself crashing into Mrs. Bingham's luncheon. Hence the messenger boy.

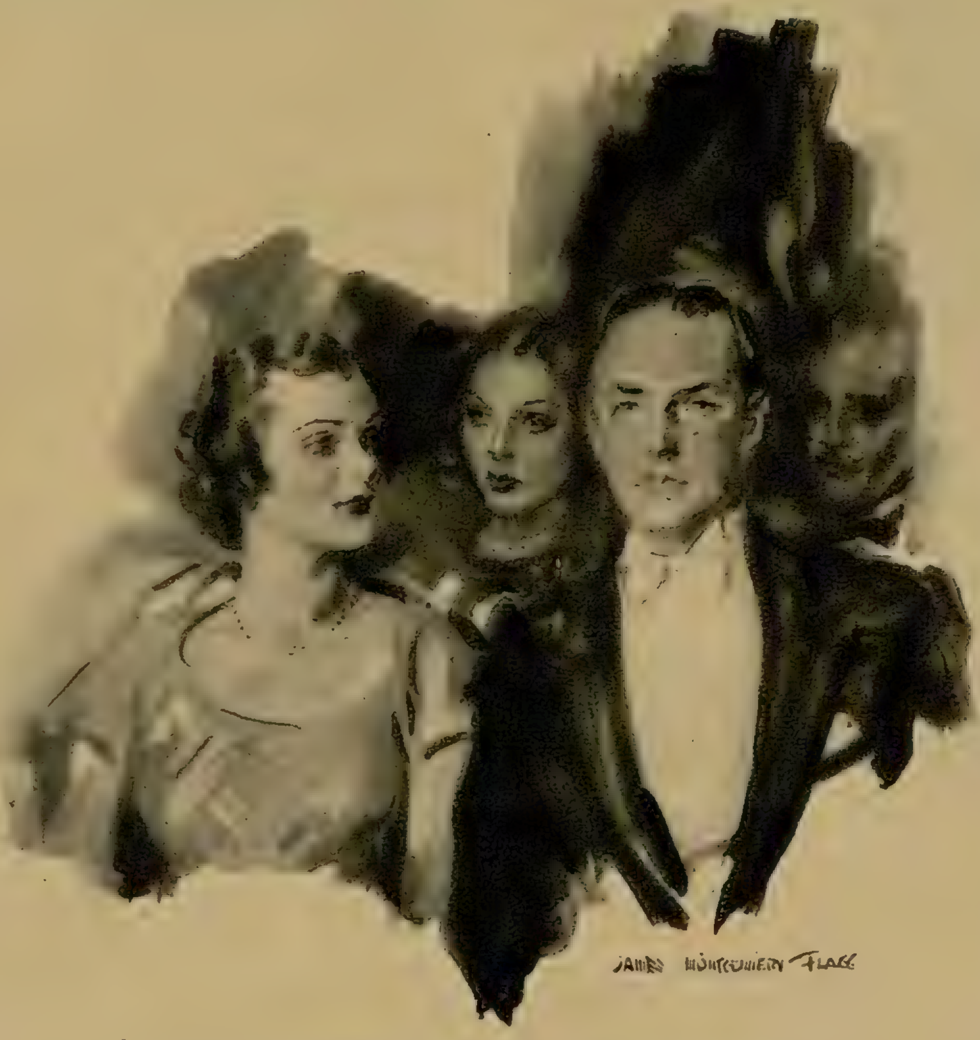
I went down to look at the perfume for your party favors as I said I would do. The small bottles of Glamour are beautifully done and I know the ladies would like them. They run fifteen dollars a bottle. Now this is why I hasten word to you: If that is what you want you must order them this afternoon as they have to get them from the warehouse.

Also I want to add that I am sorry that I mentioned the perfume at all. I know you think it is horribly ostentatious to give such a thing as Glamour for favors and are only doing it because I suggested it and you don't want to hurt my feelings. You won't hurt them.

Well, that's all. Thanks for letting me help you with your party preparations. I love doing it and I'll be more circumspect from now on.

We'll have sandwiches filled with cheese instead of with slices of lapis lazuli.

CYNTHIA.



When I sit beside you in a theater I am happier than any human being has a right to be.

A former admirer keeps a melancholy eye on Cynthia from offstage:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

You do always look on the dark side of everything, don't you? I'm not ill. The reason why we haven't been using your court is that Cara is giving a party Thursday night and I am helping her fly hither and yon for this and that. Your gardener keeps watch on me, I notice, and reports when I've missed a day or two.

No, I'm perfectly all right. If I were any better I couldn't stand it.

I do wish that you had met Cara so that you would have been invited to her party. I am always glad to get a look at you, too. It makes me happy when I see you looking well.

Yours, C.

Cynthia tries to turn the thrill of anticipation into the happiness of reality:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

Cara quite nonchalantly dropped the remark today that you were calling for me to take me to her party. Did you know that you were? I thought I had better find out, for it would be too terrible to sit here waiting all evening while the party was going on.

I do hope that it is true. I can't imagine anything better than going to Cara's with you. And you will look so nice with my new black dress.

Will you telephone and let me know whether you are coming for me or not? Maybe it's true and maybe it's just an exciting rumor. How is a girl to know?

I think I should get the blue ribbon for this letter. It doesn't sound neurotic at all, does it?

Yours, CYNTHIA.

P.S. You will call for me, won't you, Bruce? There isn't any one else I'd want to take me. The whole evening will be spoiled if I can't go with you. I love you.

Her letter to Zellah sounds a cry of despair in a world robbed of love:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

It's four o'clock in the morning. I've been drinking all night and I don't seem to feel it at all. If I don't write to you or do something I'll go crazy. I know I will. By the time you get this letter you will know all about it. Maybe you know already. I can hardly realize it's really happened. Just imagine, they are dead. Both of them. It's the first time any one I knew has gone like that. And that it should be Bruce and Cara. They were so alive, so wonderful. Oh, Zellah, if only you were here! I can't bear it. There's no one I can call on to see this night through with me.

They must have been somewhere together. I don't know where, but they were in dress clothes. They must have gone for a ride after dinner and missed the road. They were up in the mountains. He wasn't familiar with them. You're on narrow mountain roads here before you know it. One false turn and you're gone. I can picture them falling, turning over and over. I wonder if they were in any pain before the end came.

It's so dreadful. He was so strong and he had everything in the world to live for. So had she—but I loved him. It isn't fair. Dreadful people go on living and he must die. Why did God make a man so perfect only to throw him crushed and broken into one of His God-forsaken canyons? Why did they have to come thousands of miles to die? It's all so terrible.

I was in the Brown Derby, having a cup of coffee and a sandwich after I had been to the pictures all alone. Some people I know came in and told me. I don't know how I got home. Maybe they brought me here. I can't remember.

I keep picturing them in their dress clothes. They were so alive, so magnificent, and now they're dead. Violently dead. That's all I can think of. The car turning over and over. There's nothing I can do. It's too late for anybody to do anything.

I've called Ray Garden's house. He isn't home. There's nothing he could do anyway. Bruce is dead. I can't believe that he is gone forever. If I shut my eyes maybe all the sights and sounds of this awful night will go away. But when I shut my eyes I can see the car turning over and over as it falls. He was made to die while he was young and handsome and the world was at his feet. It isn't fair. Life is without reason or pattern. I always suspected it. Now I know it. He loved to ride and sing and he was so happy. Why couldn't I have died instead?

I'm going out. I can't stay here. I'll go mad picturing them lying there on the rocks. They fell a thousand feet. The car must have turned over and over. He was so wonderful and he had so much to live for. I can't believe he's gone.

I'm going back to the Derby. Maybe I can meet some one who'll talk to me. Maybe the waiters will talk to me. I'd give anything to see you walk through this door. But maybe you're dead, too. Nothing could amaze me now, nor could I find another tear. Please write to me. I'm going out now. I wish I need never come back.

CYNTHIA.

A casual account of her life tragedy goes from Cynthia to her mother:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR MOTHER:

I was very sorry to get brother's wire this morning and to know that you had been worried about me. I hadn't realized that I had let so much time slip by without either of you hearing from me. I am perfectly fine, of course, as I said in my telegram. You needn't have worried. I was just lazy about writing.

Maybe you happened to read in the papers that Mr. MacDougal (you know the writer I told you about) was killed in an automobile accident. That's all the news there is around here. Cara Breslin was killed with him. I guess I hadn't mentioned Cara to you. She was a very nice girl. They were both killed instantly. Cara was going to give a party. The accident happened just the night before. A policeman found them.

I hope you and Cookie enjoyed the farm and that it did you both a great deal of good.

Love to you and the family, mother dear.

Always your loving daughter,
CYNTHIA.

Cynthia returns a clasp of friendship a continent away:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

Your letters have been wonderful. I can't thank you enough for them. I know how pressed for time you are, and I appreciate what it means to you to sit down and write almost every day. You are a pal. You haven't groused once about not getting any answer.

Zellah, I've been through hell. I'm not sure I'm ever going to be right again. For nights after the accident I couldn't sleep. I'd think about Bruce and Cara till I was nearly insane. I'd try to read and the print would all go haywire. I couldn't do anything but wander around the apartment and smoke cigarettes and cry and wonder what it's all for. I'm better now.

You can't guess what days are like when they have no pattern. Ray Garden phoned a lot of times but I asked him to stop. He's like my mother—nagging me for my own good. He asks

SOMEWHERE, some one would be happy to hear your voice. Perhaps it's a boy at school, a convalescent friend a husband traveling, or a mother back home and lonely. Call while you're thinking of them. It's easy and inexpensive. After 8:30 P.M. you can talk about 75 MILES for 35c;* 150 MILES for 50c;* 275 MILES for 75c.*

Why not try it tonight?

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✓ nervous
✓ pale

then don't gamble

with your body

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If your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

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S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

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foolish questions. Why don't I do this or that? I don't want to do this or that. I'm the only one that can see it doesn't make any difference what happens to me. So now nobody phones.

I did not pooh-pooh your suggestion that I come home, dear, but I must say that it is quite impossible. I don't look awfully well and I don't want my mother to see me. Too, I'm just so jittery that I wouldn't be able to act human.

Time heals everything, I guess, but while the wound is open nobody wants to look at it. I must be glad that at least I knew Bruce. I wish you had known him.

Don't worry about me, Zellah. I will get a grip on things again, I suppose. It's just that I've had such a shock, such a terrible shock. I feel so disorganized. My little world was built around Bruce and Cara. She kept me active, he kept me dreaming, and now it's all finished. But I'll be all right. Truly I will.

Love to you and Harry,

CYNTHIA.

What's a little cut in alimony when the whole world's wrong?

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR ROGER:

I got both your letters. I am sorry that Eunice is ill again, but I didn't know until your second letter that you and she were waiting with bated breath for me to express the human and customary sympathy. You say in your second letter "we expected to hear from you." I have a great suspicion, my dear Eunice and Roger, that you weren't waiting *a* word from me but that you were waiting *the* word from me. You were a little bashful about asking me to again cut my alimony, so you merely spoke dolorously about Eunice's condition, hoping that I would volunteer to help. Is that it? Well, then, why the hell be so yellow about it? What do you want to pay? Forty dollars? Thirty dollars? I don't care. Send me what you can afford. I can get by.

If Eunice is really sick I hope she gets better quickly. In any case, when the time comes I hope she and the baby thrive and know great health and happiness. You, too, you fathead.

CYNTH.

And now the "Please remits"—with little to stop their clamor:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR MME. GRANTIN:

Your many letters received and, believe me, not disregarded. I have no money. That is all I can tell you. I wish I could give you back the dresses, but of course they would be a complete loss to you. I am broke because my alimony check gets smaller and smaller. Ordinarily I would write a real business letter to you and not mention a personal thing like that, but it seems to me that you are entitled to know why you can't be paid. I am moving to a cheaper place. I'll let you know the new address.

I owe money to Tarber's, Inc., as well as to you. They write letters, too, but mean ones. I'm not going to give them the new address.

I'll tell you what I'll do: if you keep quiet for ten days and don't bother me with your troubles, I'll sell my automobile and give you what I get for it. O. K.?

Yours, CYNTHIA CARSON.

She thanks an old friend for a new offer of help:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

This Hollywood is certainly a village where your neighbors know all about you. By a long and devious route word comes that you are worrying about me.

Gladys Haligan was here and she tells me that in the Vendome the other day Esme Corber showed you a letter which a dressmaker here in town had received from me and had passed on to Esme as a curious document.

Gladys said you read it and that you pulled a long face and said that you were afraid that I was drinking, and that I must have been crocked when I wrote it, and that you wished that I would listen to you instead of telling you not to phone me.

Now listen. I was not crocked when I wrote that letter. It was a good sensible letter. This formal businesslike style is the bunk. Where do I get off to write a cold and distant letter to a woman to whom I owe four hundred dollars? Why shouldn't I candidly tell her why she hasn't got her money and what her chances are of getting it?

You may call me if it will make you feel better. I won't see you, though. I'm not very entertaining and we'll only quarrel, for you're sure to tell me I need air, rest, and spinach.

No, I don't want you to send me any money. Thanks just the same. I will sell the car which you gave me and everything will be fine. You are very nice to bother so much about me.

Yours, C.

Cynthia utters the defi of debt:

Los Angeles, Calif.
November, 1934.

Klaiman Corp.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

GENTLEMEN:

Mr. Henning, your superintendent in this building, tells me that he took up with you the question of my breaking the lease. He says you refuse to consider it and that you will sue.

This letter is to notify you that the apartment will be vacant after the fifteenth of the month. I am moving. Go ahead and sue.

Sincerely,

CYNTHIA CARSON.

Things look pretty dark for Cynthia right now with Bruce gone, her income reduced, bills pressing, and Ray voluntarily cut off. Dark—but not hopeless, as you'll discover when this poignant novel enters its concluding installment next week.

WHAT'S BEING SAID?

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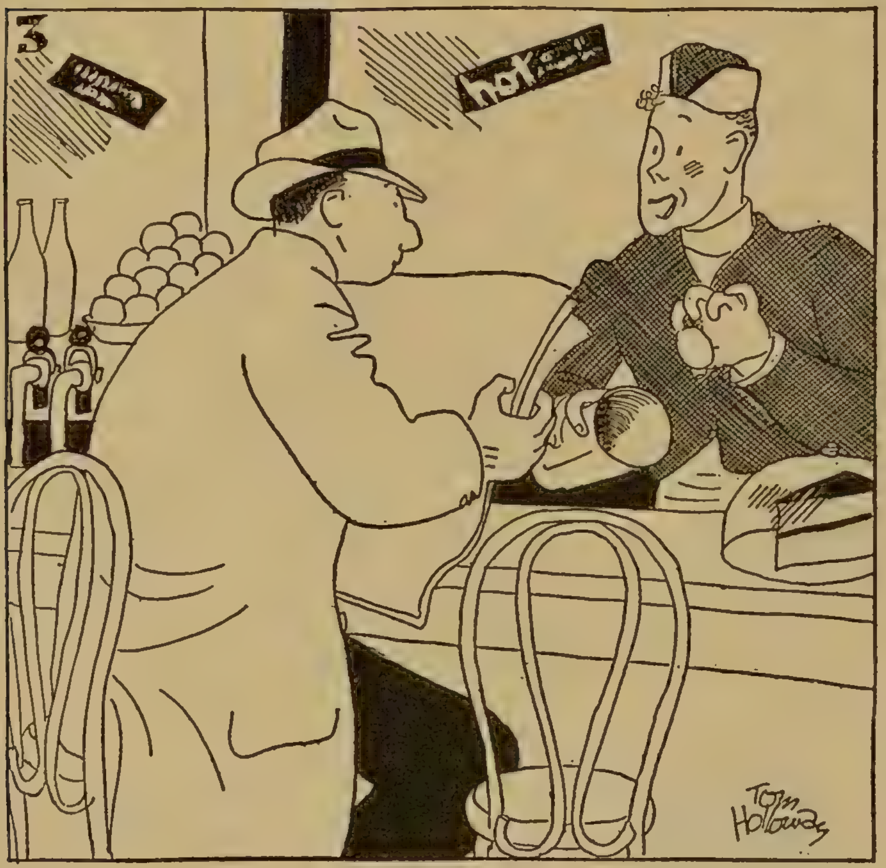
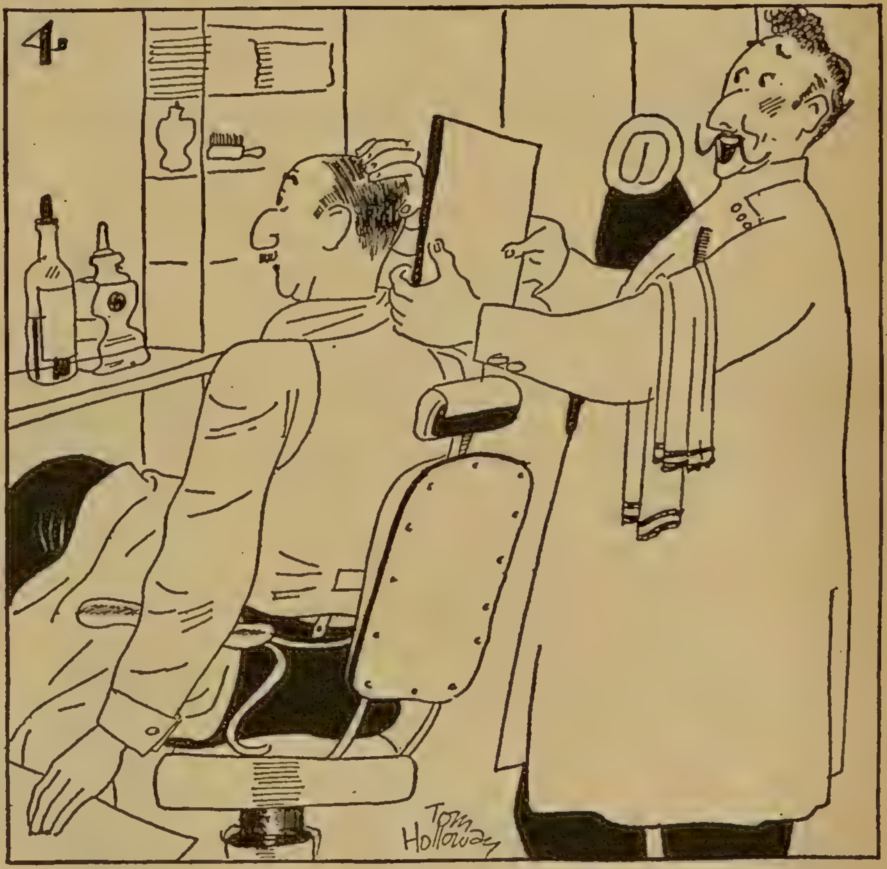




ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. Have you seen Mary recently?
2. That's why the general sent for me.
3. So the boss says I'm the only one assigned.
4. Well, well! It's a small world, after all.
5. An artist is never satisfied, I guess.
6. There's not much else on my mind.
7. Give credit where credit is due, I say.
8. I used to eat at the Ritz myself.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

If you began an entry in this new game last week, go right ahead with this week's contest drawings. There's no need for you to read this. But if you neglected to start your entry with Drawings 1 and 2 don't fail to read these paragraphs to the end. To begin with, it's not too late to enter, even though you did not start from scratch. You can enter direct from this page and then pick up the previous drawings and go on to win a big prize! Read the rules carefully so that you understand what is required, and then study the above drawings, decide what's being said in your opinion, and record it as directed.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

When you have handled this week's installment as directed you will require Drawings 1 and 2 to complete your entry to date. Mail your request for a free reprint of this material to the address in Rule 4. When the reprint is received, select a sentence for each picture and you will be even with the field.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS STILL EXCELLENT!

When an Amateur Licked John L. Sullivan

The Strange Story—Now Told for the First Time—of a Secret Fight in Which a New York Society Man Became the Actual Heavyweight Champion of the World

by ED W. SMITH and EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Smith has been writing sports more than forty years, and was for many years sports editor of the Chicago American. During that time he also won distinction as referee of some boxing and wrestling matches that made history.

Hermann Oelrichs, the "dude" amateur who licked Sullivan.

THERE are no accounts of this fight in the record books nor in the files of old newspapers. No biographer of John L. Sullivan has ever mentioned it. It has been a secret closely guarded for more than forty-six years, living only in the memory of a few old men.

It was between Sullivan and Hermann Oelrichs, New York society man, millionaire, and amateur sportsman. It was staged in the carriage house of a great Long Island estate in September, 1887. It went ten rounds, and Oelrichs won by a wide margin.

A New York social lion was the actual if not technical champion of the world! A "dude" was the champion of champions.

Less than 120 men witnessed the bout; but more money was won and lost than on any similar affair in history. Both Sullivan and Oelrichs are dead. Many of the spectators are dead. But enough are living to authenticate the story—now that it is a secret no longer.

Oelrichs was the oldest son of Henry Oelrichs, who founded the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. He was a first-class all-round athlete, a member of the Racquet Club and the New York Athletic Club, a noted polo player, a clever boxer, and an excellent swimmer. He was over six feet tall and weighed about 190 pounds.

As for Sullivan, in January of 1887 he had fought Patsy Cardiff in Minneapolis and broken his wrist on Patsy's hard head; but by September he could use the wrist perfectly.

John L. didn't seek the Oelrichs fight. Oelrichs challenged him, sending two friends to Boston to make arrangements. They got in touch with Sullivan's friend and manager Patsy Sheppard, who owned one of the best saloons in Boston; and after they left the city Sheppard sent one of his bartenders to look for John L.

John was found in another bar, buying drinks for the crowd. It took time and tact to get him away.

"Sit down, Jawn," Sheppard said when Sullivan came into his taproom.

Sullivan glowered at the bartender.

"Bring us a drink," he said.

"The drink c'n wait," said Sheppard. "I've got you a fight."

"I'll fight anny man in the worruld," said Sullivan, as always. He was more than half drunk.

"This man's an amateur, but a good one," Sheppard said. "He's a fella from the New York Racquet Club."

Sullivan snorted.

"A tennis player. You want me to fight a dude tennis player! I'll be no butt of a joke, Patsy Sheppard."

He started to get up.

"Sit down, Jawn," Sheppard said quietly, "and take a look at this."

From the inside pocket of his coat he produced a check for $2,500.

"That money says he can lick you," he whispered.

Sullivan scowled, and then he laughed.

"All right," he said. "I'll lick him. Who is he?"

"His name's a secret. He doesn't want to be known as a prize fighter. If he licks you, you'll still have your title as champion of the world. If you lick him—"

Sullivan flared up at the idea of anybody's beating him in a fair fight.

"There's twenty-five hundred already," Sheppard said patiently. "There's more where that came from—plenty more. This is only the forfeit, Jawn. He wants to bet ten thousand on himself—a side bet."

"Ten thousand? Is he crazy, man?"

"Ten thousand is nothing to him and his crowd."

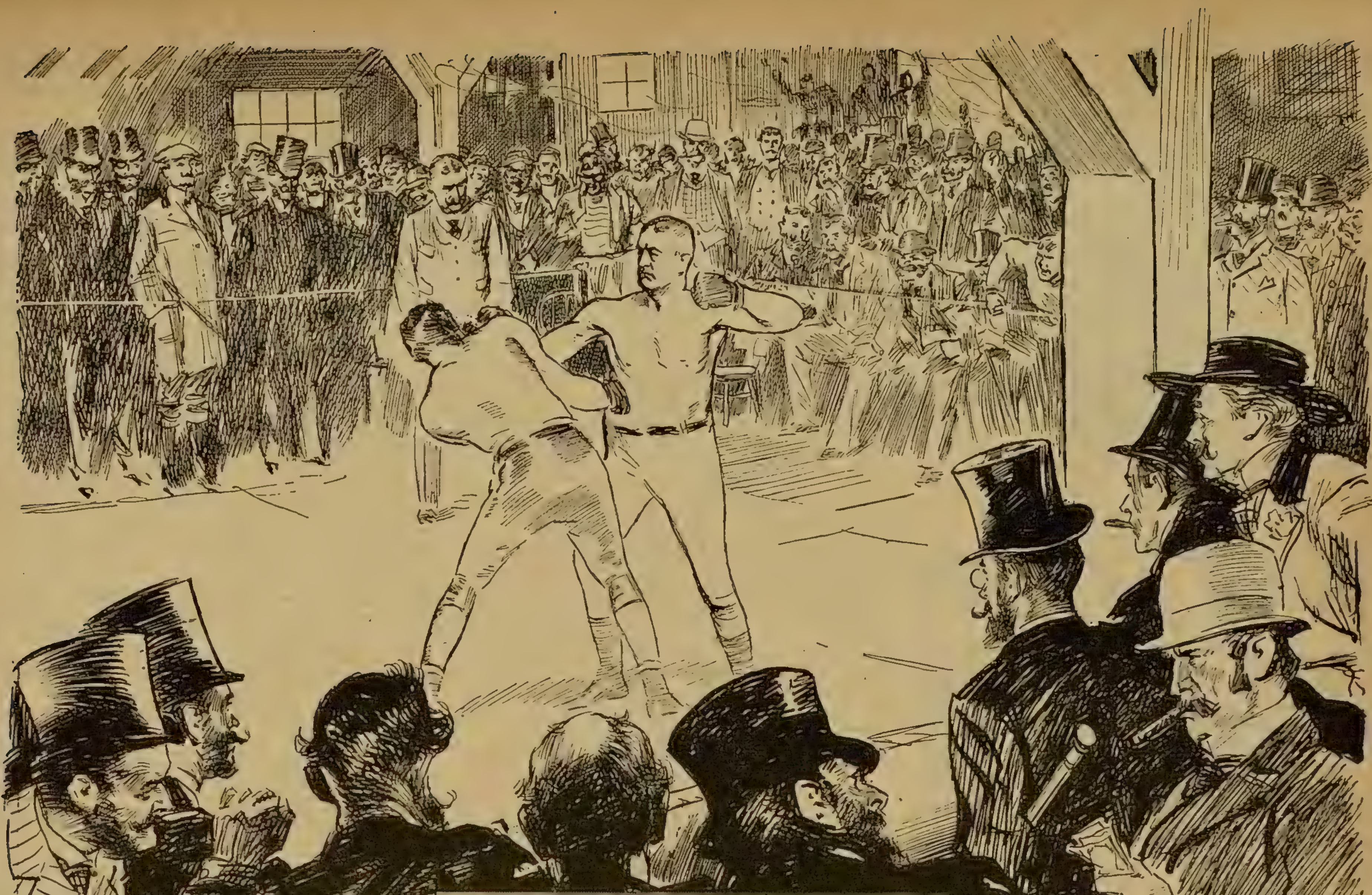
Sullivan jumped up and reached for his hat.

"All I need for that dude is a haircut and a shave!" he bellowed. "Make the match anny way you like. I'll be there."

The final arrangements were completed before the week had ended. There was to be no publicity. The New York crowd guaranteed the police would make no raid.

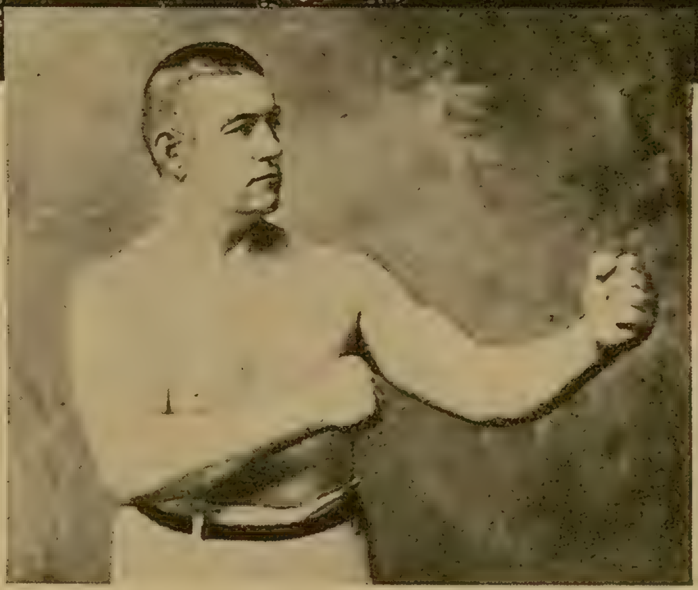
Each side could bring fifty spectators. Each spectator must pay $100 admission fee. The gate receipts, every penny of them, would go to the winner.

The men would fight ten rounds, with four-ounce gloves.



DRAWING BY STEPHEN GROUT

"John L. tore in. The amateur, ducking, brought his right up."



Brown Bros. photo

Sullivan, who "never saw the Dutchman I couldn't lick" — until he saw Oelrichs.

If Oelrichs was on his feet at the end of the last round he was to be declared the winner and was to receive the $2,500 posted by Sullivan, the $10,000 wager, and the gate receipts—$22,500 in all.

"Who's to be the referee?" Sheppard asked.

"Oliver," he was told.

"Oliver? Oh, the man from the New York Athletic Club. A fine man. He's agreeable to us. There's my hand on it."

In every respect it was a gentleman's agreement. Nothing was put into writing.

The battle was held shortly before noon on a Saturday late in September. The Bostonians came down by boat, a chartered vessel that tied up at the pier of the Long Island estate. Sullivan didn't accompany the crowd. He was afraid he might be seasick. He arrived in New York the day before the fight, went to bed late, and woke early in the morning. He was driven out in a buggy.

The Boston men had plenty of money. They gave odds of two to one that Oelrichs couldn't stay the limit. But while they regarded the New York money as already theirs, they were taking no chances. They had brought along some of the most notorious toughs in the city.

"I'm trusting these New Yorkers," Sheppard told his friends, "but I'll not stand for any funny business. No rough stuff. Be gentlemen. But don't let anybody get away with anything. And see can any of you get the dude's goat when he's in the ring."

The carriage house had been scrubbed clean. The ring was twenty feet square and its floor was covered with blankets. There was a crowd in front of the door when Sullivan drove up. They cheered, but not too noisily. Some of them didn't recognize the champion at first, for he had shaved off his mustache. Servants in the house stared out of the rear windows to get a good look at the great fighter.

Sullivan walked quickly to the ring. "Will you look at the size of it!" he exclaimed. "Is it a foot race the dude thinks he's going to run with me?"

He looked at the blankets and snorted.

"He'll not be hurt bad when he falls," he said. "I'll get him inside three rounds."

He asked where his dressing room was, and left the ring. More than half the money in the crowd had been placed before he returned. He looked better to the Boston crowd than he had before many another fight.

"He's got his haircut and his shave," they said. "That's all he needs."

Patsy Sheppard waved a roll of bills.

"Here's what I think of Jawn L.'s condition," he said.

Oelrichs entered the ring first, a blanket around his shoulders. He sat on a milking stool in one corner and talked calmly to his seconds.

"Give him a cheer," somebody said.

It was given heartily. After all, he was fighting the champion of the world. It took a man to do that.

But when Sullivan entered the ring the cheers were almost deafening. Oelrichs threw aside his blanket and stood waiting, calm, poised, eager to begin. He was a splendid specimen. The Bostonians gasped. The dude looked like a champion.

Patsy Sheppard hurried over to Sullivan's corner.

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" Get him quick, Jawn," he pleaded.

" Don't be an old granny," said Sullivan. " He's a Dutchman. And I never saw the Dutchman I couldn't lick."

Oelrichs heard it and laughed.

" You see one now," he said.

The referee called the two men together and gave them their instructions and bade them shake hands.

Oelrichs yanked at John's gloves with such force that he took the champion off his balance.

" A fresh aleck," Sullivan said.

Oelrichs grinned.

" All ready! " the referee called. He stepped back. So did Oelrichs. Sullivan stood where he was, his guard down, waiting. Let Oelrichs come to him.

" Bash him, Jawn! " they yelled from the floor. " Break the dude in half! He's scared to death already."

Oelrichs came forward, feinting rapidly. He moved in and out of Sullivan's reach so adroitly that Sullivan, contrary to his usual custom, stepped away, then lowered his head and rushed in close.

Oelrichs tried to side-step, but wasn't quite fast enough. However, he avoided the full force of Sullivan's onrush and went into a clinch. He pinned Sullivan's arms and then spun him completely around.

This was an appalling thing. No man had ever treated John L. in that fashion. No man had ever dared.

John L. turned quickly and tore into Oelrichs, swinging with both hands.

Then it happened.

The amateur, ducking his head inside Sullivan's flailing arms, brought his right up under the champion's side. The thud of the blow echoed against the walls of the carriage house in the moment of silence that followed.

Sullivan's backers were as mute as he was. It was the New Yorkers only who found the voice to cheer.

Sullivan stood as if transfixed. He swayed a trifle.

" Ugh! " he said when he found his breath.

With his next breath he cursed. And then once more he rushed in.

Oelrichs backed and clinched. But this time he left himself wide open for a moment—and John L. hooked with his left.

THAT blow traveled only a few inches, but it came with terrific force. It landed on Oelrichs's cheekbone, just a bit too high for a knockout, but forceful enough to lift Oelrichs off his feet and throw him flat on his back.

Now the Boston crowd roared.

" Five hundred he don't last three rounds! "

Even before Oelrichs started to his feet, the New Yorkers covered every dollar offered.

Oelrichs got up before the count of nine. Sullivan rushed in again, swinging. But there was plenty of stamina in the New York sportsman, and he side-stepped nimbly and backed away. And he kept smashing John L.'s ribs. John grunted every time he was hit.

Just before the bell rang Oelrichs plunged his right deep into Sullivan's midriff.

" Foul! " shouted the Boston braves. " Foul! Foul! "

But Sullivan would have none of this.

" There was no foul," he told Patsy Sheppard between rounds. " The boy fought fair. Make them shut up."

" Are you hurt, Jawn? " Sheppard asked.

" No! I'll get him this round. Where's me tea? "

One of his seconds handed him a bottle. He took a long drink and called for water. Then he stood up and kicked the stool out of the ring.

OELRICHS was confident and smiling, but it was plain that Sullivan had hurt him.

" Take it easy," his seconds advised. " Play it safe."

The amateur played it safe. He feinted but seldom struck. He made Sullivan come to him, and always jumped out of reach. Sullivan swung and missed, and twice he almost fell with the force of his own blows.

In the third round Oelrichs twice spun Sullivan into the ropes. In the fourth he began shooting straight lefts into Sullivan's face. Sullivan's lips began to puff up. He swore at Oelrichs, rushed at him, swung at him, pleaded with him to stand and fight.

Halfway through the round, Oelrichs feinted with a left and crossed with his right. He meant to smack John in the belly. But Sullivan blocked the punch and it landed on his elbow.

Oelrichs broke his wrist with that punch, and thereafter he could use his right only to block. When this was learned, there was no more betting.

His seconds begged him to quit, to let them get a doctor. He refused indignantly.

In the fifth round Sullivan tagged him with another left hook. His right eye began to close.

" Play it safe," his friends called. " Play it safe! "

Thousands and thousands of dollars rested in his care, and he had but one arm to fight with and but one eye to help him. If he played it safe he might win. If he didn't, he must lose.

He played it safe. He ducked. He danced. He leaped away. He shot in a straight left now and then. Sullivan was blowing like a bellows, but he was still the dangerous champion of champions. One punch might still ruin Oelrichs.

After the fifth round some of the Boston toughs decided the only way to help John L. was to " get the Dutchman's goat "—distract his attention. Sullivan had hit him only twice in the entire five rounds.

During the sixth round two desperate fights broke out near the ringside. That is, they looked desperate. Two Boston toughs pegged roundhouse rights at each other. But Oelrichs paid no attention to them.

"Soap" McAlpin stepped over to one pair of fighters and banged their heads together.

"Be good," he said, shoving them away from him.

Denny Costigan took care of the other two. There were no more ringside fights.

During the seventh round three Boston gentlemen lit a fire in one corner of the building, touching a match to a bunch of torn newspapers. Hostlers pounced on them, smothered the fire, and kicked them out of the place. They started to draw guns, but thought better of it when they noticed the hostlers were armed.

Sullivan's seconds gave him stimulants after the seventh round, and he seemed to have recovered most of his strength when he left his stool for the eighth.

He rushed less frequently, however, and he swung less often. Oelrichs kept him away with his left, punishing him terribly, spun him around at will—and nimbly avoided him when he rushed.

Through the last three rounds the terribly beaten champion tried to get close to the badly beaten amateur. He staggered at times. He swung, and missed. He swore horribly, continually. He commanded his opponent to stand and fight. He dared him to.

The half-blinded Oelrichs circled away, danced aside, back-stepped. He threw up his useless right hand in defense. He squinted out of his left eye. His left fist banged John L. on his puffed lips, smashed John L.'s nose. He winced as a left hook landed on his broken right wrist.

The last half of the tenth round was a mere pawing match; and when the bell rang, the men—the one almost exhausted, the other in terrible pain—fell into each other's arms.

John L. quit cursing only with the bell.

He grinned at Oelrichs and tapped him feebly on the shoulder.

"You're a hell of a good man," he said. "It'll take a hell of a good man to beat you. I'm glad to shake your hand, and I have no excuses. You beat me fair."

Patsy Sheppard jumped into the ring and led John L. away.

"A shave and a haircut, you said, Jawn," he moaned. "And you got the trimming you deserved."

Sullivan went back with his friends on the boat. He didn't care now whether he'd be seasick or not. He had lost considerable money. He had lost a fight to an amateur and a dude. He had lost the respect of many of his friends. There was only one thing to be thankful for. No, there were two. One, that Oelrichs had broken his wrist when he did; and the other thing—that this, by a gentleman's agreement, was a secret fight, and therefore John L. was still champion of the world. No gentleman could deny that. If he did, he was no gentleman.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1—M. Olchewitz.

2—An American organization of commercial travelers founded in 1899 for united Christian service.

3—The Virginia.

4—Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, a native of Windsor, Nova Scotia.

5—Want or loss of strength.

6—M. Boussard, an officer of engineers in the French army occupying Egypt in 1799.

7—Sir Henry John Morgan in November, 1674.

8—Because in the thirteenth century it was a resort for outlaws.

9—Major W. D. Herridge.

10—No; it was first erected in Paris, then taken apart, shipped to the United States, and re-erected on its present site in 1886.

11—A prescription with many ingredients.

12—Atchison, Kansas.

13—An aglet.

14—St. Paul's Church, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

15—October 4, 1853.

16—The Stourbridge Fair.

17—The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, which acquired the estate in 1870.

18—Hopewell, New Brunswick.

19—A pygmy rattlesnake.

20—Charles Tennyson Dickens, son of Charles Dickens.

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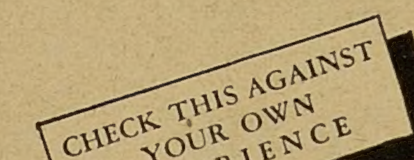

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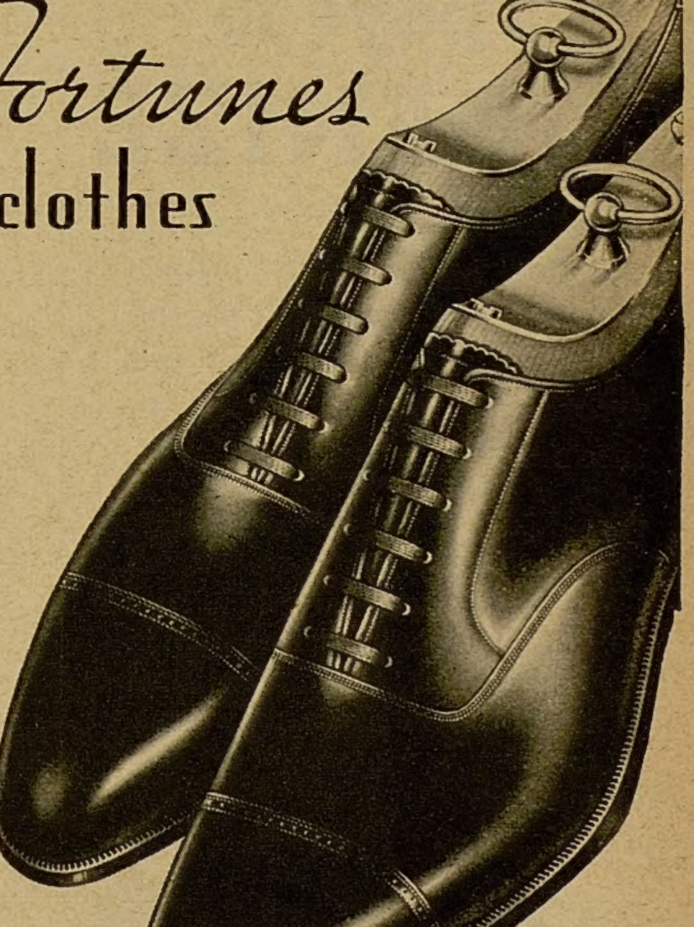

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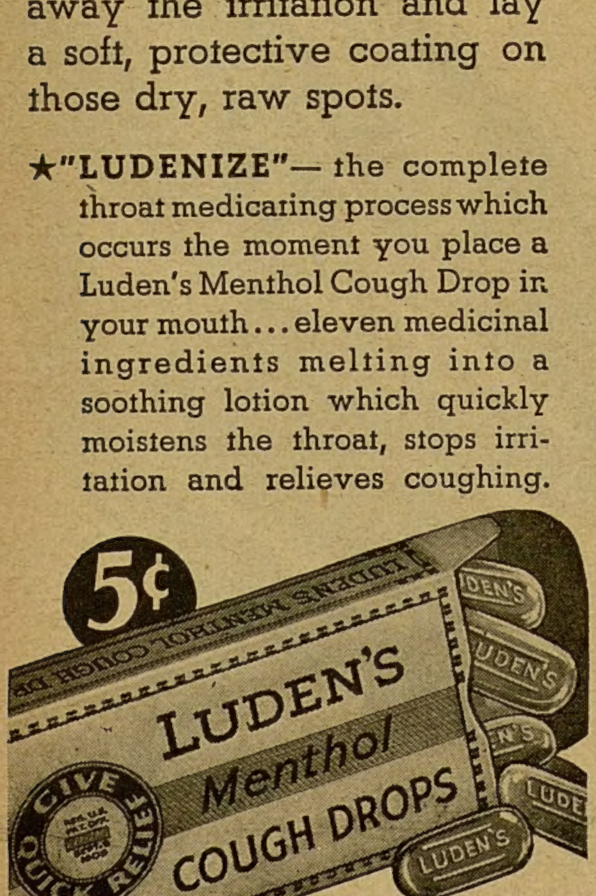

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Beginning

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE FIVE AND TEN PRINCESS

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

The story of Barbara Hutton—A revelation of things behind the crowded career of America's most glamorous playgirl

FROM NEW YORK TO MOSCOW IN FIFTY MINUTES

By

Donald Furthman Wickets

A realistic glimpse of the not-too-distant future toward which Piccard and his stratosphere balloon have pioneered the way

Other stories and articles by James Hopper, Wallace Irwin, Senator Robert L. Owen, William Moulton Marston, Anna Roosevelt, and others

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